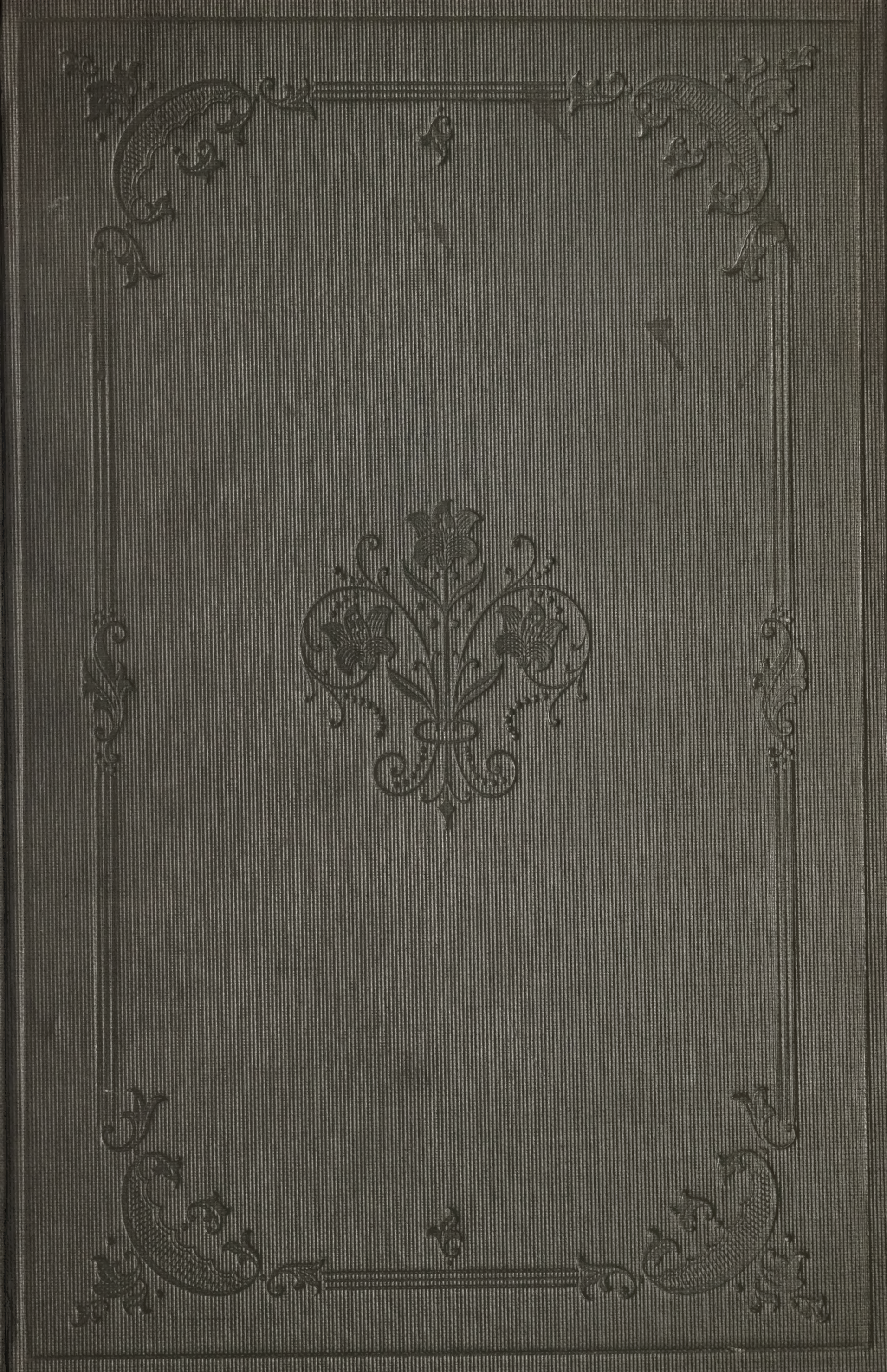


THE FOUNDATION LIBRARY
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

COPYRIGHT 1911 BY THE EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY

STORIES, BOOKS, PLAYS, AND BIOGRAPHIES.

"Of all the species of literary composition, perhaps biography is the most delightful. In no other kind of writing are we permitted to scrutinize the character so exactly, or to form so just and accurate an estimate of the excellences and defects, the lights and shades, blemishes and beauties of an individual."

—Robert Hall.

"An' all of us children, when the supper things is done
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A list'ning to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you
ef you
Don't
Watch
Out."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

"Dramatical or representative poesy is, as it were, a visible history; for it sets out the image of things as if they were present, and history as if they well past."

—Lord Bacon.

"Of all the species of literary composition, perhaps biography is the most delightful. In no other kind of writing are we permitted to scrutinize the character so exactly, or to form so just and accurate an estimate of the excellences and defects, the lights and shades, blemishes and beauties of an individual."

—*Robert Hall.*

"An' all of us children, when the supper things is done
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A list'ning to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you
ef you
Don't
Watch
Out."

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

"Dramatical or representative poesy is, as it were, a visible history; for it sets out the image of things as if they were present, and history as if they well past."

—*Lord Bacon.*

ALFRED THE GREAT
CAESAR
LEGENDS AND PLAYS
SHAKESPEARE
MILTON
TENNYSON
BUNYAN
REMBRANDT
MICHAELANGELO
CAXTON
NEWTON
FRANKLIN
AGASSIZ
FULTON
STEPHENSON
COLUMBUS
FREDERIC THE GREAT
CROMWELL
LINCOLN
BISMARCK
AUGUSTINE
LUTHER
WESLEY
QUEEN VICTORIA
JOAN OF ARC
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE
ELIZABETH FRY
GRACE DARLING
JULIA WARD HOWE
WASHINGTON
NAPOLEON
COPYRIGHT 1911 BY THE EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY.

THE FOUNDATION LIBRARY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

A COMPREHENSIVE AND SYSTEMATIC PRESENTATION OF PRACTICAL AND ESSENTIAL KNOWLEDGE, WRITTEN IN AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE WAY FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH; DESIGNED TO INFORM THE MIND, STIMULATE AMBITION, ELEVATE IDEALS, AND CREATE RIGHT AND HEALTHY VIEWS OF LIFE AND CONDUCT. ALSO INTENDED TO AID PARENTS, TEACHERS, AND ALL OTHERS INTERESTED IN THE CULTURE AND TRAINING OF THE YOUNG

VOL. XI

COMPLETE
IN ELEVEN VOLUMES
ILLUSTRATED

THE EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY

CHICAGO NEW YORK TORONTO

AC5
.F1

COPYRIGHT 1911
BY
THE EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY

©CLA297684

Contents of Volume XI.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION xiii

PART I.—STORIES FROM THE NATIONS.

Stories of Robin Hood 1
The Three Plagues of Britain 7
The Story of Beowulf 11
King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.. 14
The Story of St. George 22
Richard Cœur De Lion 23
The Story of the Hudson's Bay Company 27
The Story of Cuchullin 32
Brian Boru 36
The Story of the Bastile 43
The Story of Roland 48
The Story of the Pied Piper 52
The Niebelungenlied 57
The Story of Saint Nicholas 63
The Story of Saint Christopher 65
Sigurd the Volsung 67
The Story of Baldur 70
The Story of St. Olaf 76
The Story of Glooskap 79
Reynard the Fox 81
The Wandering Jew 85
The Bell of Atri 91

PART II.—THE STORY OF BOOKS.

The Works of Josephus 93
Æsop's Fables 95
The Arabian Nights 99
The Iliad and The Odyssey 101
The Story of the Cid 103
The Divine Comedy, or the Vision of Dante 108
The Canterbury Tales 110

PAGE

Froissart's Chronicles 112
The Story of Frithjof and Ingebjorg 114
Gil Blas 119
Paradise Lost 121
The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire 124
Gulliver's Travels 126
Don Quixote 128
The Pilgrim's Progress 131
Robinson Crusoe 133
The Letters of Lord Chesterfield to His Son and His Godson 136
Ivanhoe 138
Les Miserables 140
The Origin of Species and the Descent of Man 142
Vanity Fair 144
The Vicar of Wakefield 146
Lorna Doone 148
Nights With Uncle Remus 150
David Harum 151
The Gesta Romanorum 152
Tom Brown's School Days 153
Westward Ho! 155
David Copperfield 157
The Last Days of Pompeii 158
Alice in Wonderland 160
The Last of the Mohicans 162
Uncle Tom's Cabin 163
Ben Hur 165

Part III.—Some Famous Plays.

Prometheus 167
The Clouds 169
Everyman 171
Edward II 174
Othello, the Moor of Venice 176
Richard III 179
Romeo and Juliet 181
Macbeth 183
King Lear 185
The Faithful Shepherdess 188

PAGE
The Alchemist 191
Comus 193
Tartuffe 196
Athaliah 199
She Stoops to Conquer 201
The School for Scandal 204
William Tell 207
Rip Van Winkle 210
Ruy Blas 212
The Lady of Lyons 215
The Blot in the 'Scutcheon 218
Caste 220
The Meister-Singer 223
Hansel and Gretel 226
The Blue Bird 228
Die Doningskinder 231
The Rivals 233
Cato 238
Dr. Faustus 242
The Parliament of Bees 245

PART IV.—THE WORLD'S GREAT MEN AND WOMEN.

Socrates 250
Saint Augustine 251
Alfred the Great 253
William Caxton 258
Joan of Arc 260
Madame Roland 262
Mary Antoinette 265
Thomas a Kempis 267
Lady Jane Grey 267
Geoffrey Chaucer 269
Edmund Spenser 270
Elizabeth, Queen of England 272
William Shakespeare 273
Lord Bacon 276
Lord Berkeley 279
Sir Isaac Newton 281
Benjamin Franklin 282
Dr. Samuel Johnson 285

PAGE
George Washington 289
Sir Richard Arkwright 292
Napoleon I 294
Sir Walter Scott 300
George Stephenson 305
Louis Agassiz 307
Grace Darling 309
Robert and Elizabeth Browning 311
Ulysses S. Grant 313
Sir Henry Bessemer 316
Harriet Beecher Stowe 320
William Tecumseh Sherman 322
James Russell Lowell 328
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 330
Abraham Lincoln 333
Charles Dickens 335
Alfred Lord Tennyson 340
John Bright 343
Prince Bismarck 344
Herbert Spencer 345
John Tyndall 347
Elizabeth Fry 348
William Ewart Gladstone 350
Queen Victoria 352
Julia Ward Howe 355
Charles George Gordon 356
Maria Mitchell 358
Cyrus Hall McCormick 360
Philip Henry Sheridan 361
Mary A. Livermore 362
Florence Nightingale 363
Mrs. Ellen H. Richards 366
David Livingstone 368
Henry M. Stanley 370
Andrew Carnegie 372
Thomas A. Edison 374
George Westinghouse 377
Samuel Finley Breeze Morse 378
Father Damien 380
Martin Luther 383
The Duke of Wellington 386

PAGE
Oliver Cromwell 387
Thomas Jefferson 391
Julius Cæsar 392
Daniel Webster 395
David G. Farragut 396
The Marquis de Lafayette 397
Elihu Burritt 399
Robert Bruce 400
Giuseppe Garibaldi 401
Robert E. Lee 403
Galileo Galilei 404
Frances Elizabeth Willard 406
Daniel Boone 407
Jacques Cartier 409
Robert Fulton 411
Christopher Columbus 414
Daniel Defoe 416
Cyrus West Field 418
John C. Calhoun 421
Jefferson Davis 424
"Stonewall" Jackson 427
Edgar Allan Poe 429
Alexander H. Stephens 432
Leo Tolstoy 434
Jacob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy 435
Joseph Haydn 439
Sir Christopher Wren 442
Joseph Mallord William Turner 445
Ludwig Van Beethoven 448
George Frederick Handel 450
Albert Dürer 454
Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema 456
Hiram Powers 461
Rosa Bonheur 463
Charles Francis Gounod 464
Benjamin West 465
John Flaxman 467
Edwin A. Abbey 469
Inigo Jones 471
David Garrick 472
APPENDIX 475

INTRODUCTION.

STORIES, Plays, Biographies! How I should have jumped at a book with such a title as that when I was a boy! Although that is many years ago, I can still see with a boy's eyes, and can still feel as a boy feels, and know what a glorious promise there is in such a title to the boy and girl who loves a good story. Where is there a boy or girl who does not? These stories, are among the best and the oldest—the best beloved stories in the world—full of life, full of action, and full of meaning to those who will read them aright; stories that will help to equip the reader with a great deal of the knowledge that makes for culture. "Culture," as Matthew Arnold says, "is to know the best that has been taught or said in the world." When one has acquired even a part of this knowledge, one is better fitted to read intelligently, to talk gracefully and well, and to enjoy the society of the best people. Acquaintance with the life and work of the world's great master spirits of the past, is not only a source of real and true enjoyment, but it enables one to mingle with the master spirits of the present, and to be at ease in the company of all.

For many years I have been collecting examples of the mistakes people make about things with which everyone is supposed to be familiar, and the collection has grown to be a very large one indeed. Although most of these blunders are very funny, and always provoke laughter, to me they seem also very sad, for they

are so many proofs of wasted opportunities. When a young man, in answer to an examination paper, writes: "Beowulf wrote the Scriptures;" or, "Socrates destroyed some statues, and died from a dose of Shamrock;" or, "Marconi is used to make delicious jelly;" or, "The Canterbury Tales give an account of King Alfred on his way to the Shrine of Thomas à Becket;" it proves that he has wasted his opportunities by not reading with care and attention. When a young woman states in writing, "Homer wrote Homer's Essays, Virgil and Aneid, and Paradise Lost; for some people say that these poems were not written by Homer, but by another man of the same name;" or, "Shakespeare translated the Scriptures, and it was called St. James because he did it;" or, "Thomas Babington Makorley graduated at Harvard, and then studied law, was raised to the peerage as baron in 1557, and died in 1776;" or that "Chaucer was a bland verse written of the third century;" these mistakes indicate carelessness and inattention in reading; furthermore, these boys and girls will be likely later to experience much mortification, discomfort, and annoyance, and perhaps many worse things, because of their early inattention and carelessness.

This book has been written so that no boy and girl shall have in the future any excuse for making blunders about the subjects contained in it. It tells the stories of all nations—the hero stories—which every man and woman should know; tells them briefly, so that they may be easy to read, and easy to remember. Some of them are told as nearly as possible in the old-time language in which they were first written. In

the same way, it tells the story of the famous books and plays that every man and woman should know, so that whenever an allusion is made to any one of them in another book, or in conversation, the one who has read this book, will at once understand. Finally it tells the stories of the lives of those famous men and women who have made the world a better world for their presence in it, by reason of the service they have rendered to their fellow creatures, and through the real work, and the great accomplishments of their lives. It shows that the greatness of men and women lies in their power to overcome obstacles; that success in any sphere has not been by accident; but that it is the outcome of persistent devotion and labor; and above all it shows that by Faith, Love and Industry, the world endures; and that by unfaithfulness, hatred, and idleness, it dies.

CHARLES WELSH.

PART I.

Stories from the Nations.

Stories of Robin Hood.

THE story of Robin Hood, one of the most famous of England's half-true, half-fabled heroes, has been preserved for us in a vast number of ballads of which no less than forty, in more or less ancient form, have come down to us; most of them are variations of similar themes, descriptive in different ways of different episodes in the career of the hero. Robin Hood is supposed to have lived in the time of that King, Richard of England, famous in the Wars of the Crusades, who was called Cœur de Lion, "the Lion-hearted," and one of the earliest of printed books, done by the famous printer, Wynkyn de Worde, was called *The Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode,* in which at least four of the most ancient ballads about him are included.

He was an outlaw and a robber who haunted a forest in England called Sherwood. Gallant, genial and careless, he was good-natured and religious, and respectful to all women, for the Blessed Virgin's sake. Though loyal to the King he thought it no sin to steal his deer, and though full of religious zeal he saw no wrong in waging warfare upon all proud abbots and bishops and taking toll of them. Though good and kind to the poor and to all honorable men in distress, whether of high or low degree, he did not hesitate to relieve them of what he considered their superfluous wealth, distributing it liberally to the needy. He was ever ready to defend the oppressed, and with his bow

and his quarterstaff did unrivalled execution. He loved company, and when he was outdone in a set-to, generally invited his conquerer to join him and his merry men. His chief companions were Little John, Scarlet and Much—the stalwart Friar Tuck and the charming fair maid Marian. In the end he was treacherously bled to death by the lady of the Priory of Kirkless, where he had gone for help in time of sickness; when he was sure his end was near he fitted an arrow to his bow and shot it from a window of the priory, saying, "Bury me where my arrow falls," and as he lay a-dying he gave his last charge to Little John, which was to

> "Lay me a green sod under my head,
> And another at my feet;
> And lay my bent bow by my side,
> Which was my music sweet;
> And make my grave of gravel and green,
> Which is most right and meet."

There is no English legendary hero of whom so many traces are found in names of places and in popular literature as of Robin Hood. He figures in chap books, plays and romances, and there is scarcely a school reader where English is taught that does not contain one at least of the Robin Hood Ballads.

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN.

When Robin Hood was about twenty years old he would go a roving in search of adventure alone, so he left his men, saying,

> "Now should I be beat and cannot retreat
> My horn at once I will blow."

Presently he met a man on a long, narrow bridge, and neither would budge to let the other pass over. Robin Hood offered to shoot him, but the stranger said that would be a cowardly act as he had no weapon but

ROBIN HOOD.—A blast on his horn would bring his men from the forest whenever he required their presence.

his staff. So Robin Hood stepped to a thicket and cut himself a lusty and tough staff and said:

"Now here on the bridge we will play;
Whoever falls in, the other shall win
The battle, and so we'll away."

Then began a fierce fight in which the stranger had the advantage, for he was seven feet high and mightily strong, and Robin Hood received a blow which tumbled him into the brook. Acknowledging his defeat, he blew a long blast on his horn, and straightway his bowmen appeared, threatening to duck the stranger likewise. But Robin Hood would have none of that, and offered to enrol the stranger in his band. To this he agreed, saying,

"I'll serve you with all my whole heart.
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle;
Ne'er doubt me, for I'll play my part."

So they set out a great feast, had a fine time of merry-making together, and decided in sport to change the newcomer's name, saying,

"The words we'll transpose, so wherever he goes,
John Little is called Little John."

Then they clothed him in the Lincoln green, that the others wore, gave him bow and arrows, and agreed that they would never want silver or gold while bishops had aught in their purse.

"And so ever after, as long as he lived,
Altho' he was proper and tall,
But nevertheless, the truth to express,
Still Little John they did him call."

ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTAL FRIAR.

On a summer day when Robin Hood and his men were talking of famous huntsmen, one of them said that there lived a Friar in Fountains Abbey who could outdo all of them, and Robin Hood as well. At this he swore that he would not eat or drink till he met the Friar. Armed with sword and bow and arrows he set

out and soon met the Friar walking by the river side. Dismounting from his horse, he commanded the Friar to take him on his back to the other side of the river. This he did, and then the Friar bade Robin Hood take him back again. Again Robin Hood ordered the Friar to cross the river with him on his back, but when in midstream he let him fall in the water to sink or swim; they each swam ashore and Robin Hood began to let fly at him with bow and arrows, every one of which was turned aside by the Friar's shield. They then set to with swords and steel bucklers until Robin Hood was brought to his knees and craved as a boon to blow three blasts on his horn. This he did, and half a hundred yeomen with bows bent came running towards them. "What men are these?" asked the Friar. "Mine," said Robin Hood, "but what is that to thee?" Then the Friar asked as a boon that he might hoot three times, and when he did so half a hundred fierce watchdogs came bounding toward them. Two of them set on Robin Hood before and two behind, and tore the clothes from off his back, and the others were so well taught that whenever Robin Hood's men shot at them they caught the arrows in their mouths. Then Little John ordered the Friar to take off the dogs, and when the Friar haughtily refused he

> "Shot with might and main,
> Till half a score of the Friar's dogs
> Lay dead upon the plain."

Then the Friar begged him to hold his hand and yielded, and agreed to leave Fountains Abbey and cast in his lot with Robin Hood and his merry men.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

On another bright summer day Robin Hood and Little John were wandering in Sherwood forest when they espied a man standing under a tree. Now there was a price set upon the head of Robin Hood and the

Sheriff and his men were after him. Little John said he would go and ask the man his business, but Robin Hood replied:

"Ah, John, by me thou settest no store,
And that I fairly find;
How oft I send my men before
And tarry myself behind."

He threatened to break his head, whereupon he and Little John parted, the latter going on to Barnesdale, where he was met by the Sheriff's men, overpowered and bound to a tree. Meantime Robin Hood went up to the stranger and asked his name and his business.

"I seek an outlaw," the stranger said,
"Men call him Robin Hood.
Rather I'd meet with that proud outlaw
Than forty pounds so good,"

"My dwelling is in this wood," says Robin,
"By thee I set right nought;
I am Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
Whom thou so long hast sought."

Then the two men fell to fighting, and at last Robin Hood overpowered and slew Guy of Gisborne, cut off his head, changed clothes with him, took his bow and arrow, and loudly blew the horn that the dead man had carried. This the Sheriff hearing, thought that Guy had taken the outlaw captive, and hurrying to the spot found the supposed Sir Guy and offered him his reward, but said he:

"Now I have slain the master,
Let me go strike the knave."

So they led him to where Little John was bound, and quickly unloosening his bonds Robin Hood put Sir Guy's bow in his hands, bidding him shoot the Sheriff.

"Then John he took Guy's bow in hand,
The bolts and arrows each one,
When the sheriff saw him bend his bow,
He hastened to begone."

"Towards his house in Nottingham Town
He fled full fast away,
And so did all his company,
Not one behind would stay."

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLAN-A-DALE.

In his travels Robin Hood came across a young man in great distress because his lady love was to be given to an old and wealthy knight in marriage. On his promising to become his servant if he would help him, and as Robin Hood was ever ready to fight for the right and help those in trouble, he determined that Allan-a-Dale and his love should wed. So disguising himself as a harper he went to the church where the wedding was to take place, accompanied by Allan-a-Dale and his trusty followers. The bishop made him right welcome, and when the wedding procession (the old knight and the drooping maiden) approached the altar,

"This is not a fit match," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here,
For since that we are come into the church,
The bride shall choose her own dear."

Then Robin Hood sounded his horn, Allan-a-Dale with four and twenty bowmen came marching into the church, and Robin demanded that the maid be married to Allan-a-Dale and not to the old knight. But the bishop would not perform the marriage until the banns had been asked three times in church. Then Robin Hood took off the bishop's coat and put it on Little John, who, to make sure, stepped in the choir and asked them seven times, in case three should not be enough. So Robin Hood gave away the bride and Allan-a-Dale saved his bride from the wealthy old knight.

"And thus having end of this merry wedding,
The bride looked like a queen,
And so they returned to the merry green wood
Among the leaves so green."

These are some of the stories of the Robin Hood Ballads; we may not always approve the things our hero did, but it must be remembered that the times were different from our own; justice was not administered in the even-handed manner of to-day, and the people were much more accustomed to take the law into their own hands, since justice could often be obtained by no other means.

The Three Plagues of Britain.

THERE is in Oxford, England, an ancient Welsh manuscript, written in the fourteenth century, which contains a large number of the legendary stories or prose romances of Wales, which are called the *Mabinogion,* a word which means juvenile instruction or the material taught to the apprentices of the Bards. The Bards were the professional story-tellers of the Celtic people. Instead of writing down the stories of the Kings and Queens, the heroes and heroines of former days, or the news of the present, the Bards gave them by word of mouth to those who wished to adopt the profession, a highly honored one in the far-off time before printed books were made. The book which contains these stories is entitled *The Red Book of Hergest,* and it was put into English for the first time by a lady of title, by name Lady Guest.

The people of Wales have the same language and the same name-spelling to-day that they had all the hundreds of years ago when these stories were written. It is a little curious to think of the influence that mountains have upon language; the mountains which divide Wales from England are really the cause of the preservation of this curious and beautiful Celtic tongue—for it is beautiful, no matter how ugly the words look to the unaccustomed eye, owing to the profusion of double

consonants in all sorts of unexpected places, nor how guttural and harsh it sounds to the ear that is not used to it. The Celtic languages, of which the Welsh is one, lend themselves more readily to the expression of beautiful, lofty, and swift poetic ideas than any other, the Greek only excepted. But to our story:

There was once upon a time a King of Britain called Beli the Great; he had four sons, Lludd, Caswallan, Nyngaw and Llevelys. When he died, Lludd, his son, reigned in his stead, and during this reign great London grew. King Lludd rebuilt its walls; he placed strong towers at every entrance; houses of greater magnificence than men had ever seen were built within the city, and people came from all parts to see them and to be entertained by the King; for though he was a mighty warrior, he was generous and liberal, and entertained right loyally all who came. From him London got its name; it was first called Caer-Ludd and afterwards Caer London; later, when stranger races came, it was called Londonium, or London.

Next to Lludd, Llevelys was the most wise and discreet of all four of the brothers, and Lludd loved him well. When the King of France died, leaving no heir but a daughter, Llevelys determined to go to France and woo this princess for his wife. So he set out with great pomp and a large retinue of armed knights. Taking counsel with the nobility of France, he persuaded them to give the Princess to him in marriage, and with her the crown of the kingdom. His reign was long and happy for himself and glorious for the nation.

Now about this time three fearsome plagues, the like of which was never seen, fell upon the island of Britain. A race of people came called the Coranions, who knew every word that every man uttered, so that nothing was hidden from them; and since they knew all that men talked of nothing could ever injure them. Another plague was the May-shriek; on the eve of the

first of May, the day given over to the celebration of the coming of joyous springtime, a fearful shriek was heard all over the land. This shriek brought terror to the hearts of men, took away the senses of women, caused the animals to bring forth no young and the trees to bear no fruit. And the third plague was the disappearance of the supply of food in the King's Court. No matter how great a provision was made, if even for a year—it always disappeared after the first meal was eaten from it.

No man could help the King to rid the people of these plagues, and so he decided to cross the seas and consult his wise brother, the King of France. He set out with a vast fleet, which Llevelys seeing, and not knowing the reason of its coming, sent out a fleet of equal strength to meet. But when they drew near each saw the ship of the other, and the brothers met, and after loving greetings they conversed alone. Llevelys gave counsel to his brother thus: "These insects," said he, "you shall take and breed, so that you always may have some when they are needed; and these," giving him others, "take and bruise in water, and when you return, call all the people together with the Coranions, as though you would make peace with them; then cast the charmed water over all alike; it will poison the Coranions and leave your own people unhurt."

"The cause of the second plague—the May-shriek," said Llevelys, "is that there are two dragons fighting in thy kingdom," and he explained how Lludd might rid his kingdom of them forever. "The cause of the third plague," he continued, "is a mighty magician who puts everyone to sleep while he steals thy provisions." And Llevelys told Lludd how he might forever rid himself of this plague also.

So King Lludd with much gratitude and many tokens of affection, took leave of his brother and returned to his own land. At once he called his people and the Coranions together, did with the insects and

the charmed water as his brother had told him, and the plague of the Coranions departed forever from the land.

Then, doing ever as his wise brother had said, King Lludd had the entire island of Britain measured in length and breadth to find its exact centre, which proved to be in Oxford. There he caused a great pit to be dug, and in that pit was set a caldron of the strongest mead that could be made, and the caldron covered with a sheet of satin. When all this was done, Lludd watched all the night of May eve. Soon he saw in the air the dragons, who shrieked and fought till they were weary, and then changing into the form of two pigs, they fell into the caldron; at once they drank up the strong mead which was there and soon they slept. While they slept King Lludd folded the covering of satin around them and hid them in a cairn in the securest place in Mount Snowdon, called Dinas Emreis. After that the May-shriek was heard no more in the land, and the place was named Dinas Ffaraon.

But still the King's provisions were stolen, for the third plague had not been stayed. So one day the King prepared a great banquet and invited many of his people thereto. By his side he placed a large vessel full of cold water, as his brother had told him to do, and kept his eye upon it all through the feast. When the feast was over the King, all clad in his armor, waited and watched. Soon he found himself being soothed to drowsiness by magic lullabies. Lest he should sleep, however, he plunged into the water each time the drowsiness came upon him. Presently came a man, giant-like in size, clad in heavy armor and carrying an enormous hamper, which he filled with all the store of provisions that had not been consumed at the banquet. He was going out with it as usual when King Lludd barred his path, gave him battle and finally overcame him, so that the magician was thrown to the ground and begged for mercy. On his promising to

make restitution of all he had taken away in the past, to submit to be disarmed and to become the King's faithful slave and vassal, Lludd desisted from slaying him. But the last of The Three Plagues of Britain was destroyed.

The Story of Beowulf.

THIS is one of the many stories that were composed, not to be printed in a book, but to be recited in the halls of kings and nobles. These stories generally began by being a plain, straightforward account of an actual fact, of a wonderful deed, or of marvellous things seen or heard; then, when the hearers called for more, the singer or poet, if he did not know more about his hero, would invent something or would mix up with the story the adventures of some other hero. This no doubt happened to the story of Beowulf, which is one of the most famous of the old stories. The only manuscript is in the British Museum; it was written A.D. 1000, and contains some things that are historical and based on actual events.

Beowulf was the son of Ecgtheow and nephew of the King of Gothland, the southern part of Sweden. The King of the Danes, Hrothgar, was a fortunate and happy King, and in his prosperity he built a great hall in his chief city, in which his warriors and counselors might feast, they and their children forever, and be glad because of the riches which God had given them. He named this lordly palace Heorot, that men might think of it as the heart and centre of the realm. With a great feast he opened it with sound of harp and song and story, giving gifts of rings and treasure so that all the people rejoiced and were happy.

But out of the far-away darkness there came a devouring monster in gigantic human form called Grendel, a dweller in the wet and misty marshland, and

nightly would he force his way into the hall to slaughter and carry off some of its inmates. For twelve years this terrible creature had been preying upon the thanes and nobles while they were sleeping in the hall after the feast, unmindful of danger or harm; and on every visit the accursed monster would leave his deadly trail behind him.

Now Beowulf, the strongest of his race, tall, mighty-handed and clean-made—in the grip of whose hands was the strength of thirty men—had heard of the sore distress of the Danes, and with fifteen of his strongest and bravest warriors sailed across to help to rid them of the monster. Brightly gleamed their armor, and merrily rang the ring-iron of their trappings as they marched into the palace. Hrothgar welcomed their coming as one welcomes the springtime, and royally feasted Beowulf and his men in the famous hall. At night the Danes withdrew, leaving the strangers alone. When all were asleep the dread monster Grendel, the shadow-walker, rose up with the mists from the marshes and tore away the iron bars of the banqueting hall, and seized and partially devoured one of Beowulf's followers. Beowulf, unarmed, and by dint of his mighty strength, gripped him in his hands, and after a fierce wrestle with the monster ripped him from neck to waist; the sinews burst asunder, the joints gave way, and Beowulf tore the shoulder and the shoulder blade from out his body. So Grendel escaped from the grasp of Beowulf, and in mortal sickness fled to the fens, where he died.

In the morning Beowulf hung his trophy, the arm and shoulder of the monster, on high in the hall where it could be seen by everyone. The King and Queen gave rich gifts to Beowulf and his men, and great was the joy and feasting for that the fen-monster was destroyed. That night the Danes occupied the hall, and Beowulf and his men went to a house near by. So darkness fell upon the land, and the Danes thought

they would sleep in safety. But at midnight the mother of Grendel, who lived in a stagnant lake of foul black water in a darksome grove, ringed with hoary trees and snake-like roots, came out, and—mad with revenge for the loss of her son—killed a noble, one who was very dear to the King, and seizing the trophy of Beowulf, the arm and shoulder of Grendel, ran off quickly with the prize. The noise awoke Beowulf and his men, and Beowulf followed the fiend to her home to kill her. Armed with sword and corslet, he plunged into the slimy lake; there Grendel's mother lay in wait for him and bore him to her vaulted hall beneath the water which gleamed with pale fire-light. As soon as he saw her he smote a fierce blow on her head with his sword, but her hard skull turned its biting edge, so he threw the twisted blade from him and gripped the wolf-woman in his mighty hands, bending her backward to the floor. In vain she tried to stab him with her knife, for the battle-net on his breast protected him. Then Beowulf spied a huge sword made by giants, which none but he could wield; with one mighty blow of this sword he struck off her head from her shoulders and bore it back in triumph.

In the joy of his victory Beowulf promised security for King Hrothgar, who—acknowledging the might and glory of his deeds—advised him not to forget that the flower of a man's strength and glory are but for a little while, and that he will fade away soon and be forgotten, and another will come in his place. He begged him to beware of pride, which may beguile the heart to sleep, so that the warrier remembereth not that Death will overpower him at last.

"So gloried I," said he, "when I built this mead-hall in my pride and reckoned not upon an adversary. But God sent Grendel to trouble me till my pride was humbled, and he brought me a deliverer in you; wherefore bear thine honors meekly."

Laden with treasures and weary with feasting, Beo-

wulf and his followers entered their sharp-keeled ship and sailed to their home across the wide sea plain, the sea-gulls' path, and great was the welcome they received on their return. In time the broad kingdom came into Beowulf's hands, and he held the Kingship for fifty years with a strong arm against all foes, ruling wisely and well.

And now a terrible flaming dragon, a fire-drake, whose cavern was rich in gold and silver treasures, robbed and hoarded for hundreds of years, began to ravage the land, and burned down the royal hall of Beowulf. Old as he was, he determined to fight and conquer this fiend, alone and unaided. The fight was so terrible that all his men but one fled. The young Wiglaf remained by his side, and—in spite of Beowulf's orders—joined in the fight; together they slayed the fire-fiend, but not before Beowulf had received his death wound. With his last breath he named Wiglaf his successor, and ordained that his ashes should be enshrined in a mound on a lofty cliff, so that it might be a mark for sailors far out at sea. This was done and the treasures of the fire-dragon were burned at the same time. Ten days they took to build the cairn, broad and high, and to raise a beacon vast and tall. Twelve nobles rode about the mound, calling to mind their King in speech and song, praising his valor; and all his people said of him that he was the mildest and gentlest of all the Kings of the world, the most gracious to his people and the most jealous for their glory.

King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

HERE is a story which is not all true, nor all untrue; not all fable, nor yet all fact; the story-tellers have told so much story, and the fablers have fabled so much, in order to embellish the tale, that they

have made fact and fable seem alike. But whether all fact or all fable, the story is one of the oldest and one of the most famous stories in the world, and gives a true picture of the knights and lords and ladies of the olden times.

William Caxton, who was the first to print the story of King Arthur in the sixteenth century, says in his preface, in the quaint old English of the time: "For to pass the time this book shall be pleasant to read in; but to give faith and to believe that all is true that is contained therein use your own judgment; but all is written for our doctrine (learning), to the intent that we may see and learn the noble acts of chivalry; the gentle and virtuous deeds that some knights used in those days and by which they came to honor, and how they that were vicious were punished and often put to shame and rebuke; and I beseech all that shall see and read this book that they take the good and honest acts in their remembrance, and follow the same."

King Arthur ruled over England many hundreds of years ago, and how he came to be King is a wonderful story. His father was Uther Pendragon, and when the child was born he was given to the magician Merlin, who had him brought up in ignorance of his parentage. In due course of time King Uther died, and Arthur grew to be a man. There were many claimants for the throne, but Merlin told the people that God would show by a miracle who should be the right-wise King of the realm. Accordingly the archbishop of Canterbury sent for all the lords and gentlemen-at-arms to go to London at Christmas time. They assembled in one of the great churches, and there against the high altar was seen a great stone four-square, and in the middle of it a blacksmith's anvil of steel; into this anvil was stuck a bright naked sword, and upon it were these words in letters of gold: "Whoso pulleth this sword out of this stone and anvil is right-wise born King of England." At this wondrous sight the people marvelled much, and

many essayed to pull the sword from the anvil; but none could do it, and from Christmas to New Year's men tried, but in no wise could they remove the sword. Then on New Year's day came Arthur, with Sir Ector, who had brought him up. Now Sir Ector's son Kaye had left his sword behind, and when Arthur heard of the sword in the anvil he thought he would try and get it for Kaye. And behold when Arthur rode alone to the church he took the sword from the anvil with ease and brought it to Kaye, who read the legend written upon it in letters of gold, and showing it to his father, said, "I must be King of the land." Now Sir Ector soon discovered that it was Arthur who drew the sword from the stone, and at once did homage to him as King. Arthur placed the sword at Sir Ector's command, and from New Year's to Candlemas, and from Candlemas to Easter, and from Easter to Whitsuntide, men tried to take out the sword from the anvil, but failed every one; Arthur alone succeeded, and Arthur was acclaimed King of all the people.

When he became King, Arthur righted the wrongs that had been done his people since his father's death, and gave back the lands and castles that had been unjustly taken from lords and knights and ladies, and he ruled his kingdom wisely and well.

He held his court at Caerleon, and there seated at a round table the knights and nobles conferred together with him, made the laws, governed the people, and afterwards banqueted and received their visitors and passed the time with songs, diversions and entertainment. At this table each knight sat in his own place—a hundred and fifty or more—each seat and each knight had his name, and many desired the honor of a seat at that table. Many a seat became vacant by the death of many a brave knight; one was called the Seat Perilous, and only one man on the earth was to be found worthy to sit in it. Each of the Knights of the Round Table had to prove by his valor, his prowess, his truth, his

honor and right living, his title to a seat. How they each bore themselves, how some proved unworthy and false, and others right and true, cannot all be told here; of the story of Balin and Balan, of whom Arthur said, "In all the world I know not two such knights as those"; of the treason of Morgan le fay and the imprisoned Merlin; of the exploits of Sir Gareth of Orkney; of the history and the madness of Tristram; of the treasons of King Mark and Palamides; the temptation of Sir Percevale; the trial of Sir Boos; and of the judgment of Queen Guenevere there is no time to tell; but the story of Lancelot and of the good knight Galahad, the story of Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, and the last days of King Arthur must be briefly related.

They are told in beautiful poetry by Lord Tennyson in his "Idylls of the King."

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

Among all the knights who had fought for King Arthur none had done so great deeds as Sir Lancelot du Lake, and for this King Arthur's Queen, Guenevere, loved him above all the other Knights of the Round Table, and he loved the Queen above all other ladies and damsels all his life, and did for her many noble deeds. Once, fatigued by his journeying, Lancelot slept in a deep forest, and there came by four Queens, each of whom wanted him to love her. So one of them, Morgan le fay, put an enchantment on him, and they carried him away in his sleep to the Castle Chariot. In the morning they bade him choose one of them or die, but Lancelot would have none of them, for he loved only Queen Guenevere, the truest lady living. The four Queens, full of anger, left him to plot his death, but a fair maiden rescued him from their treachery. In return for this service Lancelot did great things; he slew her father's enemies and went on his way slaying giants, setting free captured ladies and releasing many of Arthur's knights who lay in captiv-

ity in foul and grievous dungeons. Many were the temptations which beset him to win his love from the Queen, but he overcame them all, and journeyed back to the court of King Arthur, where the news of his great exploits and noble deeds had gone before, and where he was received with great joy and gladness.

But his enemies made trouble upon trouble for him, and at last Lancelot departed from the court forever, and passed over the sea, where he stayed until he heard that King Arthur was in great trouble. He went to him at once, but he was too late to help him. The King was slain, and he journeyed on to see Queen Guenevere, of whom he took a sorrowful farewell. For six years he lived in the habit of priesthood and sang mass; then he had a vision in which he was told that the Queen was dead, and that he should go and fetch her body to lay it by the side of King Arthur. This he did, and not long after he wasted away and died, "the head of all Christian knights, never matched of earthly hand, the courtliest that ever bore shield, the truest lover, the firmest friend, the kindest man."

SIR GALAHAD AND THE HOLY GRAIL.

Now it was ever the desire of the good and pure knighthood of that time to find the Holy Grail, or the cup which was used at the last supper of our Lord; the legend says that it was brought from heaven by angels and entrusted to a body of knights, who guarded and watched it on the top of a high mountain. Once when the knights were seated at the Round Table, and Sir Galahad, the son of Lancelot du Lake, had been admitted to a place there, the Holy Grail was borne in among them in a great and wonderful light, and though no man saw it, all knew that it had been there, and all declared their intention to go forth on its quest. At this King Arthur sorrowed much, fearful that he should lose his best companions of the Round Table, but he would do nothing to hinder them. One hundred

and fifty of them thus departed, and many adventures did they encounter, but none of them achieved, and many of them returned. Lancelot, however, journeying with his son, was vouchsafed a bright and beautiful vision of the Holy Grail; but he too returned to the court of King Arthur without it. Sir Galahad, "the clean virgin above all knights, the flower of the lily, the rose which is the flower of all good virtues," alone went on, and was well received by many holy men and women in the various places where he rested; at last he reached the Castle of Carbonek, where the Holy Grail with solemn ceremony was delivered into his hands. Sir Galahad then journeyed with it into another kingdom, where he became King, and where Joseph of Arimathea appeared to him and administered the holy wafer because he had seen the Sangreal and because he was clean and pure. Then he died and the angels bore him away to heaven.

ELAINE, THE LILY MAID OF ASTOLAT.

The fair maid of Astolat, Elaine, the sister of Sir Gavaine, one of the Knights of the Round Table, asked Sir Lancelot du Lake to wear a red sleeve as her token; Lancelot replied, "I have done no such thing for any maiden before." Nevertheless, he wore the token, and soon after was sorely wounded in a fray. The news was reported to Elaine, who said: "Now blessed be God that he sped so well, for he is the first man I have loved in the world, and he shall be the last." On hearing that he was not recovered of his wound, she gained her father's permission to go and nurse him. When she saw him sick and pale she swooned, and Lancelot, kissing her as she revived, said: "Thou puttest me to pain, fair maiden; weep no more; if thou hast come to cheer me, thou art right welcome." So she stayed by him, and never woman did more for man than she did for Sir Lancelot.

At length the time came when he was well and

strong again, and must depart. So great was Elaine's love for him, that she said, "Have mercy on me and leave me not to die." "What wouldst thou?" asked Lancelot. "To be thy wife," said the maid of Astolat. "Nay," answered Lancelot, "never shall I be a wedded man." "Then be thou my love," she said, but to that he said nay, for he would do her no wrong. "Then I must die for my love," said she, and she pined away and died, saying: "None have I loved but Sir Lancelot, and never shall I. When I am dead put this letter in my right hand; put me in a fair bed with all my richest clothes about me; carry me to a barge on the Thames covered with black samite, and send it on the river to Westminster." As she said, so they did, and so died for her love the maid of Astolat. Now King Arthur and his Queen saw the barge float by at Westminster, and saw the letter in Elaine's right hand, which they took and read; it said only this: "Most noble Sir Lancelot, death hath made a severance between us for thy love, for I, whom the men call the fair maiden of Astolat, was your lover. Pray thou for my soul, as thou art peerless." All wept when they heard the words; many a knight came on that day to look on her fair face, and on the morrow they buried her richly.

THE PASSING OF KING ARTHUR.

When King Arthur sailed with his people for Berwick he left Mordred, his sister's son, in charge of his kingdom, and placed his Queen Guenevere in his charge. But Mordred was false; he spread the news that Arthur was dead and wanted to take both the kingdom and the Queen for himself, which Arthur, hearing, at once set forth to return. Mordred awaited his coming with his knights and fighting men.

Wise counselors tried to persuade them to come to an agreement without fighting, and King Arthur was warned by a dream that if he fought his end would come. Owing to a mistake, the fight began while nego-

ELAINE.—"And the dead, steered by the dumb, went upward with the tide."

tiations were in progress, and it became so fierce that all but King Arthur, two of his knights and Mordred were killed. Rushing upon each other Arthur and Mordred each dealt the other his death blow. When Arthur knew his end was come he bade them throw his sword "Excalibur," which the Lady of the Lake had given him, back into the lake again, where a hand and arm came out of the water, seized the sword, brandished it thrice, and disappeared.

Then he called his friends, who put him in a barge where were three Queens, who received him tenderly and with great mourning; then they rowed him from the land, and as the ladies left him, Sir Bedivere, who alone of all his knights was near, cried: "Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me now, ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies?" Arthur replied: "Comfort thyself, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in, for I will go into the Vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou never hear more of me, pray for my soul." The Queens wept and wailed as the barge floated away.

When Queen Guenevere knew that her lord King Arthur and all his noble knights were slain, she and her ladies stole away. She became a nun, wearing white clothes and black, and living in fasting, prayers and doing deeds of alms.

Wherever this tale of King Arthur's death was told it was always said that King Arthur is not really dead, but that he is in another place, and shall come again and win the holy cross, for on his tomb they say it is written: "Here lies Arthur, once a King; a King yet to be."

The Story of St. George.

ST. GEORGE, the patron Saint of England, is always represented on horseback, armed as a knight, transfixing with a lance a large dragon which is under the horse's feet. St. George's day, curiously enough, is the same as Shakespeare's birthday, or at least the two are often celebrated together. He was chosen as the patron Saint of England, and his name was the ancient English war-cry under the first Norman Kings. The Council at Oxford in 1222 ordered that his feast be kept as a holiday, and under his name and ensign, King Edward III instituted the most noble order of Knighthood in Europe fifty years before the order of St. Michael was established in France, eighty years before the order of the Golden Fleece, and one hundred and ninety years before the order of St. Andrew in Scotland.

The Golden Legend says that there was founded by the Kings of England a noble college in honor of St. George in the Castle of Windsor; that in the college is the heart of the Saint, which Sigismund, the emperor of Germany, brought and gave as a great and precious relic to King Henry V.

It is related of St. George that he arrived at a city of Lybia called Sylene, near which a monstrous dragon had wrought much harm to the people, who, to appease him, gave him two sheep daily. At length the sheep gave out, and they had to sacrifice their children in turn. They drew lots daily for the children who were to be given up, and at the length the lot fell upon the King's daughter. The King offered all his treasures for a substitute, but as it was his own law no one would accept. So he resolved to submit to the inevitable, and asked only for a respite of eight days. At the end of that time he led her forth, bedecked as for a bridal, to give her up to the dragon. St. George met the mournful procession, and inquired its cause; for reply

he was told: "Go your way, fair young man, lest you perish also." But he insisted on knowing, and at length he was told. Upon this he promised to deliver her, but she and all about her were incredulous. While they were talking the dragon appeared and ran toward them. St. George being on horseback, drew his sword, signed himself with the cross, and riding violently smote the dragon with his spear, and wounded him sorely. Then he called to the maiden, bade her to bind her girdle round the dragon's neck without fear, and when she had done so he followed quietly and meekly. When the people saw this they fled the city and hid in the mountains and valleys, but St. George bade them return, and promised to slay the dragon if they would become Christian and be baptized. Then the King, his family, his court and upward of 15,000 men, women and children were baptized. St. George slew the dragon and cut off his head, and the people took four wagons and drew the body with oxen out of the city. Afterward the King built a church and dedicated it to our Lady and St. George.

Richard Coeur De Lion.

RICHARD I, of England, called Richard the Lion Hearted, was one of the most picturesque and striking figures in English history, and he is renowned chiefly by his exploits in connection with the Crusades. He was curiously enough an English King who was brought up to be a French Duke, and who did not speak the language of the people over whom he reigned. In all his life he did not spend a full year in England. That he spoke only French is not, however, so remarkable as it may seem, since it was the language of most of the English barons, and had been the language of the court ever since the conquest of England

by the Normans; and here we would like to stay for a moment to remark on the wonderful way in which the conquest of England by the Normans, nearly 1,000 years ago, affects the very looks and manners and customs of many of us here in America at this moment and the very language which we speak to-day. The poet Tennyson says: "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we," and we have still ways of thinking, manners of living, and customs in behavior and in dress which are Saxon and Norman and Danish—but mostly Norman, because the Normans were for years the dominating power, the aristocracy, whose manners and customs everybody copied or tried to imitate. Let us see how the Norman invasion of Britain in 1066 affects our speech to-day. The French word for sheep is mouton —so when the sheep is killed and comes to the rich man's table it is called by the French name mutton; while it is in the field and is tended by the Saxon shepherd it is called by its Saxon name of sheep. In exactly the same way we speak of the ox when it is in the field, and of beef (French bœuf) when it comes to the table; of calf when it is by its mother's side, and of veal (French veau) when it comes to the table. Many more instances of a like kind might be cited if time and space served.

But to return to Richard the Lion Hearted. He was born in 1157 in England, died in France in 1199, and was buried there. He was brought up among the knights and *troubadours,* or travelling ballad singers in France. He became King of England in 1189 when he was thirty-two years old; a position he was the more ready to accept as he had taken the vows of a crusader and was glad of the chance to get English money and Englishmen to help him. He was a man of great strength, tall and ruddy and bold as a lion, skilful with arms and a terrible enemy to meet in battle, as he rode on his great war-horse, clad in armor and swinging his great battle-axe around his head. He

loved nothing so much as war and fighting, and he lived at a time when everyone could have as much fighting as he wanted. Richard fought for the love and glory of it, not for victory or real advantage, and therefore, though he did many great and courageous deeds, he never really accomplished anything. Fighting is only worth while when it wins something, accomplishes something, and leaves the world better than it was before.

He was carelessly indifferent, and magnanimous to a degree. He loved magnificence in dress and ceremony. He was a fair scholar and wrote many pretty verses in French—for which some have wished to call him a poet King.

But it is time to tell of his exploits during the Crusades. Two years before Richard came to the throne, Palestine had been taken by the Turks, who were Mohammedans—and at that time a great and warlike people—who propagated their religion by the sword; every one who was a Christian was slain, unless he would transfer his allegiance from Christ to Mohammed.

Every Christian nation in Europe was revolted at the idea that Mohammedans should be in possession of the land that was the very birthplace and cradle of their religion, and more than one attempt had been made to drive them out, but no organized effort was made until the advent of Peter—called the hermit—a priest who felt it his duty to leave his cell and call upon the kings and princes and people of every Christian country to give up their work, their pleasure, their treasure, and if need be their lives, to the task of driving the Turks out of the Holy Land. From city to city, from country to country he went, carrying before him the cross which was to be their sign in war as in peace. Hence this movement was called Cross-ade (Crusade), or a war on behalf of the Cross.

Kings and princes and people responded eagerly

to the call, and among the kings who came forward as leaders of the Crusade none was more famous or more active than Richard. The adventures and the dangers which accompanied this war, fought in a strange country against an Eastern enemy, were just what his bold spirit loved. The history of Richard's valiant deeds in Palestine, of the great battle which he fought at Jaffa, of his attack upon Jerusalem, and of his quarrels with his companions, the King of France and the Archduke of Austria, may be read in any history of England. Perhaps the pleasantest way of learning something about them is to take up Sir Walter Scott's great novel, "The Talisman." It is a delightful book, and no one can read the stories of Richard, of Saladin, the Sultan of the Turks, of Edith Plantagenet, of Berengerin, Richard's wife, of Kenneth of Scotland, and of the crafty Duke of Austria without pleasure and profit.

On his way back from Palestine, Richard passed through the country of his enemy, Leopold, Archduke of Austria. By an act of treachery, which even in those rough times was condemned by all men, Richard was seized by order of the Duke and thrown into prison. For twelve months he lay in prison, and it was long before his friends in England even knew where he was. His whereabouts was discovered by his old friend and companion, the musician Blondel, one of the French troubadours with whom he passed his youth, who, roaming through Europe in search of his master, sat down under the wall of an unknown castle, and touching his harp, sang a tune which he remembered as being one of his favorites. Richard, from his prison, hearing the familiar air, recognized his friend and sang an answering note. Blondel took the news back with him to England, and in course of time a ransom was paid, and Richard was restored to his country and his throne. But his restless spirit would not allow him to remain long at ease. He started off again to France

to fight against Philip, who threatened his Norman possessions there. While besieging the castle of Chaluz he was struck by an arrow from the bow of a soldier named Bertrand.

As he lay in his tent dying, the King was informed that the castle had fallen, and that Bertrand had been taken prisoner. The unhappy archer was brought before the King, trembling for his life, but Richard, with the generosity which was perhaps the best part of his nature, forgave the man to whom he owed his death, and ordered that his life should be spared.

The Story of the Hudson's Bay Company.

NO more remarkable illustration of the truth of the saying that "Times change and we change with the times" can be found than that furnished by the Hudson's Bay Company. During the eighteenth and through a great part of the nineteenth century it was thought to be beneath the dignity of the aristocracy and the upper classes in England to engage directly in trade, though we do not find that any of them objected to living on the result of the labor of other men's hands. For them it was ordained that they should toil not, neither should they spin, and they never stopped to inquire,

> "When Adam delved and Eva span,
> Who was then the gentle man?"

They forgot that the titled nobility were, as we shall see, actively engaged in trading and commerce during the last half of the seventeenth century, and that the King himself was an active member of the largest trading company in the world.

Of late years, however, since the British peerage has been reinforced by successful "butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers," and since bankers and

brewers are lords of high degree, the prejudice has been broken down, and to-day lords and ladies alike think it not beneath their dignity to become shop-keepers.

While England has become democratic to this extent, we are actually developing in this country a "money-ocracy," that is, a section of society of do-nothing rich, who, scorning the hard work by which the money they enjoy was made, would consider it beneath their dignity to descend into the vulgar arena of shop-keeping and commerce of any kind.

The trading company to which we have referred, that had the aristocracy for its directorate is The Hudson's Bay Company, which, founded two hundred and fifty years ago, is to-day one of the potent forces of the Canadian West. It is still the greatest mercantile enterprise in Canada; and it is to-day a strong land company, keeping up its traditions by conducting a large trade in furs; owning vessels and transportation facilities unrivalled; able to take care of enormous contracts; to exercise a fatherly influence over the Indians in the territories which are the sphere of its action, and ever assisting the vast missionary organizations which operate therein. Its trading stations are dotted over the immense region bounded east and west by the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and north and south by the Arctic Ocean and the United States.

And this vast organization, one of the most powerful factors in the upbuilding of Canada, was the outcome of the adventures of two French Protestant adventurers, Medard Chouart, afterwards called Groseillier, and Pierre Esprit Radisson. They went to Canada in the middle of the seventeenth century, embarked in the fur trade, and led a venturesome life. Radisson was captured by the Indians, and more fortunate than many who fell into their hands, was adopted into one of their tribes. He escaped after two years, was taken to Europe and returned to Montreal.

Chouart was assistant in a Jesuit mission, but the attractions of the fur trade were too much for him. He married the second time, the widowed sister of Radisson, and thenceforth the fortunes of the two men were more or less bound up together. After three or four voyages along the coast they applied to the Governor for permission to trade in the interior, but this was refused, except on very onerous conditions, and they determined to throw off all authority and be a law unto themselves. So they went away for two years and explored the north shore of Lake Superior. On their return to Quebec they were imprisoned and fined heavily for unlawful trading. They went to seek redress in France, but in vain, and returned burning with revenge for the Governor of Quebec.

Driven to desperation they now began to look to the English. Boston was then the centre of English enterprise on this continent and they succeeded in interesting the Boston merchants to the extent of fitting out one small ship, but the expedition was a failure. At this juncture Sir George Carteret, vice-chamberlain to King Charles of England, and also Treasurer of the Navy, was in Boston on a royal commission. Hearing their story he took them back with him, obtained for them an audience with the King, who was ever ready to embark in any money-making enterprise, and they thus succeeded in getting together an organization to help them with their schemes, which was formed in 1667. The list of contributing members was headed by the Duke of York, and comprised Prince Rupert, Sir George Carteret, the Duke of Albemarle, the Earls of Craven, Arlington and Shaftesbury, Sir John Robinson, Sir Robert Vyner, Sir Peter Colleton, and others, each of whom put down sums varying from fifty to five hundred pounds. Two ships were fitted out, the *Eaglet,* under Captain Stannard, who abandoned the enterprise on arriving at Boston, and the *Nonsuch,* commanded by Zachariah Gillam, the New

England captain who had led the expedition of 1654. They found Hudson's Bay and explored it, and built the first fort at Lat. 51°-20′ N. and Long. 78° W., which they named Charles' Fort, wintering on Charlton Island, where "Nature looked like a carcase frozen to death"; in April, 1669, they sailed to Boston, and crossed to London to give an account of their adventures. The name of Zachariah Gillam deserves remembrance—even as the name of Columbus does—for he founded the first fort in that northern land, and his voyage resulted in the great movement, which has continued for two hundred and fifty years and will be forever memorable in the history of Canada.

A charter was granted to "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England, trading into Hudson's Bay" on May 2, 1670, which gave to the eighteen members almost unlimited power and dominion, and subsequently brought "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." The Hudson's Bay Company took for its motto, *Pro pelle cutem*, which means "skin for skin," in allusion alike to the articles in which it primarily dealt, and to the principles on which the trade was conducted. Its methods, though sometimes severe, were nearly all honorable British methods. It never forgot the flag that floated over it, and when after two hundred years it gave over its political power to Canada, its authority was so great as to lead the Canadian government to ask it to retain one-twentieth of the land of the Fertile Belt as a guarantee of its assistance in transferring power from the old to the new régime.

When the company settled down to work it organized a regular system of sending out ships in June each year, which returned in October, to collect the furs, etc., which had been exchanged by their agents stationed along the line of the chain of forts or depots, for various articles which the Indians who brought them into camp required. Following is the standard rate of exchanges made in the earliest days:

Guns	twelve winter beaver skins for largest, ten for medium, eight for smallest.
Powder	a beaver for ½ lb.
Shot	a beaver for 4 lbs.
Hatchets	a beaver for a great and little hatchet.
Knives	a beaver for eight great knives and eight jack knives.
Beads	a beaver for ½ lb. of beads.
Laced coats	six beavers for one.
Plain coats	five beavers for one plain red coat.
Coats for women, laced, 2 yds.	six beavers.
Coats for women, plain	five beavers.
Tobacco	a beaver for 1 lb.
Powder-horn	a beaver for a large powder-horn and two small ones.
Kettles	a beaver for 1 lb. wt. of kettle.
Looking-glass and comb	two skins.

The forts and factories, at first small and primitive, gradually increased in comfort and size, until they have become quite extensive, and in some cases have formed the nucleus of towns and cities—at each of them was a governor and a staff of men appointed for a term of years. When the ships laden with the furs and skins arrived in London, they were sold by auction, and every year a balance was struck, and the profits were divided. For a long time the profits were never less than 50 per cent. per annum on the original money paid in by the stockholders.

Radisson and Groseilliers were well taken care of by the company while they were in its service, but they were constantly deserting England for France who had great interests in Canada, and deserting France for England again. Though brave and intrepid, Radisson appears to have been the disloyal party in these vacillations. He never gave up his love of illicit trading, and was of a litigious disposition. The company, however, continued to make him an allowance until 1750, when he probably died. Great losses were inflicted on the company by the French, who sent military expeditions against the trading posts or forts,

and after the cession of Canada to England in 1763 numbers of fur traders spread all over the country, and subsequently formed the North-West Fur Company of Montreal. Fierce competition ensued. The Indians were demoralized, body and soul, by the liquor supplied to them by the rival traders. At last in 1821 the two companies, exhausted by the conflict, amalgamated and continued to trade under the monopoly which existed until 1859.

Such, very briefly told, is the story of the beginning of the great trading enterprise, still known and still respected as The Hudson's Bay Company.

The Story of Cuchullin.

THE name of this Warrior of Irish Legend is pronounced Coohoolin, and some of the other names in this story are pronounced in a manner very unlike that which the spelling would indicate.

When Cuchullin, who was the son of Lugh, the Irish Sun-god, was five years old he went to the Court of Conchobar, King of Ireland, to play with the boys there. He defeated them in all their games in wonderful fashion, and was made one of their number. Shortly afterwards, when he was six years old, he killed Culann, the smith's hound, an enormous watch-dog. The smith declared that his property was no longer safe without its guard, and the young hero offered to keep watch over his domain until a whelp of the hound was grown up. From this the boy is said to have received his name of Cu-Chullin, or Culann's hound.

The next year, in the presence of his court, his warriors, and the youth who were the comrades and companions of Cuchullin, King Conchobar presented the young hero with his weapons of war, after the usual

vows had been taken. But Cuchullin looked at the weapons, struck the spears together, and clashed the sword upon the shield, breaking the spears and sword in pieces, and doing such grievous damage to the shield that it was useless.

"These are not good weapons, O my King," said the boy.

Then the King gave him others, larger and stronger, but these, too, the boy treated in the same manner.

"These are still worse," said he, "and it is not seemly that on the day I receive arms I should be made a laughing-stock in the presence of the clan."

But Conchobar Mac Nessa exulted exceedingly when he beheld the amazing strength and the waywardness of the boy, beneath whose delicate brows eyes glittered like gleaming swords, as he glanced rapidly round on the crowd of martial men surrounding him; amongst them he seemed himself a bright torch of valor and war, more pure and clear than polished steel. But he beckoned to one of his knights, who hastened away and returned bringing Conchobar's own shield and spears, and the sword out of the Tayta Brac, where they were kept, an equipment in reserve. Cuchullin shook them and bent them, and clashed them together, but they held firm.

"These are good arms, O son of Nessa," said Cuchullin.

Then there were led forward a pair of noble steeds and a war-car, and the King conferred them on Cuchullin. Cuchullin sprang into the chariot, and standing with legs apart, he stamped from side to side, and shook and shook, and jolted the car until the axle brake and the car itself was broken in pieces.

"This is not a good chariot, O my King," said the boy. Then there were led forward three chariots, and each of these he broke in succession.

"These are not good chariots, O chief of the Red

Branch," said Cuchullin. "No brave warrior would enter the battle or fight from such a worthless foothold."

Then the King called to his son, and bade him harness to the war-chariot Laeg, the wondrous gray steed, of which he had the care, the one which had been given him by Kelkar, the son of Uther, and to give Laeg a charioteering equipment, and to be charioteer of Cuchullin. For now it was apparent to all the nobles and to the King that a lion of war had appeared amongst them.

Then Cuchullin's heart leaped in his breast when he heard the thunder of the great war-cry, and the mad whinnying of the horses that smelt the battle afar. Soon he beheld them with his eyes, and the charioteer with the golden fillet of his office erect in the car, struggling to subdue their fury. A gray, long-maned steed, whale-bellied, broad-chested, behind one yoke; a black ugly-maned steed behind the other. Like a hawk swooping along the face of a cliff when the wind is high, or like the rush of the March wind over the plain, or like the fleetness of the stag roused from his lair by the hounds and covering his first field, was the rush of those steeds when they had broken through the restraint of the charioteer; as though they galloped over fiery flags, so that the earth shook and trembled with the velocity of their motion; and all the time the great car brayed and shrieked, as the wheels of solid and glittering bronze went round, for there were demons that had their abode in that car.

The charioteer restrained the steeds before the assembly, but nay-the-less a deep pur, like the breath of a tiger, proceeded from the axle. Then the whole assembly lifted up their voices and shouted for Cuchullin, and Cuchullin sprang into his chariot, all armed, with a cry as of a warrior springing to battle; he stood erect and brandished his spears, and the war-sprites of the Gael shouted along with them; the wild people of the

glens and the demons of the air roared around him when first the great warrior of the Gael, his battle-arms in his hands, stood equipped for war in his chariot before all the warriors of his tribe, the kings of the Clanna Rury, and the people of Emain Macha.

Soon after he was knighted he made his first foray and slew the three sons of Necht on the plain of Meath. The men of Ulster decided that Cuchullin must marry, as all the women in Ireland were in love with him. After the envoys had been seeking a bride worthy of him for a year, Cuchullin decided for himself and chose Emer, daughter of Forgall, the Wily. But before she would marry him he was compelled to go abroad and learn chivalry from Donall the soldierly, and from Scathatch the Amazon. After enduring untold hardship, he earned his spurs, left a son behind him named Connlach, and returned and married Emer. Many great achievements have been credited to Cuchullin, but the greatest of all was the defence of the frontier of Ulster against Queen Medb (pronounced Meave) of Connaught, who had come to carry off the famous brown bull of Cualnge (pronounced Cooley). The men of Ulster were unable to fight on account of a strange disease from which they were suffering. Although he was but seventeen years old, Cuchullin carried on the defense single-handed from November to February, nightly and daily, slaying and destroying great numbers of the hosts of Ireland. "When he put forth his strength it was so terrific that no one could stand before him; his very glance destroyed his foes; not by ones or twos, but by hundreds; his whole body gave off a fierce heat and grew and changed at times so much so that his friends could not recognize him." In the story he is made to slay his own son, Connlach, in a most tragical manner. But this mighty and stormy career did not last long. When he was twenty-seven he met with his death at the hands of Lugard, son of Mac Daire, the famous Munster warrior, and of the

children of Calatin Dina, in revenge for their father's death.

The manner of his death was grewsome, indeed. His good horse, the king of the horses of Ireland, Grey of Macha, was speared to death, and his charioteer likewise; then a spear was driven through Cuchullin's body. Wounded to death as he was, he went to the lake and drank, and then fastened himself with his belt to a stone pillar so that he could meet death standing and not lying down. But his enemies did not then dare approach him, for they were not sure whether he was dead or alive. The wounded horse, Grey of Macha, came back to defend his master, and the hero-light shone around about both their heads. The Grey of Macha killed fifty men with his teeth, and thirty more with his hoofs. But at last Lugard came up and cut off Cuchullin's head, and as he did so the sword fell from Cuchullin's grasp; and falling it cut off the right hand of Lugard. Then they brought the head and body of Cuchullin to his wife, Emer, who mourned and wept for him awhile, and then she bade them make a wide and very deep grave and lay Cuchullin within it. This done, she laid herself down beside her gentle comrade, put her mouth to his mouth, and said: "Love of my life, my friend, my sweetheart, my one choice of men of the earth, many a woman, wed or unwed, envied me till to-day; and now I will live no longer, since you are gone." So her life went out, and she and Cuchullin lie in one grave together, over which is one stone on which their names are written.

Brian Boru.

BRIAN BORU, the ever-famous Irish King, was the son of Kennedy, who was a son of Lorcan. His father was slain in a battle with the Danes in A.D. 951, when Brian was but ten years old. The young

Prince must have imbibed from his earliest years a hatred of the Danish invaders; and what he saw with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears, must have intensified that hate.

In his father's palace at Kinkora he had often heard of how the poor man's cattle had been carried off, how his children had been swept away into slavery, and how these pagans, with veneration for neither God nor man, loved to heap indignities on his Church, and mocked at the mysteries of his faith. Often he saw his clansmen go forth to battle in proud array and come back their ranks broken and thinned, leaving their best and bravest behind them, struck down by the Danish battle-axe. The bards, who recounted the gallant deeds of the Dalcassians, had also to chronicle their defeats, and the piteous wail of the widow and the orphan too often replaced the exulting cry of victory. As he listened to the harper's song, if his cheeks glowed with pride at the recital of his kinsmen's deeds, his heart also melted with pity as he heard the mournful song of the captive held in Danish bonds, pining for his kindred and his home. For the harper excited sympathy for the oppressed, as well as emulation for the brave, and often the saddening strains of captivity and suffering were mingled with the livelier notes of the battle-march. Filled with pity for his oppressed kinsmen, and with indignation against their oppressors, he must have often longed to be at the head of his gallant clansmen, and to wrest from the grasp of these haughty foreigners those fertile fields along the Shannon which were the birthright of his family and his race.

Brian's elder brother, Mahon, became King of Thomond in 951, and Brian with him kept up a struggle with the Danish invaders; at last Mahon made peace with the Danes. To this peace Brian refused to consent, and at the head of a few followers, as determined and desperate as himself, he carried on the warfare

still. He avoided pitched battles with the enemy, fell upon small detached parties of them, harrassed them by night, waylaid them on their march, cut them off in twos and threes and fives, and made the whole district west of the Shannon unsafe for them except while they were within the shelter of their strongholds. In this guerilla warfare the sufferings of himself and his men were great. They had often to change their encampments, they had to sleep in woods and caves, and worn out, without sleep and often without food, in addition to their losses in battle, their numbers became so reduced that at last Brian had but fifteen men under his command. Mahon remonstrated with him, and pointed out the futility of his conduct in wasting his strength and the lives of his clansmen against overwhelming odds. Brian's answer was a reproach. They should not, he avowed, abandon to dark foreigners and black grim gentiles the inheritance which their fathers and grandfathers had transmitted to them, and which they in their own day had known how to defend; and he was sure that his grandfather Lorcan would have never made such a peace as Mahon had done, neither would Lughaidh Menn, nor Cocc, the son of Cas, the man who had first routed the foreigners. Either his reasons or his reproaches impressed Mahon. He called together the clansmen of Thomond to consult, and unanimously they declared for war. With Mahon and Brian at their head, they crossed the Shannon, captured the Danish strongholds, and, joined by the friendly tribes of the Eoghanachts and Muckerry, they wreaked ample vengeance on the Danes, and finally (964) they entered Cashel in triumph.

On the death of his brother Mahon, Brian Boru became King of Thomond, and it was soon proved that "he was not a stone in place of an egg, nor a wisp of hay in place of a club, but he was a hero in place of a hero." A succession of victories over the Danes made Brian the undisputed King of Munster; far beyond its

limits he carried the terror of his name, and finally became monarch of the southern half of Ireland. Joining forces with Malachy, once his enemy, Brian marched on Dublin, fought a battle against the Danes at Dunlavin, killing four thousand men, including Harold, the Danish king, and entered Dublin in triumph. These events were paving the way for Brian to become the Ardri, or High King—the King over all the Kings of Ireland.

He formed alliances with all the most influential of the chieftains, Malachy, who wished to sit on the throne himself, cast in his lot with him, and Brian Boru's resources were at last such that no power in Ireland could withstand him. By this time he was past his sixtieth year, and his wish was to repair in peace the ravages of war. During his reign roads and bridges were constructed, harbors built, new churches erected, ruined ones repaired, and as a terror to rebellious subjects several strong fortresses were erected throughout Munster.

Under his vigorous rule justice was administered with impartiality, lawlessness was suppressed, the piracy of the Dane and the foray of the native chief were alike ended; and the legend has survived that a maiden, young, beautiful and richly dressed, and with a gold ring on her hand, might have passed unmolested from Tory Island to Glandore. In the churches the priest could offer Mass and the people worship in security; the monks in their convents chanted the psalms as of old; the hermit fasted and prayed without his devotions being interrupted by a pagan foe; and in the schools and colleges, erected and liberally endowed, the Ollamh or bard was paid to teach the children encouraged to learn.

Engaged wholly in commerce, the Danes were rapidly enriching the seaport towns and paid their tribute of wine regularly to the Ardri; the Boru tribute was revived—a fatal mistake—and was paid by Leinster;

the other chiefs paid their various contributions; and at Kincora Brian dispensed a hospitality not unworthy of a great King. In his palace the songs of triumph were once more heard, the valor of the Dalcassians was extolled, and sometimes the old monarch himself took his harp and played for the assembled guests.

For nearly ten years Ireland enjoyed a period of almost unbroken peace. Once there was unrest among the northern clans (1010), and again in Ossory; but Murrogh, the Ardri's son, suppressed these disturbances, and the personal intervention of Brian was not called for until the Danes and Leinster united against him. Then he was compelled to make the greatest effort of his life, as it was destined also to be his last.

The men of the province of Leinster always had found the taxes imposed by Brian to be galling, and in 1013 when Maclmorra, the King, brought his tribute to Brian a domestic quarrel arose within the palace—which was aggravated by a dispute over a game at chess. King Maclmorra left the palace the next day in secret and in anger. Brian sent a messenger after him to explain and apologize, but instead of being pacified, he killed Brian's messenger, and hurried home to prepare for war. He set to work to stir up the country against Brian, and by Palm Sunday (1014) the Danes and Leinstermen were assembled in Dublin, and the whole surface of Dublin Bay was covered with their ships.

Their united forces were at least as large, perhaps larger, than those of Brian, and these daring Northmen were experienced in war; yet some doubts were mingled with their hopes of success in the coming fight. Even their stern natures were not inaccessible to superstition; their skalds and prophets were held in greatest reverence, and in certain wondrous events which had lately happened they feared they read the signs of impending disaster. Brodir and his men had seen a shower of blood fall; a battle in the air had been

witnessed between birds; swords and spears had been seen in the sky wielded by invisible hands; in Iceland a priest, saying Mass, had his vestments stained with blood; and in Caithness twelve Valkyries had been seen in a bower, weaving out of men's entrails, with swords as shuttles, the grim woof of war.

Boldly taking the offensive, Brian had already marched towards Dublin and plundered the district of Fingal, from Dublin to Howth. This district was inhabited by Danes, and their friends in the city beheld with anger the ruin of their kinsmen's homes, and hastened their preparations for battle. They knew also that Brian had sent his son Donogh to Wicklow with a portion of his forces, and that Donogh had not yet returned; and, moreover, a prophecy urged them not to delay, for Brodir, who was skilled in sorcery, had foretold that if the battle were fought on Good Friday Brian would fall, but if on any other day his foes would all fall, and so Good Friday was fixed upon.

Before the battle began, Brian, mounted on a battle-charger and with a cross in his hand, rose in front and solemnly addressed the army, bade them remember all that the Danes had done, that in fighting them they fought for their country and their faith, that they were fighting on the day on which the Saviour of the world had died, and that He would be with them in the fight. Inspired by these words, they rushed upon the foe. It was Good Friday, the 23d of April, at six o'clock in the morning, just as the tide was at its full. There was no cavalry in either army, nor can we discern any system of tactics according to which masses of men make or resist attack. The battle was rather a series of single combats in which personal prowess was the deciding element. Each clansmen gathered round his own standard, and his chief, as he was first in peace, was also first in danger and in valor, and among his foes sought out some chief whom he marked as his antagonist and his victim. It was a fiercely-contested

fight. Morning passed into midday, midday to evening, the tide had ebbed and again was flowing, but the battle still raged. Standards had fallen, the ranks were fatally thinned, the ground was thickly covered with the dead and wounded, yet neither side would give way, and as the sun descended, both Celt and Dane still faced each other in that grim death-struggle.

In his tent, a little in front of Tomar's Wood, Brian remained during the day, and asked his attendants from time to time how the battle went. He was told that all was confusion, that there was a noise as if seven battalions were cutting down Tomar's Wood, but that Murrogh's standard still floated, and that heads were falling wherever it was borne. Brian was satisfied, declaring that while Murrogh's standard floated it would be well with the men of Erin. Again, towards the close of the day, he inquired, and was informed that it looked as if Tomar's Wood were on fire, the brushwood destroyed, a few stately trees only remaining; that the soldiers had fallen, a few only of the chiefs were left, and Murrogh's standard was down. It was doleful news, for the old King had centred the hopes of his house in Murrogh, and when *he* was dead he protested he did not wish to survive. His wish was soon granted. His bodyguard had gone in pursuit of the flying Danes, and Brodir and a few followers hiding in the wood, noted the unprotected tent, rushed in, and with a single stroke of his battle-axe clove in the King's skull.

"Now," he said, "let man tell man that Brodir killed Brian."

The Dane was quickly surrounded and taken prisoner, and, according to the Norse Saga, his body was cut open, and his entrails slowly wound out of him, and thus he died.

In that age it would be difficult to find a battle in which the losses were so heavy in proportion to the numbers engaged. A moderate estimate places the loss

on the Irish side at four thousand, and on the Danish side at least seven thousand. Scarce any of the leaders were left, and it was this loss that the Irish had most reason to bewail.

Alone of all their kings, Brian had been able to crush the Danes, and to repress the turbulence of the native chiefs. His death loosened the bonds that held these chiefs together; the death of Murrogh blighted the hope of a peaceful succession and of a strong central government; after Clontarf native unity and strength were over, and the reign of discord and chaos was about to begin.

The Story of the Bastille.

THE word Bastille comes from the old French, and means simply a building; the name was at first applied to the Towers which flanked the gates of the fortifications of a walled city. The gate of Saint Antoine, or St. Anthony, in Paris, was flanked by two towers in the reign of King John, and about 1369 it was changed into a huge fortress with eight towers surrounded by a ditch twenty-five feet wide. It was used for various purposes: as a storage for arms and ammunition, as a treasure house for gold and jewels, and as a prison. But its final use for many years, until it was destroyed in the great French Revolution of 1789, was for the detention and torture of state and political prisoners; the first to be lodged within its walls was the builder himself, Hugues Aubriot. It contained a number of iron cages called by one of the cruel kings of France his *fillettes,* or little girls. In one of them the noble Duke de Nemours spent thirteen years, and for hundreds of years until its demolition it was always crowded with prisoners, men and women of every age, and every rank and every condition. Prisoners there were who had not even been through a form of trial—

incarcerated to avoid a scandal, public or private, or to satisfy personal enmity and spite. It was constantly employed to imprison those who attacked the government in power, by word or pen; and the very name of Bastille became a synonym for tyranny and despotism. Prisoners were sent there by way of precaution; for admonitory correction or who were suspected of guilt; prisoners who were proved to be guilty, and were under sentence adjudged by the courts. There was often no investigation; many were kept there during the pleasure of the King, and many grew old and died there without ever knowing of what they were accused.

Tales of the horrors of the prison, of the most barbarous treatment of the prisoners and of cruelty unspeakable abound; although many of them were exaggerated during the excitement of the Revolutionary period, and have come down to us in that form, the dreadful features of the Bastille are sufficient to give it the awesome name it still bears. Curiously enough, when the prison was destroyed its captors flung into the courts of the building many bundles of documents which have since been arranged and published, and they throw much new light on its history, incidentally proving that even the horrors of the Bastille were not so black as they had been painted. Among the more famous prisoners that were shut up in the Bastille were "The Man of the Iron Mask," Voltaire, Labourdennais and Cardinal de Rohan.

At the very beginning of the French Revolution the Bastille was taken and razed to the ground; only seven prisoners were in it at the time, and now—on the site where tyranny and despotism had for so many years worked its wicked and cruel will—there rears its head to the skies a lofty column of bronze, crowned by a gilded figure of Liberty, and dedicated to the memory of the patriots of July 1789 and 1830. Many writers have told the story of its downfall, and related the grewsome tales of the unfortunates who were confined

there; a good account is given in Carlyle's *French Revolution,* but perhaps nothing more vivid has been written than the following description which is found in Charles Dicken's *Tale of Two Cities:*

"Come, then!" cried Defarge, in a resounding voice. "Patriots and friends, we are ready! The Bastille!" With a roar that sounded as if all the breath in France had been shaped into the detested word, the living sea rose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm-bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack begun. Deep ditches, double drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. One drawbridge down! "Work, comrades all, work! Work, Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques One Thousand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty-Thousand; in the name of all the Angels or the Devils—which you prefer—work!" Thus Defarge of the wine-shop, still at his gun, which had long grown hot.

"To me, women!" cried madame his wife. "What! We can kill as well as the men when the place is taken!" And to her, with a shrill, thirsty cry, trooping women variously armed, but all armed alike in hunger and revenge.

Cannon, muskets, fire and smoke, but still the deep ditch, the single drawbridge, the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers. Slight displacements of the raging sea, made by the falling wounded. Flashing weapons, blazing torches, smoking wagonloads of wet straw, hard work at neighboring barricades in all directions, shrieks, volleys, execrations, bravery without stint, boom, smash and rattle, and the furious sounding of the living sea, but still the deep ditch, and the single drawbridge, and the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers, and still Defarge of the wine-shop at his gun, grown doubly hot by the service of four fierce hours.

A white flag from within the fortress, and a parley —this dimly perceptible through the raging storm, nothing audible in it. Suddenly the sea rose immeasurably wider and higher, and swept Defarge of the wine-shop over the lowered drawbridge, past the massive stone outer walls, in among the eight great towers surrendered! So resistless was the force of the ocean bearing him on that even to draw his breath or turn his head was as impracticable as if he had been struggling in the surf at the South Sea, until he was landed in the outer court-yard of the Bastille. There, against an angle of a wall, he made a struggle to look about him. Jacques Three was nearly at his side; Madame Defarge, still heading some of her women, was visible in the inner distance, and her knife was in her hand. Everywhere was tumult, exultation, deafening and maniacal bewilderment, astounding noise, yet furious dumb-show.

"The Prisoners!"

"The Records!"

"The secret cells!"

"The instruments of torture!"

"The Prisoners!"

Of all these cries, and ten thousand incoherencies, "The Prisoners!" was the cry most taken up by the sea that rushed in, as if there were an eternity of people, as well as of time and space. When the foremost billows rolled past, bearing the prison officers with them, and threatening them all with instant death if any secret nook remained undisclosed, Defarge laid his strong hand on the breast of one of these men—a man with a gray head, who had a lighted torch in his hand—separated him from the rest, and got him between himself and the wall. "Show me the North Tower!" said Defarge. "Quick!"

"I will faithfully," replied the man, "if you will come with me. But there is no one there."

"What is the meaning of One Hundred and Five, North Tower?" asked Defarge. "Quick!"

"The meaning, monsieur?"

"Does it mean a captive, or a place of captivity? Or do you mean that I shall strike you dead?"

"Kill him!" croaked Jacques Three, who had come up.

"Monsieur, it is a cell."

"Show it me!"

"Pass this way, then."

Jacques Three, with his usual craving on him, and evidently disappointed by the dialogue taking a turn that did not seem to promise bloodshed, held by Defarge's arm as he held by the turnkey's. Their three heads had been close together during this brief discourse, and it had been as much as they could do to hear one another, even then, so tremendous was the noise of the living ocean, in its irruption into the fortress and its inundation of the courts and passages and staircases. All around outside, too, it beat the walls with a deep, hoarse roar, from which occasionally some partial shouts of tumult broke and leaped into the air like spray.

Through gloomy vaults where the light of day had never shone, past hideous doors of dark dens and cages, down ravenous flights of steps, and again up steep rugged ascents of stone and brick, more like dry waterfalls than staircases, Defarge, the turnkey, and Jacques Three, linked hand and arm, went with all the speed they could make. Here and there, especially at first, the inundation started on them and swept by; but when they had done descending, and were winding and climbing up a tower, they were alone. Hemmed in here by the massive thickness of walls and arches, the storm within the fortress and without was only audible to them in a dull, subdued way, as if the noise out of which they had come had almost destroyed their sense of hearing.

The turnkey stopped at a low door, put a key in a clashing lock, swung the door slowly open, and said, as they all bent their heads and passed in: "One Hundred and Five, North Tower!"

There was a small, heavily-grated, unglazed window high in the wall, with a stone screen before it, so that the sky could be only seen by stooping low and looking up. There was a small chimney, heavily barred across, a few feet within. There was a heap of old feathery wood-ashes on the hearth. There was a stool, and table, and a straw bed. There were the four blackened walls, and a rusted iron ring in one of them.

The turnkey fired the little pile, which blazed high and hot. Stooping again to come out at the low-arched door, they left it burning, and retraced their way to the court-yard, seeming to recover their sense of hearing as they came down until they were in the raging flood once more.

The Story of Roland.

ROLAND is one of the heroes of France in the time of King Charlemagne, and his story is one which has grown in the retelling from a few comparatively simple incidents into a long and complicated account. But the central idea—the heroism, the nobility of character, the self-sacrifice, the loyalty to King and to country—of this hero have always stood out and shone brightly through the centuries during which the story has been told.

Roland, the stepson of Gannelon, and Oliver his friend, were two of the most highly esteemed of all the captains of the hosts of King Charles the Great, and had been with him through all the wars up to the time that Spain was almost entirely in his hands. There

was only one fortress, one Moorish King, and his army that he had not succeeded in taking; the castle was on a rugged mountain, so steep and strong and high, and so well armed, that no man could reach it.

King Marsilius, the Moor, grew weary of the presence of Charlemagne and his armies in Spain, and he and his counsellors devised a plan to get rid of them; which was to promise the King certain tribute to be delivered to him at a certain place at Michaelmas, if he and his armies would leave the country at once. Charlemagne did not believe the promises of Marsilius, but as he had offered as hostage the children of his greatest nobles, it seemed that the pagan emperor was acting in good faith, and though everyone said, "Beware of King Marsilius," the words of Gannelon, the stepfather of Roland, prevailed, and he was sent to make the covenant with the King Marsilius much against his will, and with much enmity in his heart against Roland, who had suggested to the King that his stepfather should be sent.

But Gannelon went with one idea, which was to betray his country and his King, and to destroy Roland, his companion Oliver, and the twelve peers of France, the Counsellors of the King. So he told King Marsilius, "Charles is long tired of war, but these men do continually stir him up to it; were they but slain the world would be at peace. They have with them full twenty thousand men, the pick of all France." Then he advised Marsilius to send back the hostages, and promised that Charles would then go out to the place appointed, and there wait for the tribute and treasure agreed as the price of his departure. "But," said he, "Charles will leave behind a rear-guard of twenty thousand men with Roland, Oliver and the twelve, and you, Marsilius, with your four hundred thousand men, can fall upon them as soon as he is gone, and destroy them utterly."

So Gannelon returned to King Charles the Great,

and all was done as has been said. The King and half his army went back into Gascony, and Roland, and Oliver, the twelve peers, and the twenty thousand men followed on a few days later. Meantime Marsilius, as advised by Gannelon, assembled his army in the Valley of Roncesvalles, and when Roland and his rear-guard had climbed up the rocky path over the mountain ridge, all the valley below them bristled with spears, and the murmur of the pagan host rose to them on the mountain like the murmur of the sea. Oliver and Roland saw that they were betrayed, but Roland said: "We will go on and do battle, for sweet it is to do our duty for our King." Oliver begged Roland to sound his mighty horn of ivory that Charles might hear it, and turn back to succor them; but Roland would not, and they prepared themselves to do battle. Roland girded on his sword "Durandal," which had been carried by Hector in the battles with the Greeks. It bore on one side the inscription, "Let honor be to him who most deserveth it"; on the other, "I am Durandal which Trojan Hector wore"; and riding up and down between the contending armies, Roland looked upon the pagan host, and his countenance waxed fierce and terrible; he looked upon his own band and his face was mild and gentle.

Long and fierce the battle raged; for hours they fought, and not a man of Roland's ranks gave way, and his good sword Durandal to its hilt reeked blood. But many thousands of them were slain, and of the twelve there remained but two. The Moorish King saw his shattered hosts retreating with dismay; but twenty strong battalions of the Saracens were following to his aid; the fighting spirit of Roland and Oliver and the few who remained was not quenched, however. At last all were killed but Roland and Oliver, and then Roland said: "Comrade, I will now blow my horn." This he did, and Charlemagne heard it in his hall, but the crafty Gannelon said: "It is only the wind sighing in

the trees.'' Again he blew the horn; again the King heard it, and again Gannelon ridiculed the idea that it sounded a note of distress. Once more Roland blew the horn, but feebler now: again Charles heard it, and knew. He called his men to arms; he thrust the false Gannelon into a dungeon, and set out with all speed to succor Roland.

The fight continued, but all efforts to kill the faithful leaders had failed; in the melée Oliver, blinded with the pains of death, but still fighting, struck his old companion a shivering blow. Roland handled him tenderly, and as he laid him down Oliver said: ''Forgive me that I smote thee; it is dark; I cannot see thy face; give me thy hand; God bless thee, Roland, Charles and France.'' So saying, he turned on his face and died.

At last only two men were left besides Roland, and when they were slain he blew his horn once more; very feeble was the sound, but Charlemagne heard it, and commanded his men to sound the clarions in reply. Marsilius and his men heard also and said: ''Charles the Great is coming; let us kill Roland and fly.'' So four hundred soldiers made for him, they killed his faithful steed and Roland fell under him; stunned with the fall he lay there in a swoon, but still alive. Thinking he was dead the pagans made their way back to Spain. Roland, who had been sorely wounded in the head early in the battle, now began to feel that death was coming on him, so with his horn in one hand and his good sword Durandal in the other, he crawled to a green hillock where had been built four marble steps beneath the trees. Here he prayed that his good sword Durandal ''which God sent by his angels to King Charles, and which King Charles girded to his side,'' might not fall into the hands of the enemy. He tried to break it on the marble step; the gray stone chipped and splintered, but the edge of the good blade was not turned. The next step was of sardine; the blade bit it, but blunted not, nor brake. The next step was of

adamant; the sword powdered it, but it brake not, nor lost its edge. When Roland could no more lift the sword he said: "The angels will keep thee safe for Charles and France," and so he lay his sword and horn beneath him, and turned his face towards Spain and his enemies, that men might see he died a conqueror.

Gloom fell, the mist rose, the low red sun was setting. There was only death and silence in the valley when Charlemagne and his men rode up; bitter was their grief at the sight they saw. Charles the Great King fell on Roland's body with an exceeding bitter cry. He was an old man when he took Roland, a babe from his mother's arms. He had brought him up and nourished him; had taught him war and watched him grow to be the bravest knight and the staunchest captain of his host.

When William the Norman, called the Conqueror, fought against the Saxons at Hastings in England, Taillefer, his minstrel, who sang full well, rode on before the Norman soldiers and sang to them this story of Roland and Great Charles; of Oliver and the brave rear-guard which fell in Roncesvalles.

The Story of the Pied Piper.

THIS is one of the few stories which when once heard or read is never forgotten. It has been told so well in poetry by Robert Browning, one of England's greatest poets, that it would almost seem as if it is likely to live as long as men do, or say, or think, or dream. The story is generally known as The Pied Piper of Hamelin. The piper was called the pied piper because his dress was of a curiously variegated or "pied" fashion. The story is German, and the scene is laid in a quaint and ancient German town not far from

the famous city of Hanover on the river Weser, where the tale has been current for centuries. The story, as we shall tell it, is the one generally accepted; some say that it had its origin in the Children's Crusade of 1211; others to a wholesale abduction of children by enemies, and of this there is some slightly authentic historic record; others again trace it to a strange religious dancing mania which at one time seized upon the young people of the city, who danced away on a mad pilgrimage, and never returned. Whatever its actual cause, certain it is that some such incident as that described must have happened. The town dates its public documents from that event, and a street in Hamelin bears the piper's name; a column is erected on which the story is told; it is pictured on glass in the church window; and there is a building there called the Rattenfänger House (the rat-catcher's house) decorated with several frescoes illustrating the story, which must now be told.

In the year 1284 Hamelin, even then an ancient town, was infested with a terrible plague of rats. There were great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats, brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats, grave old rats, gay young rats, father rats, mother rats, uncles and cousins and families of tens and dozens, and the way the townpeople suffered from them was pitiful to see.

"They fought the dogs and killed the cats.
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheese out of the vats,
And licked the soup from cook's own ladles;
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking."

At last the people went in a body to the Town Hall, and insisted that the Mayor and Corporation should do something to rid the city of the plague of these

creatures. They were a body of comfortable, fat and sleepy old gentlemen who had little to do, and plenty to eat, and as long as they were undisturbed they cared little for the welfare of the people. But when they saw that the people were in deadly earnest the Mayor and the Corporation quaked with a mighty consternation, and for a long time they sat in the council chamber racking their brains and scratching their heads in vain to find out a way to get rid of the vermin, and wishing someone would invent a trap to catch them wholesale. While they were puzzling over the matter, each suggesting one thing and another, there came a gentle tap at the door, so like the scratching of a rat that Mayor and Corporation were frightened half out of their wits. Summoning up their courage, however, they all cried, "Come in," and when the door opened there stepped into the room the queerest looking creature ever seen, clad in a curious long coat from head to heel, half in yellow and half in red. He was tall and thin, with sharp blue eyes, smooth shaven, with fair hair and dark skin, looking just as if one of their ancestors had come to life again. Walking up to the table around which the Mayor and Corporation sat, he told them that he had a secret charm by which he could make every living creature under the sun follow him.

> "I chiefly use it on creatures that do people harm—
> The mole, the newt, the toad, the viper,
> And people call me 'the pied piper.'"

At this the Mayor and his men saw that he had a pipe hung at the end of a yellow and red-striped scarf. He went on to tell them how he had charmed away gnats, spiders and vampire bats, and said he would rid the town of rats if they would give him fifty guilders. So delighted were they at this news, that they said they would give him not fifty guilders, but one thousand, if he would get the rats away from the city.

So the piper stepped into the street with a smiling

face and shining eyes, and began to blow upon his pipe. He had uttered scarce three shrill notes than there was a sound as if an army of men were whispering to each other, and the muttering grew to a grumbling, and the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling, and out of the houses the rats came tumbling, and as he walked along from street to street, always blowing his pipe, the army of rats, increasing every minute, followed him, until they came to the river Weser, into which all perished, but one who was able to swim across to the other side.

Then great was the joy of the people of Hamelin; the bells were rung, and everyone started to block up the rat-holes, and burn their nests, till not a trace of the rats should remain—everyone forgetting the pied piper until he stepped up to the Mayor and said:

"First, if you please, my thousand guilders."

At this the Mayor who, like all fat and lazy men, was selfish to the core, began to try to get out of his side of the bargain. Thinking of how many good dinners, and how much good wine a thousand guilders would buy, he accused the piper of sorcery, and advised the Corporation that:

> "The business was done at the river's bank.
> We saw with our eyes the vermin sink;
> And what's dead, can't come to life, I think."

He agreed with them that fifty guilders was enough to give him for meat and drink, and a little over to go on with. This the Mayor offering him with great show of generosity, caused the piper to become very angry and to say that he was no bargain-driver, but insisted on being paid the thousand guilders to a penny, adding:

> "And folks who put me in a passion
> May find me pipe to another fashion."

At this the Mayor blustered and threatened, and defying him to do his worst said:

"Blow your pipe there till you burst."

The pied piper said no more, but disappeared as softly, as silently and as mysteriously as he came. On the 26th of July, just as mysteriously and silently, he reappeared in the streets of the town, and blowing a soft, sweet and mysterious tune upon his pipe, soon had every child in the town at his heels; as he went on from street to street:

> "Like fowls in a barnyard when barley is scattering,
> Out came the children running;
> All the little boys and girls
> With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
> And sparkling eyes, and teeth like pearls,
> Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
> The wonderful music with shouting and laughter."

In dumb consternation the Mayor and Corporation and all the people watched the curious procession, wondering what it could mean, and why the children were deaf to all entreaties to come back. He led the children to the bank of the river Weser where the rats had plunged into their destruction, and everyone held their breath, remembering the fate which befell the rats. But the piper turned aside, led the children to the Koppelberg Hill, and began to ascend the mountain which lay beyond.

> "When lo as they reached the mountain side
> A wondrous portal opened wide,
> As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
> And the piper advanced, and the children followed;
> And when all were in to the very last,
> The door in the mountain side shut fast."

But there was one little boy who was lame and could not walk the whole of the way.

Vain was the endeavor to find the Pied Piper or the children again. They sent men to search for him East, West, North and South and to offer him

> "Silver and gold to his heart's content,
> If he'd only return the way he went,
> And bring the children behind him."

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN LEADING THE CHILDREN INTO THE FOREST.—From a painting by J. J. Pinwell.

But he was never found; the piper and children were gone forever. And the curious thing is that in Transylvania, that is exactly on the other side of the mountain into which the children vanished on that 26th of July there is a tribe of people quite alien in ways and dress, and they account for it by saying that their fathers and mothers had risen

> "Out of some subterranean prison,
> Into which they were trepanned
> Long time ago, in a mighty band,
> Out of Hamelin's town in Brunswick land;
> But how or why they don't understand."

The Nibelungenlied.

THIS is the great National hero-story of Germany; its title means the song of the Nibelungs, who in the old legends were a race of dwarfs—a name which was afterwards given to the followers of the hero of this story. It must have been written, or have finally taken the shape in which we know it, towards the end of the twelfth century. This story and others of a similar kind is called an epic, because it was originally a narrative in the form of poetry written to be recited. Homer's *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are perhaps the greatest epic poems in the world, and the Nibelungenlied is considered to rank next to them. It was not written in graceful, courtly, or elegant style; it has little or no subtlety or refinement; it tells the story bluntly and plainly, and always deals with the vast forces which dominate both man and nature; the things which are at the bottom of all our actions such as love, hate, jealousy, greed and revenge. The story is a long one; it consists of thirty-two cantos, or separate songs, and it is as long as Milton's *Paradise Lost.*

Siegfried, the Prince, afterwards the King of the

Netherland, was a brave, valiant young man of stainless character, and so strong that he was the pride of all men. His father, King Siegmund, knighted him, and held high mass and royal festival for seven days in his honor. On his journeys he wandered through many lands and gained much renown. He won from the fierce Nibelungs their treasure—the cave and all its contents of gold and silver and flashing gems, slaying twelve of their champions and seven hundred of their dwarfs with the great sword Balmung; he took away the cloud cloak of the mighty Elberich, and made him guardian of the treasure; afterwards he slew a poison-spitting snake, and bathed in his blood so that his skin turned to horn, and no weapon could harm him.

Far away in a palace by the Rhine dwelt fair Kriemhild, the loftiest lady in all the land; her brothers were mighty men, and they had many champions. For a long while she lived gay and heart-whole, frank and free of speech with all men, but caring for and favoring none. When Siegfried came home he heard of her, and determined to win her for his wife. So he set out to the palace of King Gunther, the brother of Kriemhild, to conquer and annex the land, but they received him peacefully, and while he was there the Saxon and Danish kings came to war against King Gunther. Siegfried with a thousand men went forth and conquered them, and Kriemhild publicly did him honor, but not yet did he speak to her of love.

Now there was a Queen in Iceland, Brynhilde by name, who was not only very beautiful, but marvellously strong. It was noised abroad that she would only wed the man who could conquer her in three warlike games, but whoever should try, and fail should lose his head. When King Gunther heard of all this he was love-struck, and determined to win her for his wife. He told Siegfried of his intention, and knowing his great strength and the power of the cloud cloak of Alberich, Siegfried promised to help on condition that

if he gained Brynhilde for wife he would give him his sister, Kriemhild.

Gunther was for taking with him a great army to visit Brynhilde, but Siegfried would have only Sir Hagan and Sir Dankwart, Gunther's uncles, to go with them. So after preparing fine clothes and provisioning their ship, they sailed away, and on the twelfth day came to Brynhilde's castle. Now it was arranged that Siegfried should travel as Gunther's serving man, but when they met the Queen she recognized Siegfried, but did not know Gunther; Siegfried then explained that he was but Gunther's man—that his master had come to win her as his bride. Thereupon said Brynhilde, "he must cast the stone with me, and leap with me, and fling the javelin; and if he conquer me in all I shall not scorn to be his wife; but if he fail in one, master and men must die."

So a ring was marked, and seven hundred harnessed champions gathered round to see the fray. To the ring came Brynhilde, wearing her golden breastplate and an Indian silk surcoat which no steel could cut. Four servants staggered, bearing her great golden shield, steel-studded, and three spans thick; its thong, a leathern band grass-green with emeralds. Three men could scarce carry her javelin, and twelve brawny knights panted beneath the load of the great stone which she hurled.

Meantime Siegfried had gone to the ship, and donned the cloud cloak which not only made him invisible, but gave him the strength of twelve strong men. He came and stood by Gunther's side, and each time a feat was performed, it was Gunther who made the movements, but the invisible Siegfried, with the strength of twelve men besides his own, did the deed. So the maid threw the javelin, and it was hurled back at her with such force that though it was butt-end foremost, it fastened, quivering, in Brynhilde's shield, and threw her to the ground. Saying, "Gunther, I thank

thee for that stroke," she heaved up the great stone, and brandishing it above her head, flung it twelve fathoms away; but Gunther, aided by Siegfried unseen, flung it half as far again, and in one leap sprang to where the stone fell. Then Brynhilde said to her warriors, "Come hither, men and kinsmen; I am no more your mistress; bow low to Gunther; you are his liegemen now."

Then Siegfried, having removed the cloud cloak, again appeared, and made as though he did not know the contest was over, explaining that he was busy in the ship. But his work was not yet done; he sped in his cloak of invisibility to Alberich, the guardian of the Nibelung treasures, and bade him equip a thousand Nibelungers, and bring them to Queen Brynhilde's castle; and they came in their white-sailed ships as Gunther's men to escort her to Rhineland. Great and royal was the welcome she received from Uta, the mother of Gunther, and at a great feast Gunther said to his kinsmen and those that sat at table: "Think you that Siegfried is a man worthy to wed my sister?" They all answered "Yes." So Kriemhild was brought, and in the presence of all they were married at the same time as Gunther and Brynhilde. But Brynhilde was angry because she thought her husband's sister was given to a vassal, as she supposed Siegfried to be; so Gunther explained that he had given his sister to Siegfried for his oath's sake, and that Siegfried was not his vassal, but a great King with broad lands and castles of his own; but he would not reveal to her the oath he had made, or the service which Siegfried had done for him.

No sooner had night come than Brynhilde, alone with Gunther, tried again to learn the secret between him and Siegfried, which he still would not tell. Idle were his loving words; she would not suffer his caresses, but flung him across the room, and with her girdle bound him hand and foot, and hung him on a

nail till daylight, while she slept. In the morning she let him down, and he went and told his trouble to Siegfried, who said: "I will tame her fury for thee—to-night wrapped in my cloud cloak I will go to her chamber; watch thou and trust thy honor in my hands."

So when night came Siegfried put on his cloak, went to Brynhilde's room, and mimicked Gunther's voice. Brynhilde asked him if he had forgotten last night, and then took him up in her arms and hurled him with his head against an oaken bench. But Siegfried soon put forth his strength, and after a great struggle, at last threw her headlong backwards to the floor. Heavily she fell, half stunned, quite helpless, wholly conquered.

"No more," said she, "will I provoke thy strength; henceforth, King Gunther, I will be thy docile wife."

So Siegfried stole away, but took two trophies with him: Brynhilde's ring which he had slipped from her finger while wrestling, and the girdle from her waist, and these in fun he gave to his wife; but for a long time she did not know from whence they came.

Next day Gunther and his Queen were happy at the feast, and from that day Brynhilde lost all her wonderful strength, and became as other women. Siegfried and his wife went home to the Netherland, where he became King, and as time went on Kriemhild had a son, whom they called Gunther, and Brynhilde also had a son, whom they named Siegfried.

Ten years passed away, during which Gunther and Siegfried and their wives did not meet, nor was the true relationship between the two Kings ever clearly understood by Brynhilde, who always held that Siegfried and his queen were their vassals, and should do them homage. At length Siegfried and Kriemhild paid a visit to Gunther and his Queen, and while there a quarrel broke out as to the relative positions of the two Queens, Kriemhild setting her King far above all other men, and Brynhilde saying that Siegfried was Gun-

ther's liegeman or vassal. Kriemhild angered, told Brynhilde the story of the subjection of Siegfried when she thought it was Gunther, and showed in proof the ring and girdle which Siegfried bore away with him from her room on the second night after she was wedded to Gunther. Meanwhile Hagan, jealous always of Siegfried, plotted with his Queen, who revealed to him the fact that in one spot alone was Siegfried vulnerable, and that was where a leaf fell on him when he was bathed in the blood of the Dragon. He persuaded Kriemhild to sew a little cross on Siegfried's coat, so that he could always shield it with his shield. But he used it for another purpose, and on the earliest occasion, when out hunting, Hagan drove a spear into the very spot he had promised Kriemhild he would protect, slaying Siegfried in the hunting-field. He then obtained possession of Nibelung's treasure and sank it in the Rhine.

But now we must hurry on to the sad ending of this story. Thirteen years after Siegfried's death, his Queen Kriemhild married the King of the Huns, Etzel (or Attila), in order that she might avenge the loss of her husband. The people of Hungary loved her right well, and she bore her lord a son, but she always brooded over her wrongs and persuaded her King to invite Gunther, Brynhilde and Hagan to visit them. They came with a retinue of ten thousand men, and were received with much hospitality; but a tumult arose, and Etzel's son was killed; in the course of the battle only four, two on each side, were left alive, Gunther and Hagan and Dietrich and Hildebrand. Kriemhild insisted that Hagan should tell her how to find the Nibelung's treasure, but he would not, saying that he could not tell so long as Gunther lived. So Kriemhild sent and had the head of Gunther cut off and brought to her; this she showed to Hagan, who still refused to tell where the treasure was. With her husband's sword she smote off Hagan's head, and

while she was gloating like a fiend over the headless corpse, Hildebrand, one of the warriors of King Etzel, half in pity and half in fury, drew his sword and struck the mad woman dead.

In the great hall they served the feast; the savory meal was set, the cup outpoured. Alone sat old King Etzel and his man at the board, and wept. They drank not of the mead-horn; their meat was sorrow; tears had they for drink. So pain dogs pleasure's footsteps. Ended was the feast.

The Story of Saint Nicholas.

SAINT NICHOLAS, or Santa Klaus, as he is now known to-day from the way in which his name has been spelled and pronounced in some nations, is probably the most popular Saint in Christendom. He lived in the time of the Emperors Diocletian and Constantine, and suffered much persecution. He is the patron Saint of all children, of all poor maidens, of all sailors, travelers and merchant-men, and especially of pawnbrokers.

Directly he was born he was put in a basin to be washed, but to the astonishment of his nurses he stood up in the basin and remained for two hours praying, his hands clasped, and his eyes raised to heaven. He was endued with reason from his birth. He began to fast in his cradle; on Wednesdays and Fridays he refused the breasts of his nurse, except in the evening after sundown, when he sucked vigorously. When his parents died they left him a large fortune, which he disposed of in this way: Hearing that a father of three beautiful maidens was unable to marry them, since because of his poverty he could provide them with no jointure, and so was about to make them earn a disreputable living, he stole past the house one evening and threw a bag of gold in at the window. The father

then married honorably the oldest of his daughters. Soon after St. Nicholas threw in a second bag of gold, which was used as a marriage portion for the second daughter; and he did so the third time, thus assisting the third maiden to a dowry and a good husband. These three bags of gold are represented by the three gold balls which in every country hang outside of the window or over the door of all the pawnbroker shops, for they have chosen St. Nicholas as their patron Saint.

When he set out on a visit to the Holy Land his ship was nearly wrecked, but through his prayers the storm was suppressed, the waves controlled, and the vessel reached port in safety; on his way back the captain wished to land him at a port where he did not desire to go, but St. Nicholas invoked a storm which caused the captain to disembark him at the desired port. On one occasion in a tempest his aid was invoked by some sailors, and he appeared, seized the rudder and guided the ship to safety through the waves. Hence he has always been the patron Saint of the sailors.

After his consecration a woman brought to the church a child who had fallen in the fire and was burned. St. Nicholas made over it the sign of the cross and restored it to health. For this and other deeds he is invoked as a protector against fire.

On one occasion it is said that an innkeeper, running short of bacon, had cut up three little children and pickled them in his salting-tub. St. Nicholas learned that three school children had gone there, but had never been seen since. He went to the tavern, asked for the pickle tub, and at his word the remains of the butchered children came together, and they stood up alive in the tub. For this, and for the reason that he was a Saint even as a little child, he is considered the patron Saint of little children. On the eve of his birthday St. Nicholas is always supposed to bring presents to the little children who follow his teachings, and practice the good deeds that he preached.

The Story of Saint Christopher.

MUCH that is repulsive and disagreeable is related of Saint Christopher. It is said that he was born with a dog's head, and ate men, but that when he was converted he was transformed; and many other monstrous things are told of him. He appears to have been a giant in stature and of enormous strength, and he determined to serve the strongest king he could find. He went to the mighty Pharaoh and served him, but he noticed that whenever the devil was mentioned Pharaoh was afraid. So, thought he, Satan is stronger than Pharaoh, and he sought out Satan and served him. But he noticed that the devil always was afraid of the cross. So he left him and sought to serve Christ, who was stronger than the devil. He found a hermit who told him that Christ can only be found by praying.

"That I cannot do," says Christopher.

"Then you must carry travellers over this deep river," said the hermit.

So Christopher undertook this good work. One night a voice called him, and going out he found a little child, and took him on his shoulders to carry him across the river. But the child weighed him down, and he could scarcely carry him across. When he had set the child down he said: "You seemed as heavy as the whole world."

"Well said, Christopher," answered the child; "I created the world, I redeemed the world, I bear the sins of the world"; then he vanished. Thus Christopher knew that he had borne Christ over the stream, and thenceforth he devoted himself to his service.

The picture of St. Christopher is always seen crossing the stream and carrying the Christ-child on his back.

Among the miracles he is supposed to have performed is the blossoming of his iron staff. Standing at one of the gates of a city of Syria with his staff in

hand, a crowd gathered around him, and he besought a sign from heaven that he might show he was a servant of God. He was told to plant his iron staff in the ground; he did so, and instantly it put forth leaves and bloomed. This led to the conversion and baptism of one thousand and eighteen persons. The King sent for him, and was frightened at his formidable appearance. Four hundred men could not take him to prison; a red-hot pot put upon his head did him no harm. He was seated in an iron chair to be tortured, but the chair melted like wax. He was tied to a post and shot at by thousands of bowmen, but their arrows hung in the air and never reached his body, but one of them turned round in the air, flew straight toward the King, and put out one of his eyes. Thereupon St. Christopher said, "When I gain my martyr's crown, do thou make clay with my blood, apply it to thine eye, and thou shalt recover thy sight."

When he was done to death he prayed, "God, grant that where my body is laid no hail may fall, nor fires break out; there may be no famine nor mortality; and in that city evil workers who come and pray with all their hearts, and invoke my name in their prayers, may be saved;" and there fell a voice from heaven, "It shall be as thou hast prayed; not only where thy body is, but where it is not." And he also prayed, "Lord, grant to those who write and read my passion a good reward."

Now when Christopher was slain, the King whose eye was destroyed came and anointed it with his blood, and he saw and believed, and published a decree to all nations and languages, "That all who should blaspheme the God of the Christians should be slain with the sword."

Sigurd the Volsung.

THE Volsungs were a famous heroic race in old German legend. The founder was Volsung, the son of Odin, and his grandson Sigurd was its brightest ornament. The tale is found in the old Icelandic Volsunga saga, and was well put into English poetry by William Morris in his *Story of Sigurd the Volsung.*

Sigmund, the father of Sigurd, was taken prisoner by the Goths, and he and his men were chained to trees in the forests, so that they might be devoured by the wild beasts. All of them perished except Sigmund, who slew the beast that had killed his brothers. He came to the throne, and became a mighty warrior, but was killed in battle at the last. His wife, Hiordis, was watching the battle from a distance, and when the King fell she went to give what help she could. The King gave her the fragments of his shattered sword—called Gram—and bade her keep them for his son who would become the greatest hero of his race. Sigurd was born not long after his father's death, and the Queen afterwards married Elf, the famous Viking. Sigurd was well instructed in the arts of war, and when his first horse was given to him he was told to select one for himself. This he did by driving all the herd of horses into the river, and choosing the one which crossed the river with the greatest ease, ran around the meadow on the other side, and swam back to its own pasture. This horse he named Greyfell.

Now there was once a King of the dwarfs, who lived in a magnificent house full of gold and jewels, with his three sons, Fafnir, Otter and Regin. Fafnir of the stronghand was its guardian.

Once when the three gods, Odin, Hoemir and Loki, took the form of men, and came down upon the earth, and were wandering up and down among men, they came to the palace of the dwarf King. Otter, the second son, in the shape of the animal whose name he

bore, was sleeping out of doors in the sun, when Loki wantonly slew him, and carried the dead body on to the floor of the room in which the King sat. At this sight the King was wroth indeed, and he held Odin and Heomir captive, sending Loki to fetch a ransom for them, which was to be gold enough to cover the otter skin inside and out. Presently Loki returned with the treasure, including the Helmet of Dread, the Golden Coat of Mail, and the Magic ring the Gold gatherer, although he knew that the ring would bring sorrow and death to many. The dwarf King watched his hoard with jealous care, but the treacherous Fafnir slew his father, put on the Helmet of Dread, and the Golden Coat of Mail, and when the other brother Regin asked for his share, Fafnir drove him away.

So Regin went about among men, and taught them to sow, and reap, to build houses, to spin and weave, to train horses, to sail the seas, and many other useful arts. Meanwhile Fafnir had been turned into a dragon, and Sigurd determined to slay this dragon; when arming himself, he took two specially fine swords, but when he tested them on an anvil they shattered to pieces. So he begged that his mother would give him the pieces of his father's good sword, Gram; from them a sword was made which reft the anvil in twain, and Sigmund felt himself well armed and ready for anything that could come against him.

After far journeying he came to Glittering Heath, where lay the dragon Fafnir and the treasure. Now every day the dragon would go to the river to quench his thirst. Sigurd dug a trench in the path along which the dragon was wont to go, and hid himself in it. The next time the dragon went down to the river, Sigurd, hiding in the trench, struck the trusty sword into its heart, and the dragon rolled over dead, and Sigurd was drenched in its blood. Then Sigurd cut out the monster's heart, and ate it, the doing of which gave him the

power of understanding everything that birds of the forest said.

The birds sang to him of a warrior maiden asleep on the top of a high mountain surrounded with fire. So Sigurd put on the Helmet of Dread, the Golden Coat of Mail, and the Magic Ring, and mounting his good horse Greyfell, rode till he came to the mountain; though the flames of the fire around it were fierce and high, he dashed through them, and they at once were extinguished, leaving nothing but a ring of ashes. At the top of the mountain he found a castle, and in a room in the castle lay a form clad in complete armor, and fast asleep. When he lifted the helmet he found it concealed the face of a lovely woman. He removed the heavy armor in which she was cased, and she lay still in her white shining robes, her golden hair about her. Never had Sigurd seen so glorious a vision, and as he gazed, the fair one opened her eyes, and when they fell on Sigurd there was love in her heart for him at once. They plighted their troth to each other, the fair Brenhyld and Sigurd, and Sigurd rode away to the palace of Guiki, where he was given a potion to drink which caused him to forget Brenhyld, and he married Gudrum, Guiki's daughter. When Brenhyld heard of this she sought to slay Sigurd, who, however, was eventually killed by his wife's half-brother. When Brenhyld heard that Sigurd was dead, her love for him revived and she died of a broken heart.

One interesting point to notice in this story is that it contains the central idea of the tale of "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," which was first told in French by Charles Perrault in his "Tales of Mother Goose," published in 1696, and translated into English in 1729.

The story of a sleeping maiden, surrounded with a danger line which shuts her out of the world, but who is rescued by a noble knight, is common in the legendary lore of all the European, and many of the Oriental countries.

The Story of Baldur.

BALDUR THE BEAUTIFUL was a Scandinavian god who dwelt in a palace called *The Wide Streaming* or the Milky Way. How he was beautiful, amiable and beloved of all the gods, and how he came by his death, is told in the following story, which preserves in language and in style very much the character of the ancient sagas in which it was first found. It will not be difficult for the reader to perceive that in this story there is a personification of Nature and the changing seasons. The death of Baldur is an allegorical description of the end of the summer time; the mistletoe is significant of the coming of winter, which slays the summer; and in this way the Scandinavian stories always speak in parables of trees, and hills, and clouds, and rain, and all the phenomena of nature. When it thundered, they said: "Hark! it is the rumbling of Thor's chariot wheels over the clouds," and when it lightened they said: "See how his hammer flashes across the sky; he is throwing it at the Trolls." As the story is written here it is real true poetry—more so than much that is writ in rhyming verse.

Baldur was fairest of all the sons of Odin Allfather. Radiant and shining was his body; when he rode his white horse through the sky, light streamed out from him over all the earth. Who so dear to gods and men as Baldur! Wise and sweet were his words. The gods kept silence in Asgard when he spoke. Baldur made wells of water on the earth. Wheresoever he thrust his spear into the ground a spring of water gushed forth and a grove of trees sprang up. Those springs never fail and those trees are evermore renewed; and so long as the world lasts the groves shall be holy sanctuaries which no man may profane, but wherein priests continually shall sacrifice. Baldur's home was a palace called Breidablick, built on pillars in the heavens, far above the clouds, farther than eye can see; far above

storm and rain; where flowers never fade and summer never dies. There Baldur dwelt with Nanna, his soft eyed wife, in perfect happiness; for no evil thing could pass the pillars of his palace. He loved all things in heaven and earth. Asgard was filled with joy because he was glad, and beneath his smile the earth laughed.

But evil dreams came to Baldur in his sleep. He dreamed that he should die; and when he was awake the like sad foreboding fastened on his mind, so that a gloom came over him. Nanna sat and sighed because of his sorrow; his mother Frigga, goddess of earth, wept secretly, and all Asgard was saddened. Odin Allfather took counsel with the gods, and meditated day and night, but all in vain. Neither could his wise ravens, Huginn and Nuninn, who know the thing that has been and is, tell him aught of what should befall Baldur.

Then Odin determined to go down to the pale kingdom of Death to find out what it was that threatened the son most dear to him. He mounted his steed Sleipnir; and his two wolves following, and the two wise ravens circling round his head, he sped down like lightning through the air, and coming to earth took the path that leads to the cold regions underground where pitiless Hel holds sway. In a kingdom of fog down a horrible depth lives Hel, the restless goddess of Death. Loki, whose heart is Malice, is her father, and Hel's sisters are the terrible wolf Fenrir, and the great earth-encircling serpent.

Hel sits on a throne of skulls and bones. Her face is loathsome with corruption, like a corpse. Her plate is Hunger; her knife, Greed; Misery her hall; Silence her threshold; her bed is Wasting; her bed-hangings men call Pest; Sloth is her handmaiden. Foul and black is her habitation, noisome with slime and death-dews; the pillars of her house are serpent's bones; a river trails through the hall, thick and sluggish with its

load of rotten dead. Nidhogger sits on the banks sucking the corpses of the murderers.

Odin came along the path which no living foot has trod. The death-hound howled; but he saw the King of gods and men, and slunk back to his lair. Odin looked down through rolling fogs that came up from the halls of Hel, and dimly he saw the pale Death-kingdom. Behold, there was a table newly spread, a cup newly filled with mead, and a golden bed made ready; but no man sat at the table, nor drank of the cup, nor lay upon the bed. Then Odin came to the gray stones beneath which the Norns lie sleeping. He sprinkled sand on one of the stones, and with his sword-point wrote in the sand three times the Runic words which wake the dead. The Norn awaking, spake from beneath the hollow stone: "What would you? I am weary; let me sleep." Odin said, "In Hel's pale palace, lo, I see a bed made ready, a table spread, and mead outpoured. Say, for whom are these things prepared?" The Norn answered, "Baldur will sit at the table; Baldur will drink of the cup; Baldur will lie in the golden bed. I am weary; let me sleep."

Swiftly sped Odin back to Valhalla, his glorious palace, built of shining spears and roofed with golden shields. Heavy-hearted sat Allfather in his radiant hall; and the Æsir made lamentation with him because it was written that Baldur should die. Then Baldur's mother, the Queen Frigga, thought of a plan. She said, "Let us take an oath of all things in heaven and earth that they will not harm Baldur." And all the Æsir said, "This is well." Then the gods swore, "We will do Baldur no hurt." Spear and sword, and arrow, axe and javelin, every manner of weapon whereof the pattern is in Valhalla, clanged against his fellow, saying, "We will do Baldur no hurt." Sun, moon, and stars, as they rolled, sang, "We will do Baldur no hurt." The clouds swore it, and all that is in them; lightning, and rain, and ice, and tempest, and the howling winds.

Sickness, Plague, and Famine came forth from their lurking places, and said with one accord, "We will do Baldur no hurt." The Night swore it, and the shadows, and the dews, and mists; the Fire leaped up to take the oath. Frigga, goddess of the earth, came down to her kingdom, and prayed all things to do her son no harm. The multitude of people cried with one glad voice, "We will do Baldur no hurt." Then the sea and all that is therein sware it; the air, and every fowl and insect that moveth above the earth. The earth and all things underground murmured: "We will do Baldur no hurt." Every beast and creeping thing that goeth on the earth, all trees and herbs that spring from the ground, made a covenant with Frigga, saying, "We will do Baldur no hurt." Neither was there anything in heaven above, nor in the earth beneath, which took not the oath, save only a little spray of mistletoe which had no root on the ground but grew upon an aged oak and sapped the life out of the tree.

Happy was Frigga; happy Allfather. The gods made merry and rejoiced. And after that Baldur would stand among them for sport, whilst they flung spears and javelins at his body, or smote at him with swords. No weapon harmed him; neither point nor edge would so much as scratch his skin, because of the oath which all things had taken to do Baldur no hurt. So the livelong day Baldur's ringing laugh sounded through the halls of Asgard, whilst he played among the gods and caught their spears and arrows in his naked hands. But Loki was envious of Baldur. Loki has no pleasure unless he can bring sorrow to the hearts of gods and men. Loki found out that the mistletoe alone, of all things in heaven and earth, had not taken the oath; and he hastened and cut it down, and made an arrow of the twig, and pointed it very sharp. Then came Loki to the wood of Glasir, outside Valhalla, where the Æsir were shooting at Baldur.

Hoder, the blind god, stood apart from the rest,

laughing to hear the merriment but took no part in the games--how should he, being blind? Loki came to Hoder, saying, "Come, join the sports. You will know where Baldur is by the sound of his laugh. Take this arrow. Fling it; and show that a blind god can do as well as the rest." Hoder took the arrow from his hand and flung it at Baldur with a merry laugh. Baldur fell dead; pierced to the heart. The blue faded from his eyes and his radiant body grew pale and cold. Quick the Æsir gathered round their favorite. Nanna was there, and Frigga, calling on his name. But Baldur was far away in the dusky kingdom of Hel, sitting at the golden table, and drinking the mead from the golden cup, before lying down upon the golden bed. Sharp was the sorrow of the gods, and bitter the sound of their wailing in Valhalla. "Baldur is dead, dead! Baldur the Beautiful is dead—is dead!" All things on earth made lamentation, saying, "Baldur is dead! Dead! Baldur the Beautiful is dead—is dead!"

Loki could not be found. Not even the anger and grief of Odin Allfather could find him. Blind Hoder wept bitterly, because Baldur was very dear to him. They bore Baldur's body to his good ship Ringhorne that lay beached upon the margin of the sea. But for all they are so strong, the Æsir could not push the ship into the water, it was so heavy. Then they called Fire-smoke, the giantess, who came riding on a wolf with a bridle of serpents. She, by her great strength, pushed the ship into the water; so swiftly it ran down the beach that the rollers caught fire as it rushed into the sea with a mighty noise. Thor was angry at the fire and smoke, since it is his alone to shake the earth with thunder and lightning from the sky; and with his hammer he would have slain the giantess, only the other gods besought him, and he spared her. Then they made a pile upon the ship's deck, and laid Baldur thereupon. With his own hand Odin took the torch and lighted up the fire, and when the flames leaped high

and wreathed round Baldur's body, Odin cast his ring, Dröpnir, therein, and sent the vessel sailing on the sea; whilst all the Æsir cried, "Baldur is dead! Dead! Baldur the Beautiful is dead—is dead!" But the gentle Nanna wept not; Nanna mourned not for Baldur. She was with him. Grief had killed her.

Odin sent down to Hel in her cold kingdom underground, "What ransom wilt thou take, and give me back my bright and radiant boy?" Hel answered, "Treasures are naught to me; I will have tears. Is Baldur verily so dear to gods and men? Let all things weep for him, and I will give him back; but I will first have tears from everything in earth and heaven." So the command went forth. "Let all things weep for Baldur." The winds wailed; the clouds wept; the stars hid their faces; sun and moon grew wan and pale; dews rose from the earth; every tree and flower bowed its head; tears stood upon each blade of grass; the birds ceased their songs; the wide sea moaned on every shore. There was nothing on earth which did not weep for Baldur. In Asgard there was mourning and lamentation among the gods. Was there anything that mourned not for Baldur? Loki was not in Asgard. Loki was not to be found. But far apart there sat a gray old woman, nursing her knees, and munching, and muttering the while: "Baldur gladdened me never in life—I will not weep for Baldur." Peradventure that old crone was Loki in disguise. That is why Baldur comes not back. But will he never return to brighten earth and heaven? It is written that Baldur shall not always dwell beneath the ground. His radiance shall break out from Hel's dark prison-house, and burst through lock and bolt and bar. The sky will know when Baldur is coming, and will shine again as in the olden days when he sped across it on his swift white horse. The earth will know, and for gladness flowers will spring up from the ground; the trees will lift their heads and blossom, and all the birds of the air

shall sing; yea, everything shall make music and be glad when Baldur the Beautiful comes back.

The Story of St. Olaf.

SAINT OLAF, the patron Saint of Norway and once its King, was born about 995 and died about 1030. He was one of the most famous and most dreaded of the Vikings, or Sea Kings of the North, before he was nineteen years old. He is described as not tall, but middle-sized, stout and strong, with light-brown hair, and a white and red complexion. His eyes were fine, beautiful and piercing, so that one was afraid to look him in the face when he was angry. He was expert in all bodily exercises, understood well how to handle the bow, and to throw the spear, was a great swimmer and handy at smith's work.

After a voyage of pillaging along the coasts of France and Spain he installed himself on the throne of Norway, and set about introducing Christianity into that country. But his methods were so severe, cruel and violent that his people rose up in rebellion against him, and when King Canute of England, who laid claim to Norway, landed on his coasts with an army, Olaf was compelled to flee to Russia. Two years afterwards he returned, raised an army, was routed and slain and buried on the spot. Afterwards when Norway became thoroughly christianized his body was taken to the Cathedral at Trondhjem, and enshrined behind the high altar, there great miracles were reported; crowds of pilgrims journeyed to the shrine; legends and folklore gathered around his name; and in the following century he was solemnly canonized and proclaimed the patron Saint of his country.

Many of the deeds of Saint Olaf have been faithfully recorded in the Heimskringla Sagas which were

not committed to writing until a century after the events had occurred, but they existed since the death of Olaf, having been committed to memory, and handed down by word of mouth; their general historical accuracy has never been challenged, and these Sagas are interesting to every English-speaking boy and girl because they contain the origin of the nursery rhyme they all know—"London Bridge is Broken Down."

The Danes had entrenched themselves in England and seized upon Ethelred's kingdom. Ethelred had been obliged to flee the country, and take refuge in France, but he returned when he heard that Olaf was there. Ethelred's people flocked around him, and among them came Olaf with a great troop of Norsemen. Together they steered first to London, where the Danes were entrenched in the Tower and at Southwark on either side of the river Thames. Bravely King Ethelred attacked the Tower, but on London Bridge, which spanned the river at that spot, and was so broad that two wagons could pass each other on it, were barricades, towers and wooden parapets. From this point every attack could be repulsed by the Danes, and Ethelred and Olaf saw that the only thing to do was to get possession of the bridge or break it down. Then the Sea King Olaf said he would lay his fleet alongside of it if the other ships would do the same; it was so agreed, and they tied great platforms of floating wood together with hazel bands, pulling down houses in order to get wood enough, with these as roofs he covered his ships so widely that they reached over the ships' sides. Under these roofs he set pillars high and stout, so that there was room to swing their swords, and the roofs were strong enough to withstand whatever might be cast upon them.

Now when the fleet and men were ready, they rowed up the river, but when they came near the bridge so many missiles, arrows, spears and stones were cast down upon them that neither helmet or shield could

stand it; the ships were greatly damaged and many were obliged to retreat. But Olaf and the Norsemen fleet with him rowed up quite under the bridge, laid their cables around the piles which supported it and then rowed off with all the ships as hard as they could down the river. The piles were thus shaken at their foundations and were loosened under the bridge. Now as the armed men stood thick on the bridge, and there were heaps of stones and heavy weapons upon it, and the piles underneath were loosened or broken, the bridge gave way; and great part of the soldiers fell into the river and all the rest fled, some to the Tower, some into Southwark, which last was afterwards stormed and taken.

When the people in the Tower saw that the river Thames was mastered, and that they could not hinder the passage of ships up into the country, they became afraid, surrendered the Tower and acknowledged Ethelred their King. The Saga in recording this says:

"London Bridge is broken down,
Gold is won and bright renown,
Shields resounding,
War horns sounding,
Women shouting in the din,
Arrows singing,
Mail coats ringing,
Odin makes our Olaf win."

After this, as Canterbury was still in the hands of the Danes, Olaf and his men marched thither, attacked and took the town which is thus related in the Saga:

"All in the gray of morn
  Broad Canterbury forced
Black smoke from house-roof borne
  Hides fire that does its worst;
And many a man laid low
By battle-axes blow,
Wakened by the Norseman's cries,
Scarce had time to rub his eyes."

Olaf had charge of the English land forces and drove the Danes out of new Romney; the English King

THE DYING PATRIOTS—" 'Tis sweet for one's country to die."

ordered that he should be paid a sum equal to $100,000, some say $150,000, of our money and he was allowed to collect it from the people in form of tribute. Historians say that the English thought the cure as bad as the complaint—and that this was as great a curse on them as having the Danes in the land. Thus sings the Saga apostrophizing Olaf:

> "The English race could not resist thee,
> With money thou mad'st them assist thee;
> Unsparingly thou mad'st them pay
> A tax to thee in every way;
> Money, if that might be got,
> Goods, cattle, house and gear, if not,
> They gathered spoil, borne to the strand,
> Swept the best wealth out of English land."

The Story of Glooskap.

THE legends of the North American Indians are doubtless as old as any of those of the other nations, but they have been written down very much later. Only within the past few years have any of the white people taken the trouble to learn them from the lips of the natives, and write them down. Curiously enough, many of them resemble those of other nations, in a very remarkable degree. For example, the Indians of the Northwest have many stories that tell of how the animals acquired their different characteristics of color and color marking, length of tail, baldness, etc., which are surprisingly like many of those told in the far north of Europe, and among the native tribes of South Africa.

The great and good Glooskap is one of the favorite heroes of Indian legendary story. They tell of him that his brother the Wolf was as bad as Glooskap was good. They both had charmed lives; each wanted to kill the other. The Wolf had an idea that a blow from

an owl's feather would kill Glooskap; and one day he shot an owl, and tried to kill Glooskap with a feather; but that failed. Then he thought a pine root would kill him, and he tried that; but it failed also. Then Glooskap said to himself, "If only my brother knew that a blow from a flowering rush would kill me I should be soon dead." Now the Beaver overheard this, and told the secret to the Wolf. The Wolf had made an agreement with the Beaver that he would give him whatever he asked if he told him the secret of how to kill Glooskap. But when the Wolf had learned it he scornfully refused, just as the Mayor refused to give the Pied Piper of Hamelin the one thousand guilders for freeing the city from the plague of rats. So the Beaver told Glooskap all that had happened. Sadly Glooskap said to himself, "My brother the Wolf makes mischief wherever he goes, and he must die." So knowing the secret of the Wolf's charmed life, he smote the Wolf with a fern-root, and at once he was changed into a long and lofty mountain.

Before man came on the earth the trees were taller and larger than they are now, and all the animals were a hundred times taller and larger. The good Glooskap said to himself one day: "This is a beautiful world, and there should be men and women here to enjoy it; but how can they live where everything grows so large?" Out of the straight tall ash tree came a tribe of tall straight people, and Glooskap asked the Moose what he would do if he saw a man coming. "I would pull the trees down on him," he said. He asked the same question of the Squirrel and of the Great White Bear, and received the same answer from each of them. Then Glooskap took the Moose in his hands, and squeezed him till he was too small to pull down the trees on man; he did the same to the Squirrel and the Great White Bear. Then he drove the Moose to the plains, the Squirrel to the tree-tops, and the Great White Bear to the land of ice and snow, so that man

could live and enjoy the beautiful world free from all the harm the beasts could do him.

But still the wind was too fierce and too strong for man to live when it blew. The Wind Bird lived among the snow and ice in a wigwam at the end of the sky; when he slept all was calm and still; when he spread his wings and flew great was the noise, high and strong were the waves of the sea, swift and black were the clouds, and terrible the havoc he made.

One day Glooskap was fishing when the Wind Bird was flying, making the waves of the sea to roll high, and laying low the cornfields. He called upon the Wind Bird to desist, but he would not, saying he was here before Glooskap. "Mine was the first voice that spoke to the world, and all the world must hear me," he said. Then Glooskap, whose head reached to the clouds, and whose arms spread from shore to shore, seized the Wind Bird, bound his wings and threw him into a deep place. But soon the water grew stagnant and bad, and the land needed the rain which the Wind Bird had been used to bring; then Glooskap released the Wind Bird, and put him once more on his Great White Rock at the end of the sky. But he unbound only one of the Wind Bird's wings, and ever since the storms have been less terrible, the waves have been less high and rough, and the rain has fallen more gently on the earth.

Thus the good Glooskap slew evil, and made the earth fit for the abode of man.

Reynard the Fox.

AMONG all the stories of European nations, the German tales of Reynard the Fox are probably the best known, as they are among the oldest. The earliest version of the book that is known is a German one written in 1180. But many of the incidents of the

stories had been recited in European countries and in many European languages long before that time. The characters in the story are animals instead of men, and it belongs in the same class as the beast fables which have delighted the world from the dawn of civilization in the far East down to the modern folks, East and West and North and South, who rejoice in the Jungle Books of the incomparable Kipling.

In all the countless versions, there are, as may be supposed, many variations; they differ in style and in the order of events, and in the nature of the incidents; but they all turn on the wicked machinations of Reynard the Fox, and his artfulness in escaping from the consequences of his wrongdoing and trickery. The stories have been dressed up, used for political purposes, and in religious controversy, and by some have been held to be covert attacks on the Church and on religion in allegorical form. But in the best versions the stories are well woven together; the manners and customs of the people, and the whole background of the setting are real and true to life, and to the ordinary reader they convey the impression of having been written simply for the purpose of providing undisguised and honest amusement.

Reynard the Fox was one of the first books printed by William Caxton, the father of English printing, translating it himself from the Flemish, and the following outline of the story is practically taken from his version:

The Lion, king of all the animals, one Whitsuntide when the woods were in their lustyhood and gallantry, and every tree clothed in the green and white livery of spring, proclaimed a solemn feast at his court; all the animals, great and small, came to do honor to him excepting Reynard the Fox, who knew himself guilty of so many trespasses against many beasts, that his coming thither must put his life in great hazard and danger.

Reynard's anticipations were well founded, for several complained to the King of his knaveries, the loudest being Isegrim the Wolf, Reynard's old-time comrade, but now his enemy. Whereupon Courtois the hound, Tibert the cat, Kyward the hare, and Pacer the horse, all sprang forward, eager to tell their tales of the way in which they had been treated by Reynard the Fox. But Grimbard the badger alone spoke up for his uncle Reynard. While he was speaking, Chanticleer the cock appeared, bringing in on a bier the dead body of one of his daughters, in mute testimony to the cruelty and wickedness of Reynard. For these and other misdeeds the King decided to call the Fox before him and his Court, to answer to the charges, and to hear what he had to say with regard to them. Bruin the bear was sent to summon him, after being warned by the King to take great care of himself, "for," said the King, "Reynard is full of policy, and knoweth how to dissemble, flatter and betray."

Bruin, fully armed against all such wiles, set out next day to carry the message. Reynard received him with soft words, told him of a store of honey hidden in a split tree, and contrived to get Bruin fast by his foot in a cleft. The peasants finding him there alone, for Reynard had saved himself by flight, nearly beat him to death; but at length he succeeded in escaping, and went back to Court.

Tibert the cat was then sent to summon Reynard to appear before King Lion; but Reynard easily persuaded her to catch mice in a place where a noose was artfully hung, with the result that she was caught by the neck, and suffered a terrible beating before she escaped. At last Reynard's cousin, Grimbard the badger, was deputed to carry the King's message, and he succeeded in bringing the Fox back to the Court. On the way Reynard made to Grimbard a sort of semi-private, and wholly mock confession of his misdeeds, and especially of all the tricks he had played, and all

the harm he had done to Isegrim the Wolf. The animals all came to the hearing and testified against Reynard, and in spite of the clever defence he made, he was condemned to death.

While on the gallows, the privilege was accorded to him to say anything he wished to say, before he was hanged; he begged leave to make a public confession of his evil doings, this he did at some length, in the course of his speech he hinted that he knew of the existence of an immense treasure. This interested the Lion, as Reynard well knew it would, and he desired Reynard to tell all about it.

Thereupon Reynard related how that his father, Isegrim the Wolf, with Bruin the bear, had hatched a plot to kill the Lion and to make Bruin the King instead. For this purpose they had amassed much money with which to bribe or hire soldiers to help them in their plot. This treasure Reynard said he had taken from them and hidden, so that he alone knew where it was, for he was determined not to see the noble King Lion deposed and slain, and wicked Bruin usurp his throne. The Lion could, of course, do nothing but pardon Reynard, and cause Bruin and Isegrim to be seized and imprisoned.

As soon as this was done the Lion asked the Fox to take him to where the treasure was hid, but Reynard excused himself for the moment, by saying that he was under oath to make a penitentiary pilgrimage to Rome. To this the Lion assented, and Reynard set out on his pilgrimage, taking with him Kyward the hare and Belin the ram. Passing his own house on the way, he induced Kyward to enter his lair, and there killed him. Then he put the head in a satchel, gave it to Belin and told him to carry it back to the Lion for it contained valuable correspondence. Accordingly Belin went back to the Court, and gave the satchel to the King. The King's anger when he found in it the head of Kyward may be imagined. He immediately set Isegrim

and Bruin free, convinced now that he also had been tricked by Reynard, whom he declared to be an outlaw forever.

In some versions the story continues by introducing a single combat between Reynard and Bruin, in which Reynard as usual is victorious by his trickery, and closing with the return of Reynard to his home, honored with the favor and protection of the Lion.

The Wandering Jew.

THE story of the Wandering Jew is one of the most remarkable and marvelous of all the stories of the Nations, one which has inspired the pen of the poet, dramatist, and story-writer. The earliest record of the story is found in the Chronicle of Matthew Paris in the thirteenth century, where he was called Cartaphilus. In the later legends he is given the name of Ahasuerus. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many people passed themselves off as the Wandering Jew, and it will easily be seen that omnivorous reading, with a remarkable memory for history, would equip anyone to undertake the rôle even among an educated people.

The germ of the story varies somewhat; one account says the Wandering Jew was a carpenter, and that as Jesus was on his way to execution the soldiers begged that he might be allowed to enter his workshop to rest a few moments, but the carpenter refused and insulted the Saviour. The other, and more widely adopted germ of the story, is that he was a shoemaker sitting at his bench as Jesus passed by on his way to Calvary; he not only refused when asked to allow him to rest for a few moments, but drove him away with curses. Jesus calmly looking at him said, "Thou shalt wander on the earth till I return." Driven by fear and

remorse, he has since wandered from place to place, seeking death in vain amid all the calamities and dangers to which human life is subject. Another story says that the Wandering Jew was Pilate's doorkeeper at the time of the trial of Jesus. When the young men were leading Jesus from the Hall of Judgments, this doorkeeper struck him on the neck, and said: "Go, Jesus, go on faster; why dost thou linger?" Jesus turned and answered: "I will go, but thou shalt remain waiting until I come." He was thirty years old when he insulted Jesus, and whenever he reaches the age of one hundred years he faints; on his recovery he finds himself as young as when his doom was pronounced; every hundred years the same thing happens.

These are from the earliest written records of *The Wandering Jew,* and it is not difficult to understand, as we have said, how from these germ ideas all kinds of fanciful romances may be evolved. One of the best of them, though it does not embody all the older legends which have encrusted themselves upon the germ of the story, is by that prince of story-tellers for the young, Hans Christian Anderson. In his romance Ahasuerus is the Angel of Doubt, who comes upon earth to live with men, whom he resembles, for like them he denies and doubts. He is born on earth at the same moment with Jesus, and now, as a human being, bears the name Ahasuerus. As a man he grows wiser and better, like his fellowmen, whose increasing perfection will, in many thousands of years, lead them to heaven. Then Ahasuerus too will return.

After this prologue, Ahasuerus is seen as a Jewish shoemaker; he is at the same time a favorite narrator of the stories of the Bible. Merry children, as well as serious Pharisees, come to his workshop, and listen to his words. He becomes conceited, and complains that he is only a shoemaker, and not allowed to sit among the scribes. Among his auditors is young Veronica, who is enchanted with the new prophet from Nazareth,

THE WANDERING JEW.—Who was said to be required to travel the earth until the second coming of Christ.

who had just made his appearance. Ahasuerus counts Jesus amongst the false prophets; he also regards him as the cause of the death of his mother and sister, who had been slain by the agents of Herod. But when he hears Jesus preach in the desert he changes his mind, and shares the admiration of Veronica. Now, he thinks, the days of splendor will come, according to his prophets, and the reign of David in all its magnificence. Judas, the friend of Ahasuerus, and the enthusiastic disciple of Jesus, is the first to doubt him. He thinks Jesus does not show enough energy in his proceedings, calls him a loiterer, and finally decides to test whether he is really the Messiah. If so, legions of angels will certainly assist him at his call; if not, he may perish. Judas betrays Jesus, in order to give him an opportunity to show his power. The hope of Judas is not realized. Jesus consents to be made prisoner. "Man he was, and not Messiah!" says Ahasuerus, turning apostate. "How could I imagine that the son of a carpenter was a prophet? He feels the cold, suffers hunger and thirst, and needs sleep."

After the scene on the way to Golgotha already variously described, a voice from above says to the disbelieving Ahasuerus: "Ahasuerus, Ahasuerus! thou art the type of mankind; thou disputest and deniest God himself. Ye are all alike; so thou mayest wander until we shall meet once again!" The first person whom Ahasuerus meets in his wanderings is Barabbas, who lives as a hermit in Lebanon, repenting his sins. He has already been mentioned in the poem as a profligate who only knows the god of his senses; but the crucifixion and the resurrection of Christ, which he has witnessed, have converted him. He receives his friend with the words: "Blessed be Jesus Christ!" Ahasuerus answers with a curse. Full of wrath, not believing the resurrection, he takes his leave of Barabbas. He trusts in the strength of Israel, but soon after he is told of Jerusalem's fall. He travels to Rome, where

Domitian is persecuting the Christians. He rejoices when he sees the burning pyres and the Christian martyrs. He stands at the side of executioners who torture some Christians. Among these is Veronica. He cannot convert her, and tries therefore to slay her. He does not succeed in so saving her from torture, but is suspected and (apparently) killed by the executioners. Ahasuerus awakes to find beside him the dead Veronica, and many other bodies of martyred Christians. He starts forth in terror to flee the kingdom of the Crucified, which he sees to consist only of "graves laden with the smell of pestilence."

Having passed through distant parts of the world, Ahasuerus, at the end of three centuries, returns to Rome. He finds that the doctrine of Christ has conquered heathendom. The Emperor and his people are kneeling with Christ's name on their lips. "The spirit of Jehovah has left the earth; his people is lost in this world-chaos. The old is all dead; the new is vain and empty! Jehovah! my breast is Thy Temple, the last in this ruined world!"

Ahasuerus passes the Alps. The Huns sweep by. He inspires Attila to attack Rome and crush Christendom. But he—he wanders on, farther on, to the region of the Northern Lights. On his return he finds thick in the forests the symbols of Christ; he finds Christ now worshipped in Gaul, and in Rome is the first Pope. Compelled now to believe in the power of the Christian faith, he yet persists in his belief that a still greater God will come, the true Messiah promised to Israel. The poet then describes the small communities of Jews, with their quiet and secret worship, still awaiting their Messiah. Some think he has come in the person of Mohammed, and to him Ahasuerus now goes. He advances with him to Jerusalem; there he is about to set the temple on fire when Veronica appears and prevents him. He journeys on. In Rome Charlemagne has been made emperor; the Jews have become slaves of the

Christians. The hate of this inflexible believer in Jehovah increases. By a vast leap, the poet brings Ahasuerus to Canossa; there, full of astonishment, he sees the emperor, barefooted and in tears, standing before the Vicar of Christ. Before such evidence of the Majesty of Christendom, Ahasuerus, too, stands with bended head. He cannot escape this new kingdom, for he is in the closed yard of the world which it fills. "The emperor stood for nights; my nights are millenniums!"

Then comes the time of the Crusades. From all parts of the world the nations rush to Jerusalem, where once the altar of Jehovah stood. They are impelled by many selfish motives; no single thought or aim unites the warriors, and so they struggle in vain. Ahasuerus now learns to doubt the progress of mankind. In vain a master-builder beside his work, instructs him that in the structure of the world God is the builder. "He does not die; each century is a stone block added to the rest; so mankind gradually ascends.

"But," Ahasuerus says, "often the work stands still." "It does," answers the stonemason, "but only to gather new strength." To this Ahasuerus answers that all the blood that has been shed in the Crusades was of no use to Europe; but the guildmaster replies that they formed a vast step in human progress, because they brought the different nations closer together, and brought "liberty" into the world. Many knights sold their estates, which passed into the hands of the commons; the supremacy of nobles was destroyed; new life sprang up in science and art. Then suddenly the cry of battle rings through the air; robber knights menace the peaceful citizens; the tocsin sounds; the workmen rush to the battlefield; the building stops. Full of mockery and derision at this new retrogradation in place of the vaunted human evolution Ahasuerus walks on.

The errors of the age, the doings in the convents, the excesses of the Hussites, the mad demeanor of King Wenceslas, only increase Ahasuerus' disbelief in the progress of mankind. An angel leads him to Mayence, where Gutenberg's printing press is seen. Ahasuerus does not believe in the importance of this invention. He also thinks Columbus a fool, but, nevertheless, follows him to the deep whirlpools of the sea, which he hopes will swallow him. But Columbus is spared by the waves; he reaches land; the New World is discovered. There the god of the primeval forest complains like Ahasuerus, because he has been roused from his rest and deep silence and is dragged into the history of men. The all-pervading Spirit of the Universe addresses him: "Oh, might the discovery of this new hemisphere come also to thee, that thou mightst see the divine wisdom, take comfort, and know that in the future of Humanity there shall be One People, One Mind, Unity and Reason!"

Amid the New World, and with this vision over it, Ahasuerus gains belief. He now sees that "it was the ruin of Israel, once as rich a land as America, to reject the New, which comes from God." In human evolution the old always denies the new. "God is born, crucified, and lives." The wave of each century brings the accumulated treasures of the past nearer to the shores of perfection.

Then Ahasuerus stretches out his hands towards the endless ocean, and in the chaos of his mind he begins to understand what once he was, and what has become of him. In his own life he sees the progress of mankind, and so the wings grow that bring him back to Heaven. But the time has not yet come, only a day of eternity has elapsed; and Anderson's Muse tells us in the last words of her song, that "the myth of Ahasuerus is only an echo of the endless tide of time; a better scald will come and tell the meaning of that other pilgrimage."

The Bell of Atri.

THE legends and stories about Bells in all lands are numerous, and many of them are curious and interesting, dating from a long way back. One of the oldest Bell stories comes to us from Italy. It is about the Bell of Atri. Atri is a city of great antiquity in the Abruzzi, on the site of an ancient city of Rome, which flourished three hundred years before Christ. It contains a Gothic cathedral built in 1285-1305, the crypt of which was an ancient Roman cistern. The ancestors of the great Roman Emperor Hadrian are said to have sprung from this city.

But to our tale of the Bell, which has been beautifully told by the poet Longfellow. In very ancient days a good King who was a great lover of justice and right doing, caused a bell to be hung in the market place, so placed that everyone could have easy access to it and ring it without let or hindrance. It was covered in and protected from wind and sun and rain.

The Bell was placed in this public position, easy to get at, and easy to ring, because the King wished that whenever wrong was done to any man he might be able to go there and ring it; wait there in safety till the magistrate came, who would then and there hear his complaint, and see that justice was done without delay. The scheme was an excellent one and the bell was often rung, and as often as it was rung some wrong was righted, and justice done between man and man. Indeed, so often was it tolled that the bell rope became worn out and the ends unraveled. Now, rope was dear in those days, and the unraveled ends were temporarily bound together with a vine to which some of the green leaves of the grape were attached.

Now a well-known Knight of that city had lived a right joyous and merry life when young, amusing himself so much with outdoor sports, with his horses and falcons, and his dogs, that he became penurious and

miserly when he grew old. His one object in life was to get and to save money. So he emptied his stables, sold his hawks and his dogs, and rented all his lands, his vineyards and his orchards at extortionate prices, in order to amass bright yellow shining pieces of gold.

The only living thing that he had to feed besides himself was his once favorite horse, now grown poor and old; but even the expense of the horse's feed was begrudged by the miserly knight, and he decided to turn it out to feed by the roadside, arguing to himself that it would do better there than if left to starve and shiver in a bare stall, and besides it would cost him less money. So he turned out his one-time favorite animal to forage for itself, and wander from place to place, picking up its food where it could; he would only trouble to find the beast when he wanted him for use to ride on a holiday, or for some other purpose.

There came a day when the great bell in the market place clanged forth with unusual vigor, and in a most irregular way; the officer of the law hurried to the market place to hear the story of the complainant; but no man or woman was there, only the poor old skeleton of a horse nibbling eagerly at the green leaves which had been wound about the unraveled bell rope.

Here was a chance for justice to be done, though it was a dumb beast that had asked for it. A crowd assembled; the horse was known; the Knight was sent for and rebuked, and he retorted he had a right to do as he pleased with his own. But the Magistrate insisted that since the animal had served him well in the time of its youth and strength, he should provide proper food and shelter for it in its old age. The Knight, ashamed, led his horse away to the stable, and took care of it properly ever afterwards. When the King heard the story he declared that a Bell which could right the wrongs of dumb creatures as well as of men and women, and bring them relief, should be made famous forever in every land.

PART II.

The Story of Books.

The Works of Josephus.

A BOOK which at one time was to be found in almost every home, alongside of the Bible, was called *The Works of Josephus,* and it was read as a commentary on, or supplement to, the Bible story of the *History of the Jews.* For Josephus was a Jew, and his best known works are *The History of the Jewish War, Jewish Antiquities* and his *Autobiography.* He was born in A.D. 37 in Jerusalem itself and was both a prince and a priest by descent; he was highly educated and was sent to Rome when he was twenty-six on an important mission, in which he was successful. On his return he was made General over the district of Galilee, and when the Roman Emperor, Vespasian, invaded his province, he was taken prisoner and kept in prison for three years. He afterwards was present with Titus at the Siege of Jerusalem, and went back to Rome with him, where he assumed the name of Flavius in addition to that of Josephus. His books were written in Greek and in Hebrew; he lived until about A.D. 100.

In his *Jewish Antiquities* Josephus traces the whole history of the Jews down to the outbreak of the great war which destroyed them utterly as a nation. He tells in other words the whole of the histories contained in the Old Testament; which was, of course, his chief source of information and adds much to bridge over the gaps that occur in them.

Josephus is the one profane writer nearest to the

time of Jesus, who makes mention of him and his wonderful works. In the *Jewish Antiquities* he writes:

"About this time Jesus, a wise man, a doer of wonderful works, drew over to him many Jews and Gentiles. He was Christ; and when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men among us, had condemned him to the cross, those that loved him did not forsake him, for he appeared to them again alive at the third day, as the prophets had foretold; and the tribe of Christians, so named from him, are not extinct at this day. John, who was called the Baptist, was slain by Herod, the tetrarch, at his castle at Macharus, by the Dead Sea. The destruction of his army by Aretas, king of Arabia, was ascribed by the Jews to God's anger for this crime.

"Agrippa, grandson of Herod the Great, became the most famous of his descendants. On him Claudius Cæsar bestowed all the dominions of his grandfather with the title of King. But pride overcame him. Seated on a throne at a great festival at Cæsarea, arrayed in a magnificent robe, he was stricken by a disease and died."

The Wars of the Jews is famous and unique because it gives the only full and faithful account in direct and lucid style of the tragic siege and awful destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans under the Emperor Titus in the year A.D. 70, when the temple was burned and the city razed to the ground, of which he was an eye-witness. He was taken to the war by Titus as a privileged prisoner, and was employed to conciliate the leaders of the rebellion during the siege, but they would listen to no conciliatory proposals.

The autobiography is accounted one of the masterpieces of the literature of its class: it is as direct and naif as the famous *Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin;* it has been described as "from beginning to end a thrilling and wonderful romance of real life, for the hairbreadth escapes of this extraordinary man are among the most singular recitals in the world of adventures. The whole story is unique, as was the noble individuality of the man himself."

Aesop's Fables.

AESOP'S FABLES contain the wisdom of the world, enshrined in a series of very brief tales, the characters of which, instead of being men and women, are either animals or inanimate things. The object is to convey a moral lesson or principle through a single example. A fable is not a myth, for a myth is always a growth, not a purposely invented story; a fable is really a parable. Men have discoursed to each other in fables time out of mind; in fact, ever since they had the power of speech and reason, and fables are found in the oldest literature of every nation in the world. Many collections of fables in English have been made and they nearly all bear the name of Æsop, a Greek slave who lived in the sixth century before Christ. Very little is known of him; he is indeed little more than a name; it is, however, certain that he made a collection of fables, probably wrote down some of those that had traveled from the East, for many of the fables called Æsop's Fables are identical with those which were current in the Orient long before the great days of Greek and Roman learning. Many of the Greek writers speak of his fables. Aristophanes called them "Merry Tales," but Plato puts them in the rank of moral teachings. For centuries moral precepts have been fastened in the minds of the people through the instrumentality of fables, and children at a certain stage in their intellectual development delight in them.

The best way to explain clearly about fables is by illustration, and the only way to indicate how the fables enshrine the eternal truths and practical teachings of life is to quote the few of them.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A hungry Fox saw some bunches of grapes hanging from a vine high up from the ground. As he looked, he longed to get them, but could not. At last, growing

tired of leaping and springing, he left them hanging there, and went on his way, muttering, "Let those who will, have them. They're green and sour! I will let them alone."

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

"What a dull, heavy creature this Tortoise is," said the Hare. "And yet," answered the Tortoise, "I'll run with you, for a wager." "Done," said the Hare, and they asked the Fox to be the judge.

They started together, and the Tortoise kept jogging on, till he came to the end of the course. The Hare, when he had gone half-way, laid himself down and took a nap; "for," said he, "I can catch up with the Tortoise when I please."

But it seems he overslept himself, for when he came to wake, though he scudded away as fast as his legs would carry him, the Tortoise had got to the post before him, and had won the wager.

THE GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGGS.

There was once a man who had a very handsome Goose that laid him a golden egg every day. Now, the man thought that, to lay golden eggs, she must have a great mass of gold inside of her. So he killed her, and cut her open. But what was his dismay to find that she was in no way different from other geese! So by being greedy he lost all he had, without getting the riches he wished.

HERCULES AND THE WAGONER.

As a wagoner was driving a heavy cart through a miry lane the wheels stuck fast in the clay, and the horses could get no farther. The man, without making the least effort for himself, dropped on his knees, and began calling upon Hercules to come and help him out of his trouble.

"Lazy fellow!" said Hercules, "get up and stir

yourself. Urge your horses stoutly, and put your shoulder to the wheel. Heaven helps only those who help themselves."

THE MICE, THE CAT, AND THE BELL.

There was a sly Cat, it seems, in a house, and the Mice were in such fear of her, that they held a court to find some way that she might not catch them.

"Do as I say," cried one of the mice; "hang a bell to the Cat's neck, to tell us when she is near." This bright plan made the Mice jump for joy. "Well," said an old Mouse, "we have a pretty plan. Now, who shall hang the bell to the Cat's neck?" Not a Mouse would do it.

THE MOUSE AND THE LION.

A Mouse ran by chance into the mouth of a Lion who lay asleep. The Lion got up, and was just going to eat him, when the poor Mouse asked to be let go, saying, "If I am let go, I shall not forget you." So, with a smile, the Lion let him go.

Soon the Lion was saved by the Mouse, who did not forget him; for when some men had caught him, and had tied him with ropes to a tree, the Mouse heard him roar, and came and gnawed the ropes, and let the Lion go, saying, "You smiled at me once, as if I could not do you any good turn; but now, you see, it is you who cannot forget me."

THE FIELD MOUSE AND THE TOWN MOUSE.

A Field Mouse had a friend who lived in a house in town. Now the Town Mouse was asked by the Field Mouse to dine with him, and out he went and sat down to a meal of corn and wheat.

"Do you know, my friend," said he, "that you live a mere ant's life out here? Why, I have all kinds of things at home; come, and enjoy them."

So the two set off for town, and there the Town Mouse showed his beans and meal, his dates, too, his cheese and fruit and honey. And as the Field Mouse ate, drank, and was merry, he thought how rich his friend was, and how poor he was.

But as they ate a man all at once opened the door, and the Mice were in such a fear that they ran into a crack.

Then, when they would eat some nice figs, in came a maid to get a pot of honey or a bit of cheese; and when they saw her they hid in a hole.

Then the Field Mouse would eat no more, but said to the Town Mouse: "Do as you like, my good friend; eat all you want, have your fill of good things, but always in fear of your life. As for me, poor Mouse, who have only corn and wheat, I will live on at home, in no fear of anyone."

THE SUN AND THE NORTH WIND.

A dispute once arose between the Sun and the North Wind as to which was the stronger of the two. Suddenly they saw a traveller coming down the road, and the Sun said: "I see a way to decide our dispute. Whichever of us can make that traveller take off his cloak, shall prove himself the stronger. You begin."

The North Wind began to blow as hard as he could upon the traveller. But the harder he blew, the more closely did the traveller wrap his cloak round him, till at last the North Wind, having put forth all his strength in vain, had to give up in despair.

Then the Sun, driving away the clouds that had gathered, came out and shone in all his glory. He darted his most sultry beams upon the traveller, who soon found it too hot to walk with his cloak on; he flung it off and ran for protection to the nearest shade.

The Arabian Nights.

THIS is another of those collections of stories which men have told to each other for centuries and of which the beginnings are not known. Examples of such collections of stories are found in the literature of nearly every nation, or of every group of nations in the world. The stories in the Arabian Nights grew up with the ages, in far off Eastern lands, and centered in that part of the East called Persia; they are all characteristic of the ways of living, and the habits of thinking of the people who inhabit those Eastern countries.

The proper title of the collection which contains among others the famous stories of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp," is *The Book of the Thousand and One Nights.* The story which accounts for the origin of the book is purely Oriental in character, and indicates the cruelty and bloodthirsty character of the people, as do many of the stories themselves.

A certain Schah-riar, King of Persia, was once deceived by his wife, and when he found it out he had her put to death. To revenge himself on all women he afterwards married a new wife each day, and on the following day had her put to death. The consequences of this barbarity may easily be imagined. Here was a father in tears, inconsolable for the loss of his daughter; there were loving mothers dreading lest their daughters should share the same fate; and the whole country was filled with lamentation, distress and apprehension.

Now the Grand Vizier, or Prime Minister, had two daughters, Scheherazade and Dinarzade. Both were highly accomplished, but Scheherazade had wit, courage, and penetration infinitely above her sex. She had read much, and her memory was so good that she never forgot what she read. She was learned in philosophy,

medicine, history, and the liberal arts; and as a poet she took rank with the best writers of her time. Added to all this, she was as beautiful as she was virtuous, and as virtuous as she was beautiful.

Distressed at the awful condition of things which had befallen her sex, and appalled at the fate which threatened so many of her sisters, she determined to put a stop to the barbarous proceedings of the Monarch, and to relieve the painful forebodings of every parent in the kingdom who had a daughter; so she asked her father to propose to the Sultan that she become one of his wives. Vainly her father tried to dissuade her, pointing out the certainty of her fate; but she was not alarmed. "If I perish," said she, "my death will be glorious; and if I succeed, I shall do my country an important service." Finally her father was persuaded to do as she asked. When he did so even the Sultan was surprised, and pointed out to the father the sacrifice he was making. Now when Scheherazade was adorned to appear before the Sultan, she told her sister that she would send for her as soon as she reached the presence of the Sultan, and that as her sister was about to depart, she should ask her as a last favor to tell one more of the entertaining stories with which she had so often amused her.

The Grand Vizier conducted his daughter to the palace, and left her alone with the Monarch, who was delighted with her beauty, but much chagrined to find her in tears, and he asked the reason. She replied that she had a sister whom she loved dearly, and begged that she might come and see her at dawn in her room next morning, so that she might bid her a last farewell. Schah-riar consented. Next morning Dinarzade came, and asked her sister for one more story before they parted for ever. Scheherazade asked the Sultan's permission to comply with her sister's desire, which he gave, and she then proceeded to tell the story of "The Merchant and the Genii," which was unfinished when

the time came for her sister to go. Curious to know the end of the story the Monarch remitted the putting his wife to death until the next day, when her sister again came and the story was continued. This continued night after night for one thousand nights and one night, and by this time the Schah-riar had grown so fond of Scheherazade, that he had long since given up the idea of putting her to death.

The stories from *The Thousand Nights and a Night,* with which English people are mostly familiar, are only a part of the great collection, and they have been much changed in translation and adaptation to Western readers, but they are still full of fascinating interest and they have never failed to hold the attention of young and old.

The first European translation was made into the French in 1704 by A. Galland, a professor of Arabic at the College of France, and from his book many of the tales found their way into England. It was translated into English directly from the Arabic by Edward Wm. Lane, a distinguished Oriental scholar, in 1838-40. This, like all the other European versions, was by no means a full and correct translation, and it was reserved for Sir Richard Burton, the famous traveler, to give the stories to the English-speaking world exactly as they had been told to the Orientals for centuries.

The Iliad and the Odyssey.

GREEK literature begins with the *Iliad,* a masterpiece which remained for a thousand years the Bible and the Milton of the nation. The Homeric poems were commanded by law to be recited on special festal occasions, and it was a common practise to recite poems for prizes at great religious festivals before and during the time at which Homer is supposed to

have lived. It and the *Odyssey* are among the most famous epic poems of the world. By an epic poem we mean a poem of a narrative character—elevated, lofty and dignified in style—descriptive of the exploits of heroes or great figures in history, often interspersed with passages of reflection or comment.

Homer, the Greek poet, said to have been born blind, whose birthplace is claimed by seven different cities, is considered to be the author of both of these epics. Their style is simple and noble, the action always rapid and stirring, the theme intensely dramatic, and the character heroic. The *Iliad* is the story of the siege of Troy, and the attempt to rescue Helen, the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, whom Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy, had abducted. A priest of Apollo, failing to ransom his daughter from Agamemnon, brother of Menelaus, who leads the Greeks, Apollo sends a pestilence upon them. To appease the god, the maiden is surrendered, and a beautiful captive of Achilles is taken by the King instead. Achilles, resenting this, sulks in his tent, refusing to fight, till, learning that the Greeks are suffering defeat, and that his friend Patroclus has been slain, he rouses and renews the fight, and slays Hector, son of Priam, with whose ransom and burial the poem closes.

A great critic has said of the *Iliad* that it is "no garrulous chronicle of a ten years' war; it is not a history, or a biography; its subject is not Achilles, but the wrath of Achilles. The unity of the *Iliad* is spiritual and dramatic. It is the portrayal of a mighty conflict of passions in a great and noble but erring soul, and the effects of that conflict on the destinies of two contending armies, and of many brave men and beautiful women."

The *Odyssey* relates the return, through many hardships and adventures, of Odysseus (Ulysses) to his home after the siege of Troy, his welcome by his faithful wife, Penelope, and the punishment of her pre-

sumptuous suitors. The events related happen within a short space of time; the hero tells the story of his own adventures, and the action begins almost immediately before the actual return of Ulysses up to the time when he reaches Ithaca. The story moves on three distinct scenes; we follow at the same time the fortunes of Ulysses, of Telemachus on his voyage, and of Penelope with the suitors, all woven together with consummate skill.

Although Homer is said to be author of these great poems it is more than likely that they are made up of stories by different authors, long time current by word of mouth, and gathered up and recast by him. On the other hand they may have been originally the work of a single mind, with books and passages added from time to time and again recast into an organic whole. But these are matters of comparatively small concern, since the result of reading them is such as that described by the poet Keats, who felt:

> "Like some new watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken
> Or, like stout Cortez—when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
> Silent upon a Peak in Darien."

The Story of the Cid.

THE Cid is the way the Spanish write the Arabic words *El Seid,* which mean The Lord, and it is the name of the national, favorite and best-beloved hero of Spain. He was also called *El Campeador,* which means the champion, and finally he became known almost always as *Cid Campeador,* The Lord Champion. His real name was Don Rodrigo Diaz, Count of Bivar, and he was born in 1026. Owing to the nearness of Spain to the African Coast, she was for

centuries overrun by hordes of Moors, who easily crossed the narrow sea which divides the Peninsula from Northern Africa, and they were not finally expelled until 1492. At the time when these incursions were greatest this most famous hero of battle and romance flourished. It has been said indeed that there is a Cid of history and a Cid of romance. Don Rodrigo Diaz was certainly the greatest warrior that fought in the long struggle between Christian and Moslem, and so much of fact about him is known that we are able to say that he was of noble family; that he is first mentioned in a Charter of King Ferdinand in 1064, that he took part in the civil wars which resulted from the partition of the Spanish territories among the five children of Ferdinand and gained much renown for his prowess, that he was high in the King's favor and that he was entrusted with high state commissions. The original deed of his marriage in 1074 with Ximena, daughter of the Count of Oviedo and granddaughter of Alphonso V, may yet be seen. He was sent some time after his marriage to collect tribute from the King of Seville, and a battle ensuing, he conquered and returned with much treasure and many prisoners. His enemies accused him of keeping back part of the tribute, and he was banished from Castile. Then he became a free lance, fighting first on one side, and then on the other, and gaining honor and glory all the time, establishing a kingdom of his own in Valencia and Murcia and ruling it with a strong hand and with even justice. At the end of that time an overwhelming army attacked him with crushing success and the Cid died of anger and grief it is said in 1099. His widow remained in Valencia for three years more, but was at last driven out. She took with her the body of the Cid and placed it in the monastery of San Pedro at Cardeñia near Burgos, to the Town Hall in which city they have since been removed.

It is said that his dead body was clad in mail,

mounted on his favorite steed and marched out against the enemy, who fled at its approach. But this begins the legendary stories that have clustered about his name, of which there are so many and so marvellous that some have denied that he ever existed. The author of Don Quixote says, however, that "There is no doubt there was such a man as the Cid, but much doubt whether he achieved what is attributed to him." The story of "The Cid and the Leper," which is found in *The Chronicles of the Cid* translated by the English poet, Robert Southey, is an example of the marvellous tales that are told of the national hero of Spain.

THE CID AND THE LEPER.

Rodrigo forthwith set out upon the road, and took with him twenty knights. And as he went he did great good and gave alms, feeding the poor and needy. And upon the way they found a leper, struggling in a quagmire, who cried out to them with a loud voice to help him for the love of God; and when Rodrigo heard this he alighted from his beast and helped him, and placed him upon the beast before him, and carried him with him in this manner to the inn, where he took up his lodging that night. At this were his knights little pleased.

When supper was ready he bade his knights take their seats, and he took the leper by the hand and seated him next himself, and ate with him out of the same dish. The knights were greatly offended at this foul sight, insomuch that they rose up and left the chamber. But Rodrigo ordered a bed to be made ready for himself and for the leper, and they twain slept together. When it was midnight and Rodrigo was fast asleep the leper breathed against him between his shoulders, and that breath was so strong that it passed through him, even through his breast, and he awoke, being astounded, and felt for the leper by him, and found him not; and he began to call him, but there was

no reply. Then he arose in fear, and called for a light, and it was brought him; and he looked for the leper and could see nothing; so he returned into the bed, leaving the light burning. And he began to think within himself what had happened, and of that breath which had passed through him, and how the leper was not there. After a while, as he was thus musing, there appeared before him one in white garments, who said unto him, "Sleepest thou or wakest thou, Rodrigo?" and he answered and said, "I do not sleep; but who art thou that bringest with thee such brightness and so sweet an odor?" Said he, "I am Saint Lazarus, and know that I was a leper to whom thou didst so much good and so great honor for the love of God; and because thou didst this for his sake, hath God now granted thee a great gift; for whensoever that breath which thou hast felt shall come upon thee, whatever thing thou desirest to do, and shalt then begin, that shalt thou accomplish to thy heart's desire, whether it be in battle or aught else, so that thy honor shall go on increasing from day to day; and thou shalt be feared both by Moors and Christians, and thy enemies shall never prevail against thee, and thou shalt die an honorable death in thine own house and in thy renown, for God hath blessed thee. Therefore go thou on, and evermore persevere in doing good"; and with that he disappeared. And Rodrigo arose and prayed to our lady and intercessor, St. Mary, that she would pray to her blessed son for him to watch over his body and soul in all his undertakings; and he continued in prayer till the day broke. Then he proceeded on his way, and performed his pilgrimage, doing much good for the love of God and of St. Mary.

It is said of the Cid that he was a man of strict integrity and virtue, of an inflexible and lofty spirit, that despised an effeminate life, and unfitted him for courts. His friends, his wife and his children were his world.

The gravity of his countenance excited respect and reverence; his retired life afforded room for the slander of courtiers, and he was exposed to misunderstanding and reproach. But in times of need his assistance was ever sought, and he was too generous to remember past offenses. Of his integrity, justice and generosity the following story is related:

Two brothers, Counts of Carrion, by marrying his daughters contrived to gain possession of an enormous portion of his wealth. But when they had dismissed their escort on their way to their home after the marriage they stripped the garments from the ladies, beat them into insensibility, tied them to two trees, and taking their treasures from them left them to die in a wild and mountainous desert. A trusty servant of the Cid delivered them, and took them back to their father. The miscreants were captured and brought to trial. The Cid demanded the restoration of his treasures, and the right to take vengeance. This was conceded, and champions were selected to give them battle in the lists, as was the custom in those days. With fear in their hearts they went reluctantly to the combat; the knights selected by the Cid conquered them both, but at the pleading of the Cid their lives were mercifully spared.

In spite of all the extravagant adventures with which he has been credited, and of all the legend which has clustered around his name he is entitled to be classed as "a mighty warrior, the truest of Spanish heroes, the embodiment of all the national virtues, and most of the national vices"; and as his latest biographer, Mr. H. E. Watts, the editor of "*The Melbourne Argus*" and author of *The Life of Cervantes,* further says: "The Cid of Romance, the Cid of a thousand battles, the Cid as glorified in literature, the Cid invoked by the Spaniards in every national crisis, whose name is a perpetual and ever-present inspiration to Spanish patriotism, is a very different character from

the historical Rodrigo Diaz—the freebooter, the rebel, the consorter with the infidels and the rebels of Spain. He is 'the Perfect One,' the 'Born in a happy hour,' 'My Cid'—the invincible, the magnanimous, the all-powerful. He is the type of knightly virtue, the mirror of patriotic duty, the flower of all Christian grace. He is Roland and Bayard in one. In the popular literature of Spain he holds a place such as has no parallel in other countries.'' If this may not be a true picture of the man as he lived, it is good to have such a type portrayed for our admiration and as an example to follow.

The Divine Comedy, or the Vision of Dante.

DANTE, the great poet of Italy, who lived from 1265 to 1321 A.D., at a time when the world was full of great men, and at a time when great deeds were done, did the one piece of work which has proved to be immortal. He created a new form of verse, purified and enriched his native language, and gave to the world an absolutely unique poem. He had studied at the Universities of Bologna, Padua, Naples, Paris and Oxford, and was master of the learning of his age—a musician, a painter, a theologian and a linguist.

Like that of so many great geniuses, his work was inspired by the love of a woman. When quite young he met Beatrice Portinari, with whom he fell in love, and though he never married her that love influenced his whole life, and pervaded his writings. The story of the love of Dante and Beatrice has been told in picture, prose and song—and will be famous as long as love lasts. Then, too, like many another genius, Dante had known all the varying circumstances of life; he had been rich and honored, and he had been poor and despised. He had learned the art of war, and was well versed in the arts of peace. He had travelled far and

wide, and had mingled much with men and women; thus equipped with about all the experience that life can afford he wrote this marvellous poem called *The Divine Comedy.*

The Divine Comedy is in three parts: Hell, Purgatory and Heaven, and each part has thirty-three cantos, with one introductory canto, making one hundred in all. It purports to be the relation of a vision. On the verge of a dark and obscure forest the entrance to which was guarded by horrible beasts, the ghost of the poet Vergil appears, and offers to be Dante's guide through Hell and through Purgatory, saying that Beatrice shall take his place when they reach the portals of Heaven.

Forth they journey to the land of souls, through the gates of Hell, over which is written, "All hope abandon ye who enter here." This is supposed to be in the center of the earth, where in a series of circles they encounter all the great criminals of the past, undergoing the tortures to which they have been condemned for their sins while living on earth. Criminals of each kind occupy each their special circle—murderers in one, thieves in another, liars in another, and so forth.

After all is seen here they ascend to Purgatory, which is a mountain on the other side of the earth, divided into terraces, at the top of which is the earthly paradise, man's first abode. Here they find men expiating their sins, each sin purged in a separate circle. At length they reach the earthly paradise, and after passing through the waters of Lethe, or forgetfulness, Dante is joined by Beatrice, who ascends with him into the Heavenly Paradise. First he visits the Seven Planets, each the abode of the spirits of the dead; then a sphere beyond, and in the next, the ninth, Dante feels himself in the presence of Divinity, but hidden from his sight by the Angels. Here seated on thrones in a vast amphitheatre—the steps and circles of which widen into infinity—are the souls of the blessed. En-

veloped in a glorious light, Beatrice takes her place among them, and from her sublime height smiles benignantly on him, and then she turns to the one who is the source of life and light.

This bald outline gives no idea of the wonderful skill with which in every stage of his journey Dante describes the great men and women of all the past ages, good and bad, whom he encounters. The whole poem is a pageant in which not alone all the personages of history pass before us, but in which all themes, all passions, all delights, which stir the human frame are portrayed also.

It is impossible to write of Dante and of Milton without thinking of Lord Macaulay's wonderful comparison of their two great works, and I know of no piece of literary criticism which so exactly appreciates and contrasts them. If any of my readers are interested they will be thankful for being directed to Macaulay's ever famous essay on Milton, which every high-school boy and girl ought to know.

The Canterbury Tales.

IN writing about the famous books I have used the word classic more than once. But what is a classic? The famous writer, John Ruskin, says: "The word classic when justly applied to a book means that it contains unchanging truths, expressed as clearly as it was possible for any of the men living at the time when the book was written to express them."

The Canterbury Tales by Geoffry Chaucer, "the father of English poetry," as he is called, is one of the books that exactly answers to this description. Chaucer was born in London about 1340, and lived until the end of the century. He was attached to the Court of

the King, and was entrusted with several diplomatic missions, and towards the end of his life King Henry IV granted him a pension.

The Canterbury Tales, written between 1373 and 1400, is a series of tales in verse and prose, supposed to be told by a band of pilgrims as they journey to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury at the very time of its writing; these tales furnish truthful pictures of English life and English ways of thought in the fourteenth century that can be found in no other work. This is one of the things that give the book its importance and raise it to the rank of a classic.

After the Norman Conquest, French, the most cultivated of all the continental languages, was the only language spoken by the governing and influential classes in England, and though the Anglo Saxon had a strong hold in the great religious houses where it was cultivated for the next two hundred years, the French influence prevailed, the Anglo Saxon decayed, and was changed in character. This state of things existed until the middle of the fourteenth century, when the plague, which changed so many things, changed also this. The supremacy of the French language was broken, the native language was heard in legal pleadings, and the poetry of Chaucer laid the permanent foundation of modern English literature.

In this book we at once make acquaintance with a different world of men and women from those of our own day, and yet we are made to feel that it is the same old world so far as external nature is concerned.

> "Moved by the sweet springtime folks incline
> To go on pilgrimage to some great shrine,
> And men of all degrees from end to end
> Of England, unto Canterbury wend
> To pray before the tomb of some great saint
> For peace of soul, or cure of some complaint."

Twenty-nine people congregated at the Tabard Inn

in Southwark London and decided to travel together and on their way to beguile the time by telling:

> "A round tale, and keep us blithe and merry
> As we go riding on to Canterbury."

The one that entertains the company best is to be entertained at supper by the others on their return to the Tabard Inn.

Among the party was a knight and his squire, a Prioress, a Monk and a Friar, a Franklin or country gentleman, a Clerk from Oxford, a Sergeant of the law, a Good Wife from Bath, a Physician, a Parson, a Pardoner, a Steward, a Miller and a Carpenter, a Weaver, a Dyer and a Cook, a Shipman, a Manciple, a Reeve, a Ploughman and five London Burgesses. Nearly every calling in life and every grade of society was therefore represented, and the wonderful characterization and descriptions of each in the prologue, as well as in the Talks on the road which link the Tales together, show them to us "in their habit as they lived," and herein lies the "truths expressed as clearly as it was possible for any of the men living at the time when the book was written to express them."

Twenty tales in all were told, two were unfinished and two were interrupted, and for skill in story-telling they are absolutely unrivaled. The greatest things in the book are the prologue and the Knight's Tale of "Palamon and Arcite."

Froissart's Chronicle.

EXACTLY at the same time as Chaucer was living in England the French chronicler, Jean Froissart, was living in France, writing poetry and traveling through France, England, Scotland, Spain and the adjoining countries.

He wrote much poetry of the kind fashionable at that time, somewhat monotonous and mechanical, but his name is forever famous for his *Chronicle,* which describes the actual things happening during his time in the various countries he visited. They are of permanent value because of their generally accurate and impartial account of the chief events, the manners and customs of the fourteenth century; they give vivid pictures of an age so strikingly different from these days of swift steamships, telephones, wireless telegraphy and aeroplanes.

Froissart was over forty years in compiling these chronicles, which give details of the long drawn-out wars, the fighting, the feasting, the spectacles and pageantry of the feudal period, with many comments and remarks by a man of culture and breeding. He gained nearly all his material at first hand by observation and by questioning everyone he met who was likely to be able to give him information. He was an early type of a good successful newspaper reporter.

Among the people he interviewed are King Edward III, Queen Phillipa of England, Robert the Bruce, and Lord James Douglas of Scotland. He reports the invasion of France by the English, describes the battle of Creçy and Poitiers, the famous siege of Calais and the insurrection of Wat Tyler in England. Among his reports of doings in high life are his accounts of the coronation of Charles VI of France and of the gaiety and brilliance of the court of the great Bearnese Lord Gaston Phoebus, Count de Foix and of the households of King Edward III of England and King John of France.

No more graphic account exists of any age; no historian has drawn so many and such faithful portraits of man and woman, described from the outside. They are faithful portraits, as they seemed to the writer, for Froissart was not critical and did not penetrate very deeply below the surface. He simply chronicled what

he saw: he was, as I have said, a first-class reporter; and the world is grateful to him for the delight and pleasure he has given to it, in his faithful account of things done in England and in Europe in the fourteenth century.

The Story of Frithjof and Ingebjorg.

THE story of Frithjof (pronounced Frit-yoff), meaning the peacemaker, and Ingebjorg (pronounced In-ge-boy-e), is from an ancient saga or Folk Tale of Iceland, which after having been told for time out of mind by word of mouth was written down towards the close of the thirteenth century. A translation by Esaias Tegner, the Swedish poet, was made in 1825.

Ingebjorg was the daughter of King Bele of Norway, and Frithjof the son of one of the King's servants, Thane Thorsten, who was also the friend of the King. True friendship making all men equal, the little boy and girl were playfellows, grew up, and were educated together. As they grew older great love sprang up between them and they promised each other to marry some day. Now when King Bele and his friend, Thane Thorsten, grew old, the King called his two sons to him, Helgi and Halfdan, with Frithjof as well, and blessing his sons he told them to live together as of one mind; that in the people is the strength of the King, and that the law is his support; to be strong, but not to forget mercy; to get trusty friends; never to boast of their ancestry; to get knowledge, for fools are many and wise men are few; and to choose not too many friends. To Frithjof he said, honor the gods, and the King, and be not proud of thy strength; might faileth and dieth when a man dies, but his fame liveth after he is gone, and sweet is the savor of good deeds.

Not long after they both, the King and Thane,

the two friends who had ever faced fight hand in hand, went down to dark death together, and were buried in two mounds near the sea. And often the people hear murmurings above their graves; it may be the wash of the sea on the beach, or the wind blowing through the grasses on the cliff—and they say, "Listen! King Bele and his faithful friend the Thane are talking in their sleep."

Then his two sons Helgi and Halfdan reigned over the country between them, and Frithjof went away to his own inheritance, Framnäs, a rich farmland that stretched three miles by the sea. He had inherited also a famous sword called Angurvadel, or "the stream of anguish," made by the dwarfs, with the hilt of gold and mystic Runes written on the blade, which in peace were dull and plain, but in battle blazed forth red as blood and fierce as fire; and a golden arm ring wrought about a harp with pictures of the gods and in the midst a glittering ruby; it was made by Wayland, the smith, for the first of Thorsten's race. It was stolen by Sote, and was found by King Bele and Thorsten in a mighty tomb. The third treasure he inherited was the ship *Ellide*. It was like a dragon with open jaws, the belly scaled with blue and gold and the stern a twisted plank of silver. The sails were black bordered with red, and when outspread they looked like dragon's wings, and flew over the calmest sea as though before a storm. This ship was given to one of Thorsten's forefathers by the great god Egir the Sea-ruler as a reward for some services he had rendered—all unknowing to whom he had done them.

Reckoning on the friendship of their fathers, Frithjof came in his ship one day to ask of her brothers Helgi and Halfdan the hand of their sister in marriage. Helgi sneeringly refused, and angrily Frithjof got him to his dragon ship and crossed the seaways home.

Far away in the north dwelt the wise and gentle

King Ring, beloved by his people, with whom he lived in a land of peace and plenty. His wife was dead; he wanted a mother for his child and the people wanted a Queen, so hearing the fame of Ingebjorg he sent his messengers to ask her hand of her brothers, but they were received with coldness and contempt and sent back the message, "Tell old greybeard to come himself." When he heard this King Ring was wroth, and said, "Old greybeard will go himself," and he gathered warriors and warships and sailed for Helgi's land. Helgi was greatly afraid. He shut up his sister for safety in Baldur's temple, where no unhallowed feet may go, and sent Hilding (Frithjof's old tutor) to persuade Frithjof to come and help them against King Ring.

Hilding found Frithjof playing chess with Bjorn at a board with gold and silver squares. Frithjof greeted him gladly, but would not listen to his message; he simply bade him refresh himself while they finished the game.

Then Hilding said, "O Frithjof, cease to be angry with Helgi and Halfdan. Haste to help them, for King Ring cometh with all his men to fight against us."

But Frithjof made as though he heard not. "Bjorn, here is check to the King. Will you save it with a pawn? But what is a pawn, a paltry pawn, that it should save the King?"

Hilding, well knowing for whom the speech was meant, said, "My son, be not high-minded. Helgi and Halfdan may be weak against King Ring, but against thee they are strong enough to lay waste thy house and land." Frithjof laughed: "So, Bjorn, you would have my castle? Well, I have guarded it with my knights, so try your worst."

Hilding said, "Leave the game Frithjof, for the game of war. Behold Ingebjorg weeps day and night in Baldur's grove."

Frithjof cried, "Bjorn! Bjorn! would you take my

Queen away? But the Queen shall be saved!" Frithjof left his game, stood up and took Hilding by the hand: "You have heard my answer. Go tell Helgi: 'The King is the people's shield. I will not be his thane.' "

Hilding answered, "Son, I have done my duty; but I blame thee not."

At sunset Frithjof led Bjorn to the beach where his dragon ship pulled impatient at her cable. They got into the ship.

"Whither goest thou?" asked Bjorn.

"To Ingebjorg," he said.

"What, to profane the grove of Baldur?"

Frithjof answered, "I care not, and I dare. I must see Ingebjorg. Friend Bjorn, the gods see everywhere. Baldur knows that my heart is clean of ill-intent. An honest heart defiles no temple. I will go."

And Frithjof went and saw and talked with Ingebjorg in the groves of the temple of Baldur. For this he was banished from the country and sent to collect the tribute from a King in the western islands, Yarl Angantyr. After vainly trying to persuade Ingebjorg to fly with him, he set the arm-ring of Sote on her arm for protection and got him to his dragon ship and sailed away. For the love he had for Thorsten, his old friend, Angantyr gave much gold and treasure to Frithjof, who again set sail for home. But he found it laid in waste and ashes. King Ring had fought with Helgi and Halfdan and conquered, wedded Ingebjorg, and taken her away.

Then Frithjof sought Helgi and found him sacrificing in Baldur's temple. In his face he flung the tribute he had brought from Angantyr, and stunned him on the altar steps. Spying the ring of Sote, which he had given to Ingebjorg, on the arm of the god Baldur, he tore it off with such force that the statue fell in the fire and the temple was burnt to ashes.

Then Frithjof and his men became Vikings and roved the seas. The deck was the Viking's bed, his

shield his pillow, and the sky his coverlet. No shelter was for them from storm, or sun, by night or day. No Viking ever furls sail in a storm, but the wind carries him the way he should go. The Viking protects merchants' ships, but they must pay him tribute. The Vikings' steel is worth the merchants' gold. Booty is shared by all alike, except by their chief; for him the glory sufficeth. The Viking boards the enemy's ship to fight; his sword is short to bring him near his enemy. The plea for mercy shall be heeded, but a man is an enemy until he gives up his weapons. No man shall dress his wounds until the fight be done; the ornaments of the Viking are his battle scars. Such were the laws of the Vikings.

For three years Frithjof sailed the seas till victory cloyed, and spoils made him sick. He longed to look on Ingebjorg's face again.

King Ring kept Yule-tide in his hall. To it there came an ancient beggar man; a bully began to jeer him; the beggar man in a moment took the mailed warrior in his middle, twirled him head over heels, and set him on his feet again, which the King seeing, made him pull off his disguise, and there stood Frithjof, bright as Baldur, strong as the god Thor, golden his hair like sunshine. From his shoulder a blue mantle fell, his coat was girded with a silver belt, a sword was by his side, and on his arms were rings of gold.

The King feigned not to recognize him, but he knew him all the while and so did Ingebjorg, but she got no speech of him. The King pressed Frithjof, to stay awhile, and many feats of strength did he which Frithjof alone could have done. At last the King, after putting his loyalty and honor to the test in many ways, admitted that he had known Frithjof all the while, and confessed that he was brave and true; "yet," said he, "one thing passeth my knowledge: how being brave and true thou couldst have stolen into my house in beggar's guise to rob me of my wife." Then Frith-

jof, saying, "The gods well know I never came to rob thee of thy wife—only to look on her face," told him all the story of his wanderings and of his love, and the King begged him to stay yet a little while, saying, "I am old; my days are few; bear with me yet a little while until I die; then shalt thou take the Queen and all my kingdom for her dower." But still Frithjof would go, and still the old King persuaded him, till at last in the presence of Ingebjorg and his warriors the King took his life with his own sword, placing the hand of Ingebjorg in that of Frithjof, and lifting his drinking horn high with a cheerful countenance, cried, "I drink to my land, to the old Northland. Hail, ye Gods! Hail, warriors of Valhalla, I greet you and I come!"

So died the King Ring of the Northland. And Frithjof became the guardian of his little boy until he should be of age to take his father's place. But there came a time when he took a journey and went to the grave mound of his father, and there was shown what he should do. He returned to King Ring's palace, built a temple to Baldur, became reconciled to Halfdan, and felt that the curse which was upon him was removed. After a time Frithjof and Ingebjorg were married with the consent of her brother, to the joy of all the nation, and with the blessing of Baldur, whose bright light shone all about the temple and in all their hearts.

Gil Blas.

THE story of Gil Blas ranks as the first in its class, a class which has been called the *picaresque* style or type of fiction of Spanish origin in modern literature, of which the principal hero is more or less of a rogue or scamp. The name is derived from the Spanish word *picaroon,* which means a rogue, rascal, thief, brigand, pirate or corsair. Gil Blas was written by the distinguished Frenchman Alain René Le Sage, who

lived from 1688 to 1747. He was well educated, practiced law, married a lady of Spanish origin, and lived the life of a busy man of letters. He wrote several plays, one of which, *Turcaret,* is still famous as showing up the "grafters" and "grafting" of his day in France.

When *Gil Blas* appeared, his place in the Temple of Fame was forever assured, for it is a masterpiece of story-writing; it is one of those works which have a universal appeal, not necessarily the greatest of novels, though it is the first in its class, but it possesses that human sympathy which makes it seem to belong not to a nation but to all mankind. The scene of the story is laid in Spain, and it was written in French, but quite as many people have read and enjoyed it in translation as in the original, for it is as popular outside of France as in France.

Gil Blas is the story of a young boy who passes through all conditions of life, who is influenced by circumstances and made by them. Sometimes very like a villain, and at others a respectable and decent, not to say exalted, member of society; though at first somewhat of a simpleton and easily deceived, he speedily learns his lessons in life and becomes as adept at deceiving others as they were at deceiving him, until at last he sees everything, and through everything; he sees everybody, and through everybody, and through good and evil fortune preserves an admirable philosophical equanimity.

To say there is something doing in every chapter of this fascinating book is no exaggeration. From the day when Gil Blas sets out on his adventures and is flattered out of his money and robbed of his mule, until his second marriage and final settling down at Lirias, he had more experiences and encounters, more vicissitudes than ever befell a single person. He was taken by highwaymen and kept by them in a cave; became a highwayman himself and escaped from the robber

band; became gentleman's servant, or lackey; he practiced as a doctor, but as his only two remedies were bleeding and copious draughts of water he had to renounce the practice of medicine; he joined a company of actors, but soon left them; in the disguise of officers of the Holy Inquisition he and his companions frightened an old man out of his money; he then became literary assistant to the Archbishop of Granada, but because he was too frank a critic of the archbishop's homilies he was turned adrift; he then became secretary to a duke and grew rich and proud; was thrown into prison and makes good resolutions for the future; he came into possession of property and married; on the death of his wife he returned again to court; and so his story goes, the hero is all things by turns and nothing long, but always gaining new experience and meeting with fresh adventure.

A great many people have said that much, if not all, of Gil Blas was borrowed from other writers. That Spain was at one time full of picaros or picaroons, and that stories of their adventures and escapades were innumerable and told everywhere is incontrovertible; many of them had found their way into print; and there is no doubt that Le Sage borrowed here and there for his work, but the borrowed episodes do not form more than one-fifth of the work; and even if all were borrowed, the charm of the style and the manner of telling the story would entitle it to front rank as one of the masterpieces of French literature.

Paradise Lost.

THE works of John Milton, "the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and the martyr of English liberty," as Lord Macaulay calls him, "resembles these celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Mary was said to

have sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth and which were distinguished from the production of other soils, not only by superior bloom and sweetness, but by miraculous efficacy to invigorate and heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify." Of these works the greatest and noblest, the most impressive and the most powerful is the ever-famous *Paradise Lost.* It stands alone as an effort of sheer imagination, and its power to dwell in the memory is as wonderful as its conception is stupendous.

It is not a little remarkable that *Paradise Lost* was planned by Milton in his youth, was begun more than a quarter of a century later, and occupied him seven years in the writing. To use his own words, it

> "Pursues
> Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

And its high purpose is to

> "Assert Eternal Providence
> And justify the ways of God to men."

Accordingly the whole domain of Heaven itself is opened up; God's throne itself, and His surroundings are shown to us. The depths of Hell are revealed, and the universe to its uttermost past is unrolled before our gaze.

The theme is the fall of man and his being cast out of Paradise; the poem is the story

> "Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the World and all our woe,
> With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
> Restore us, and regain the blissful seat.

It tells first of the rebellion of Satan, and of his being cast out of Heaven with all his band. How they held solemn conclave in some vast space in the uni-

verse and determined to attack Heaven's High Arbitrator Himself through his new-created Man and waste his creation. Satan then spreads his "sailbroad vans for flight" and comes in sight of

> "The Empyreal Heaven, once his native seat
> And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain
> This pendent World."

Those readers who know Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" will remember that he expresses a thought similar to this when he makes the dying King in the "Morte d' Arthur" say:

> "And so the whole round earth is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

But to return to the story. Satan finds his way to the Earth, and almost repenting of the task he has set himself, he exclaims:

> "Which way shall I fly
> Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
> Which way I fly is Hell: myself am Hell."

But the thought of submission to the God of High Heaven is not to be borne and he decides:

> "So farewell hope, and with hope, farewell fear,
> Farewell remorse! All good to me is lost.
> Evil, be thou my Good."

When he reaches Earth he finds among the created things

> "Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
> Godlike, erect, with native honor clad
> In naked majesty: seemed lords of all."

The angel Raphael is sent to warn Adam of his danger, and tells him the story of Satan's revolt and describes how God created the Earth and all therein. Then comes the story of the "Temptation" and the "Fall"; how Eve leaves Adam for a time, and the serpent finding her alone gains her ear by subtle flattery, and

"her rash hand in an evil hour
Forth-reaching to the fruit, she plucked and ate;"

how she tells her secret to Adam and by her love persuades him

"to eat
Against his better knowledge; not deceived
But fondly overcome by finale charm."

The shame of the guilty pair who had thus disobeyed the Divine command is next described; how

"Covered, but not at rest, or ease of mind,
They sat them down to weep."

The angels on guard over the Earth now depart, and Sin and Death make a broad road through Chaos from Hell to Earth. The Archangel Michael descends to Earth, and gives Adam and Eve time for repentance before Death will overtake them, and they are cast forth from the Garden of Eden, preceded by the flaming sword, which, remaining at the Gate, bars them forever from entering in again. So

"The world was all before them where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow
Through Eden took their solitary way."

The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

TO write the history of the world for twelve hundred and sixty years, and of a period so remote as A.D. 180-1453, demands an amount of labor and research of which the ordinary person can have little conception; and to write such a history which will command respect for its accuracy, general truth, justice and proportion is the work of a genius—if, as has been said, what is called genius is "an infinite capacity for taking pains."

The Roman Empire was the world at the time of which Gibbon writes, and his book is a history of civilization for thirteen centuries, during which he describes the triumph of barbarism and religion, the flight of Paganism before Christianity, and connects up the old world with the dawn of the Renaissance. Although considerable new knowledge has come to light in connection with the history of the world before and during the Middle Ages since Gibbon wrote (the work was finished in 1787), *The Decline and Fall* remains one of the epoch-making books because of its noble dignity of style and picturesque narration, and also because of the fact that the criterion by which Gibbon judged civilization and progress was the measure in which the happiness of man was secured, and of that happiness he considered political freedom an essential condition. He points out that even though men might be happy under a benevolent despotism, their happiness must be unstable because it depends on the character of a single man.

Gibbon was a sickly boy, but he acquired knowledge so early that he says he is tempted to conceive that he was born with the power of reading, writing, and doing arithmetic. He was very early turned loose in a library, there to browse at will, and though at first his taste was indiscriminate, it turned very early to historical works. The result of all this was that when in 1752 he went to college he had "a stock of information which might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy might be ashamed."

He lived a life of scholarly and cultured ease, and left behind him the fragment of a charmingly modest, sincere and unaffected autobiography, in which the story of the writing of his great work is told. He records the conception of the project and its successful termination in the following words: "It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the capitol, while the barefooted friars were

singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first entered my mind. * * *

"It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

Gulliver's Travels.

THERE are three of four books in the world which, though not written for children or intended for them in any way, after having fulfilled their original purpose, have fallen into the hands of young people, have been appropriated by them, and have thus become endowed with everlasting life. *Gulliver's Travels* is one of them, and it will always be held by children at a certain stage of their mental growth as one of their most delightful story-books. It was written by Jonathan Swift, who was Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin, the greatest and most original satirist of his own or perhaps of any age. He was an Irishman, and he lived at a time when Ireland was suffering most from the injustice of the British government.

There were no great newspapers in those days, and the only way of influencing public opinion was by writing and distributing pamphlets. A great deal of important work was done by Swift by writing powerful satirical pamphlets against the doings of the Government, and *Gulliver's Travels* was really a larger kind of political pamphlet satirizing the action of the court and statesmen of the time. It was intended to vex the men in power, and it may have done so, but it has largely diverted generations since those against whom it was directed have long turned to dust.

The book was published in 1727, and it is in four parts. It begins by giving Gulliver's account of himself and the voyage on which he was wrecked and driven ashore in the island of Lilliput, an island inhabited by a race of pigmies, who find in him a source of amazement and interest, on account of his enormous size compared with themselves. They call him the "man mountain," and overpowering him by their number, they make him follow certain rules for his conduct. He learns their arts and their civilization, and aids them in their warfare.

The next part describes a voyage to Brobdingnag, where exactly contrary conditions exist. Gulliver is a midget amongst monsters. The inhabitants of Brobdingnag find him so small that he becomes the toy and sport of the ladies of the court, and here the grossness of mankind is shown up as their pettiness was shown up in Lilliput. Then he goes to Laputa, where everyone is absorbed in intellectual pursuits, and is eccentric and pedantic. On another voyage he finds the Struldbrugs, a tribe of men who have gained physical immortality without immortal youth, and find it an awful curse rather than a blessing.

His last voyage takes him into the country of the Houyhnhnms, a country inhabited by horses, who are immensely superior to the Yahoos, as they call the despised and bestial men of the earth, and of whom

they have a worse opinion than did the King of Brobdingnag, who remarked to Gulliver: "The bulk of your natives appear to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the face of the earth."

Now what has been the reason for the success of such an apparently uninviting and disagreeable story? For one reason it is told in clear, easy and familiar style; the wonderful adventures of the hero, in the new worlds in which he finds himself, are related in such a vivid manner that every reader wanders with the writer among the places and people described with open-eyed wonder and astonishment; for the young it combines the interest of *Robinson Crusoe* and the charm of a fairy tale. It belongs to the world's great wonder books. Its political allusions are unheeded, its satire is not felt, its cynicism disappears

> "And lo! the book from all its end beguiled,
> A harmless wonder to some happy child."

Don Quixote.

AMADIS, of Gaul, is the hero of a number of Spanish romances of the Middle Ages, similar to the group of English romances which circle around King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, and to the group of French ones which circle around King Charlemagne and his twelve peers. They are traced back to the fourteenth century, and have been popular with the people for the past five hundred years.

These romances of chivalry had early been corrupted, embroidered and emasculated, until they had become a tissue of tiresome absurdities, which were doing much to weaken, corrupt and pervert the moral and intellectual character of the Spanish people; and in the sixteenth century one Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra wrote a novel entitled *The Adventures of*

Don Quixote, the Knight Errant of La Mancha, with the intention of killing them by bringing them into ridicule.

If he did not succeed in killing them, he produced one of the most frankly amusing books that has ever been written, and his brilliant and clever satire ended by becoming a brilliant panorama of Spanish society in the sixteenth century. Its pages are crowded with nobles, knights, poets, courtly gentlemen, priests, traders, farmers, barbers, muleteers, scullions, convicts, accomplished ladies, impassioned damsels, Moorish beauties, simple-hearted country girls, and wily city serving-maids; all of which are presented with wonderful fidelity. There is almost as much variety of incident in the story as in that of Gil Blas; there is a wealth of comedy bordering on farce; plenty of keen thrusts at prominent people, which are passed unnoticed by those who do not know the history of the period; and underlying all this is a strain of pathos, a keen sense of our common humanity, and much subtle criticism of life and its problems.

The story is very simple. A certain gentleman of La Mancha, who had little to do but read books of Knight Errantry, at last had his head completely turned by them; his brain was full of nothing but enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, amorous plaints, torments, and all kinds of impossible follies; and to cap everything, he decided one day to turn knight errant and roam through the world, redressing all manner of grievances and exposing himself to all kinds of danger, that he might gain eternal honor and renown.

Arrayed in a suit of armor that had belonged to his grandfather, mounted on an ancient and architectural horse which he called Rozinante, and dubbing himself Don Quixote, he set forth; and the book tells of the adventures that befell him. The days of knight errantry had passed; no one understood either its language or its objects; there was enough of constituted

law and order to make the services of an irresponsible righter of wrongs, a revenger and redresser of grievances unacceptable anywhere, and poor Don Quixote got more kicks than half-pence wherever he went.

After one or two adventures, which did not cure him, he persuaded an old farmhand, Sancho Panza by name, to become his squire, promising to reward him with the first island or empire that his lance should happen to conquer. What with running a tilt at windmills and getting nearly all his bones broken, charging a flock of sheep until he was nearly stoned to death by the shepherd and many other equally foolish and laughable adventures, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza were somewhat bruised and battered; but the bee still buzzed in his bonnet, and when a certain duke and duchess invited him to their castle, and pretended to believe him a mighty hero, he was fooled to the top of his bent. Selecting a small town in the duke's estate named Baratraria, he installed Sancho Panza as Governor, and this gives the author the chance to satirize severely public officials in the counsel which Don Quixote gives on statecraft and in the advice he gives as to the government of this new kingdom.

After staying a time in the duke's castle he wandered off again and met with more incredible adventures, among others laying low an old friend by mistake in an encounter, after which he decided to confine himself to his village for a year. Here he fell sick, and his madness left him. After sleeping for six hours, he one day awoke, praising God and saying, "The cloud of ignorance which continued reading of books of knight errantry had laid upon me is now removed." He regretted that he had so little time to prepare for death, sent for the notary, made his will, set his affairs in order, and fell into a swoon, in which he lay for some days, and awoke in time to receive the last sacraments and to express once more his horror of the books of chivalry, before he slept again forever.

The Pilgrim's Progress.

BUNYAN'S *Pilgrim's Progress,* the Bible, and a few books of dreary Calvinistic theology were the only books in the house when the writer was a lad and lived in a quiet country town in England in the middle of the nineteenth century. Children of that time did, it is true, get some glimpses of the great world of literature from the scraps in the school readers, but they were often anxious for more. Never a fairy tale came into the house, and no poetry but a hymn-book. Had it not been for Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* imagination would have starved to death. But the book written in 1678 for grown-up Saints had fallen into the hands of one little Sinner, who found in its direct, simple, dramatic action, its fairy-like and supernatural scenery, and its superhuman incidents, elements which satisfied his natural craving for imaginative literature. The theological doctrines that it was intended to inculcate and the controversies with which it was concerned were learned many long years afterward.

The full title of the book is *The Pilgrim's Progress from the World to that which is to come, delivered under the Similitude of a Dream.* The writing of it was begun while Bunyan was a prisoner in Bedford Jail. He did not originally plan it to take the form in which it ultimately appeared. He was writing a treatise in which he spoke of the Christian's progress, comparing it to a pilgrimage, when his quick wit elaborated the idea which so many other writers had employed in outline only. His imagination saw "the quagmires and pits, the steep hills, the dark and humble glens, the soft vales and sunny pastures, the gloomy castles and their horrid contents, the towns all bustle and splendor through which the pilgrims must pass, and the narrow path which, straight as a line,

went on, up-hill and down-hill, through city and wilderness, to the Dark River and the shining gate beyond."

Christian, a dweller in the City of Destruction, is warned that he must flee from the wrath which is to come upon the city, if he would be saved; and learning from one called Evangelist the way in which he should go, he starts, carrying a heavy burden on his back. He meets with one Pliable, and they go on together, until they fall into the Slough of Despond. A man called Help rescues him. Mr. Worldly Wiseman tries to turn him away from his purpose, but Evangelist sets him right again. He gets safely through the Straight Gate that leads to the Narrow Way, which brings him to the foot of the Cross, where he lays his burden down and is entertained in the House Beautiful by four lovely damsels, Charity, Discretion, Prudence, and Piety. He starts on his journey again, surmounting the Hill Difficulty, and descends into the Valley of Humiliation. Here he meets and has a terrible battle with Appollyn, in which he is all but worsted.

Christian's next experience is a fearful journey through the Valley of Death, in which hobgoblins, satyrs, dragons, flame, smoke, and dreadful noises do much terrify him; snares, and gins, and traps, and nets all but succeed in entrapping him. Christian and his friend Faithful get through safely; they journey on together to the City of Vanity, for the City of Vanity lies right on the way to the Celestial City, and Beelzebub has had dominion there for five thousand years. Here the pilgrims are mocked, taunted, beaten, rolled in the dirt, and put into a cage. They were brought before Lord Chief Justice Hategood, and the witnesses against them were Envy, Superstition and Pickthank. Faithful was scourged, stoned, and burned to death; but Christian escaped by Hopeful's aid, and got out of Vanity Fair with several men who professed to be going to the Celestial City, but had wandered into By-path Meadow, reached Doubting Castle, and were

locked up in it by Giant Despair. Christian bethought himself of the Key of Promise which he carried in his bosom, and by its means they escape. At last Christian and Hopeful come in sight of the Delectable Mountains, pass through the Enchanted Land, and draw near the Golden Gate of the City Beautiful, and now they cross the dark river that rolls between. Hopeful gets over first and pulls Christian through. They ascend the hill with ease; the bells ring welcome; the gates open wide; the pilgrims are transfigured, wearing raiment that shines like gold; and with harps in their hands and crowns on their heads they walk the golden streets of the Heavenly City. Thus ended the dream.

In a second part, which no one finds quite so interesting as the first, is set forth the departure of Christian's wife and children, their dangerous journey and safe arrival in the desired country.

Robinson Crusoe.

ROBINSON CRUSOE is another of those books which were not written purposely for children. It has stumbled into immortality because of its perfect fitness for satisfying certain intellectual needs of the human boy and girl at a certain stage of their intellectual development.

It was written by Daniel Defoe, who lived in England from 1659 to 1731. He was the son of a London butcher and an ardent politician and writer of political pamphlets, some of which are famous to-day, long after the questions they discussed have been set at rest forever. He wrote several works of fiction, some of which are still read, but in *Robinson Crusoe,* published in 1719, the author appears as the first writer of English fiction that represented men and manners of his own time exactly as they were.

The story is avowedly founded, partly on the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, and partly on The Voyages of Dampier. Alexander Selkirk was a Scotch sailor who sailed with Dampier, and after a quarrel with his captain was put ashore at Juan Fernandez, an island off the west coast of South America, where he remained for five years. William Dampier was an English buccaneer who cruised in the Pacific Ocean in the seventeenth century, explored Australia, and sailed around the world. He wrote two books describing his voyages.

When *Robinson Crusoe* appeared it was at once successful and went into four editions in as many months. As there was no copyright protection, it was widely reprinted without benefit to the author. Speculation was rife as to its authorship, but everyone was fascinated by the book, and everyone was talking about it. It is a very plain and simple story, written in easy style, and so realistically told that the reader lives with the hero all through his adventures, shares his anxieties, feels with him in his sufferings, sympathizes with him in all his mental experiences, and learns to know him as though he had made his acquaintance in real life.

The hero of the story, which is related in the first person, goes to sea in his youth and is shipwrecked on a desert island, where he lives for twenty-eight years. The story tells of his awful loneliness, how he conquered his own fears, built himself a dwelling place, obtained from the wrecked ship everything that could be of use to him, and procured food by all sorts of shifts and contrivances. He makes rules for the guidance of his own life, and draws up a statement showing the advantages and disadvantages of his condition.

After a solitary life of eighteen years he comes across the footprint of a human being in the sand on the seashore, and finds evidence that the island is visited occasionally by cannibals, who practise their or-

gies there. Six years later one of the victims makes his escape, and Robinson Crusoe becomes his protector and friend, names him Friday, and makes a civilized human being of him. He proves to be honest, a true and devoted friend and servant, and after a few years an English ship finds its way to the island and takes them to London. Here the hero, finding himself wealthy, marries and settles down.

This was the story as it first appeared, but it was so successful that it was followed by *The Further Adventures of Robinson Crusoe,* and later by *The Serious Reflections during his Voyages.* The first two parts are generally printed together. In the second part Crusoe describes the island revisited and some further adventures, but it contains none of the elements which made the first part so fascinatingly interesting, except the clear, lucid, simple, direct style of narrative.

There is no other book that gives such a picture of man reduced to his elemental condition, providing himself with food, clothes and shelter. Robinson Crusoe had little beyond his wits, his two hands, and Mother Nature to live upon, and we follow the story of what he did and how he succeeded with unbounded curiosity and breathless interest. It is the retelling in the life of an individual the story of the whole struggle of the human race up from barbarianism to civilization.

But more than this, *The History of Robinson Crusoe* is typical of that great section of the human race to which we belong, and furthermore, it is typical of that section of our race which founded the homes and the civilization of this great Western World. The story of Robinson Crusoe's restless love of adventure, his inextinguishable desire to travel, his passionate love of the sea, his conversion, and his piety, his practical and business instincts could be told of none other than a man of our own race—the race which has given to the world a Drake, a Raleigh, a Frobisher, a Paul Jones, a Fremont, and a Farragut.

The Letters of Lord Chesterfield to His Son and His Godson.

HE who would learn the shame of ignorance, the importance of thinking for one's self, of good breeding, of a knowledge of mankind, of the art of pleasing, of being at ease in all company, of dignity, and of self-control should read this famous book.

He who would learn the dangers, the snares, and the pitfalls of life, and how to avoid them; the evils of awkwardness, forgetfulness, and inconsistency; of breaking faith, of laziness, and frivolity, of rough manners, of flat contradiction, of affectation, giddiness, and inattention; of pride of rank, and birth, and of the thousand and one little vices to which everyone is prone, should study the letters of Lord Chesterfield.

They were written for one eye alone; their author never dreamed of the possibility of their ever seeing the light; they were not published until after his death, and they are living to-day, because it is only when the human soul bares itself without reserve that the souls of others respond. It is only when the heart speaks that heart answers to heart; so spoke and so wrote the holy men of old, authors of many of the great religious books of the world; so wrote and so spoke the men and women who have kindled the beacon lights of literature; so wrote Bunyan in his *Pilgrim's Progress;* so wrote St. Augustine in his *Confessions;* so wrote Newman in his *Apologia;* so wrote Defoe in his *Robinson Crusoe,* and so wrote even the selfish and cynical Lord Chesterfield in these letters. The man revealed himself in them as he was, and the revelation lives.

The letters to his son and his godson extend over a period of nearly thirty years and number some hundreds. When the widow of the son, Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope, published the former in 1774, they were at once successful, and they have been constantly re-

printed both in England and America ever since. In 1890 Lord Carnarvon, who married into the Stanhope family, published Lord Chesterfield's letters to his godson, written in his later years, and while they to a great extent travel over the ground covered by the letters to his son and repeat much of the same cynical, worldly-wise advice, they are infused with a higher sense of real virtue. They more constantly insist upon duty toward God and toward one's neighbor than did those to his son. But this does not necessarily imply that Chesterfield at any time ignored the inculcation of this virtue and these duties. The absence of advice on these subjects in the letters to his son has been frequently commented upon by writers; but they have overlooked the fact that he had provided for the spiritual and religious education of his son by sending with him a tutor, the Rev. Walter Harte, of Oxford, charged with this duty, among others. "I do not speak of religion," he writes; "I am not in a position to do so; the excellent Mr. Harte will do that."

For the rest, it should be remembered that these letters were written in the most unreserved intimacy to an individual, and were never intended for the public eye; but, of course, the characteristic defects and qualities of that individual were ever in the writer's mind. The son had a religious instructor, therefore his father did not concern himself with religious duties; he was naturally studious, therefore his father does not insist too much on the importance of solid learning; he was a young man of fairly clean, moral tendencies, therefore his father does not preach morality.

But the boy was lacking in the social graces. He was shy, awkward, distraught, clumsy; therefore his father insisted on the cultivation of the arts and graces of life. Moreover, the father knew that he must excel in the arts of pleasing if he would make his way in life and overcome the disadvantageous circumstances of his birth; that was the one weapon which he needed

with which to conquer the world. How the father labored with his son to keep this weapon sharp and bright these letters amply testify. Rightly interpreted, properly understood, looked at with a mind free from cant, these letters, prompted by the warmest parental affection and desire for the future welfare of his son, present a noble scheme of education, uniting virtue, learning, and politeness. A fair edifice in three courses: The foundation laid in virtue; on it a solid pile of learning; and then the graces adorning it all.

Ivanhoe.

THE boy or girl, the man or woman who has not read *Ivanhoe* is to be envied, for he or she has a treat in store which is unrivalled. The reading of this book, one of the masterpieces of the great Sir Walter Scott, the Wizard of the North, is an absolutely new experience. With his magic wand the author introduces us into a living world that has long been dead. He presents a pageant which for vividness and brilliancy is only equalled in his other book, *Kenilworth.* The description of the field of the cloth of gold and the jousting at Ashby de la Zouche is only equalled by that of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth.

It is a story of feudal times in England; of the days before Saxon and Norman had completely mixed, and when the Norman was still felt to be the conqueror; not one hundred years had passed since the battle of Hastings; French was still the language of the nobles; it was the language of honor, of chivalry, and even of justice, while the far more manly and expressive Anglo Saxon was abandoned to the use of rustics and hinds, who knew no other. The great gulf was even then in course of being bridged, and the blending of the two languages had already begun.

The Knight of Ivanhoe, Sir Wilfred, was disin-

herited by his father, Cedric, because of his love for his ward, the Saxon maiden, Rowena; and he joined his fortunes to those of Richard I, Cœur de Lion, winning renown with him on one of his crusades. Returning from Palestine, he finds his way to his home in Rotherwood in disguise and appears at a tournament as Desdichado (the disinherited); he is victorious, and is crowned by Rowena, but being wounded in the fray he is taken care of by his friend the Jew, whose name was Isaac, and whose daughter, Rebecca, falls in love with him. Maurice de Bracy, who is a conspirator against the King, and therefore an enemy of Ivanhoe, is enamored of Rowena, and he captures and imprisons her in the castle of Torquilstone, from which she is released, and she afterwards marries Ivanhoe.

Rebecca, the Jew's daughter, is a character even more attractive than the beautiful, dignified, and gentle lady Rowena. She knows that Ivanhoe can never be hers, and offers the Templar, Brian de Bois Guilbert, who is in love with her, any sum for the release of Rowena from prison. He is instrumental in having her condemned to be burnt for sorcery; she is allowed a trial by combat. She selects Ivanhoe to do battle for her; he is victorious and Rebecca is freed.

There are many stories within the main story. King Richard, disguised as the Black Sluggard and the Knight of the Fetterlock, wanders through Sherwood Forest and meets with Robin Hood and his merry men, of whom a full-length living picture is drawn. But every one of the characters is a living picture. Front-de-Boeuf, the brutal baron; Isaac, the Jew; Garth, the swineherd with his dog Fangs, a typical feudal servant; Wamba, the jester, and Ulrica, the old Saxon woman who sets fire to Torquilstone Castle, are only a few out of the characters which crowd the pages of Ivanhoe. Lords and ladies, Knights Templar, monks, priests, prisoners, jailers, men-at-arms, and retainers make up the ever-varying and brilliant

pictures from the page of history which are unrolled by the author of this wonderful book.

It is a picture of the days of chivalry; not the mock-sentimental chivalry which the author of *Don Quixote* made forever ridiculous, but the chivalry which stands for truth, purity, gentleness, courtesy, and nobility.

Les Miserables.

VICTOR HUGO was one of the most distinguished Frenchmen of the nineteenth century; an ardent lover of liberty, right, truth, and justice. He was constantly warring against tyranny and wrong-doing, and he often suffered for the sake of his principles, being twice expelled from his country because he dared to stand up for the rights of the people. In his great novel, *Les Miserables*—which means "the wretched ones"—he handled some of those important social questions that are more frequently evaded than attacked by people who prefer to live in ease over a volcano and take chances of being blown up, rather than to go to the trouble to pull up stakes and get away from the danger; the people who cry peace, peace, when there is no peace are as dangerous as those who are ever scenting warfare.

The wretched ones are the poor, the unfortunate, and the vicious classes. The underworld of Paris, and the terrible hardships of the lives of some of them are here related with dramatic intensity and power. The book contains material enough for two or three ordinary novels, and in spite of its length and somewhat complicated presentation of the materials, it is a story which holds the reader with an irresistible fascination. No picture of the battle of Waterloo can equal that contained in it; there is no such description as Hugo here gives of the marvelous system of the sewers of Paris; and the defense of the barricade and the death

of Gavroche is an absolutely unequaled bit of word painting.

The chief character in the story is Jean Valjean, a poor peasant, who had been imprisoned for nineteen years for stealing a loaf of bread for his sister's starving children. When he escapes from the prison he becomes an Ishmaelite; his hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against him. He is brutish, degraded, sluggish, and inert. A good bishop takes him into his home and gives him food, shelter, and work, but Jean steals his silver candlesticks and runs away. He is captured and brought back by the police, but the bishop saves him by saying the silver was Valjean's own; he had given it to him. This marvelous action changes Valjean's character entirely. The example of one man's goodness set him in the path of reform, and his moral and spiritual growth, his wonderful self-effacement and self-sacrifice are all finely depicted. He becomes in time a rich manufacturer, the mayor of the town, and famous for his good deeds. But he is discovered to be an ex-convict by the detective Javert, who is constantly ferretting him out. At last, in order to save another man who was mistaken for him, he surrenders to the police and is sent back to the galleys to complete his unfinished sentence. But he escapes once more and is reported to have been drowned, and at last it seems as if he is to have some recompense for all his self-sacrificing deeds.

He had befriended a poor unfortunate girl named Fantine, who had been abandoned when she had just become the mother of a little girl. Worn out with the effect of the life she had been forced to lead, she dies, and Cosette, her little girl, is placed with the family Thenardier, who treat her brutally. Jean Valjean rescues her from them, and she grows up to be a handsome woman, loving him like a father, and to whom she is as the apple of his eye, his only solace and his only joy. A worthy young man, Marius, whose life he had saved

when fighting at the barricades by carrying him through the sewers of Paris, falls in love with her, and Valjean arranges the marriage and endows the bride generously. Marius has learned that Jean Valjean is an escaped convict, and for the sake of Cosette's happiness Valjean leaves them, and they see little of him—a supreme act of self-sacrifice of which it might be said: "Truly hath no man greater love than this." Poor Valjean, alone, without interest in life, unable to live without the one on whom he had spent all the wealth of his pent-up affection, is dying when Marius learns the truth that he owes his life to the old man, and he and Cosette hasten to him in time to receive his last blessing.

The Origin of Species and the Descent of Man.

CHARLES DARWIN, one of the greatest scientific investigators and exponents that lived in the nineteenth century, made in these two books the greatest and most important study of the vast subject of the development of man. As often happens, others were working in the same field at the same time, and there are other claimants for the honor of being the first to announce the theory of organic evolution, which, however, will always be called "Darwin's Theory." The discovery of the work of Gregor Mendel in 1900 has led to the modification of the Darwinian theory in some measure, but many of its main positions are unassailable.

The Origin of Species, which was published in 1859, maintains that the idea that each species has been independently created is erroneous; that species are not immutable, but that those belonging to what are called the same *genera* are lineal descendants of some other, generally extinct species, in the same manner as the

acknowledged varieties of any one species are descendants of that species, and that "natural selection" has been the most important but not the exclusive means of modification. In expounding these views, Darwin discusses the variation of animals in domestication and their variation in a state of nature; the struggle for life and the survival of the fittest; natural selection and hybridism; the geological record of animal life on the earth in past ages, and the geographical distribution of various species, showing that the laws that act around us are: "Growth with reproduction; inheritance which is almost implied by reproduction; variability from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life, and from use and disuse: a ratio of increase so high as to lead to a struggle for life and as a consequence to natural selection, entailing divergence of character and the extinction of less-improved forms. Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved.

The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex appeared eleven years after *The Origin of Species* and is the natural sequel to it. "Darwinism," as his theory was called, had been severely attacked, but his work had placed him in the front rank in the world of scientific thought, and this new book created a still hotter fight; the clergy, from the archbishop's throne to the pulpit of the country curate, found a fruitful subject for denunciation in what was deemed the "hateful and wicked doctrines of Darwinism," conceiving that it was an attack upon the Bible story of

creation and calculated to upset religious belief. While it cannot yet be said that the Christian world accepts the entire theory, or that Darwin has "proved his case," it is undoubtedly true that the writing of this great man has had a revolutionary effect upon the modern world of thought.

Vanity Fair.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY has enduring fame as the classical humorist and satirist of the Victorian Age, and one of the greatest novelists, essayists, and critics in the literature of the nineteenth century. He was educated at the Charterhouse School in London, known as "the blue coat" school. This school was founded in 1370, originally as a priory for Carthusian monks, and the boys still dress in the costume of the time of King Edward III: a long blue coat with a leathern belt, no cap, and yellow stockings. The school has always had a high reputation, and among the distinguished men besides Thackeray who were educated there were Addison, Steele, John Wesley, Blackstone, Grote, Thirlwall, Havelock, and John Leech.

Thackeray left the University of Cambridge without taking a degree, and being well off, chose the profession of artist. But this was evidently not the career for him, and when he lost his fortune he turned his attention to literature, first appearing as a journalist. He soon attracted attention by his great knowledge of the world. Keen irony and playful humor were displayed in his writings, and in 1846 he began to publish his novel, *Vanity Fair,* in monthly parts, with illustrations by himself. Long before its completion in 1848, it had won for him a place in the foremost rank of British novelists.

He wrote many other novels, but *Vanity Fair* stands alone. It is a long story, crowded with characters; although it is, as the title states, a novel without a hero. But everyone who reads it finds his own hero in it, and if it has no hero it has a heroine in the person of Becky Sharp, a character who excites our pity and our admiration by turns. The whole story forms a perfect picture of the fashionable world in England at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and while its foibles and follies are relentlessly exposed, the fundamental goodness of heart to be found in most men and women is never lost sight of.

Thackeray never lets us forget that there is some tenderness in the heart of every woman, some bravery and some honor in the heart of every man. The first glimpse we have of the heroine is when on leaving school she flings her dictionary, the last gift of her teacher, out of the carriage window, and we do not lose sight of her, or of her struggles to climb the ladder of social success, all through the story.

The love story of George Osborne and Amelia; their marriage and the obduracy of his father's opposition to it, only broken after George's death, is a story within the story, which would have made the fortune of another novel; and the picture of Brussels on the eve of Waterloo is only equalled by Lord Byron's famous verses. Not less beautiful than George's love story is the character of William Dobbin, the faithful and true, who wins Amelia for himself at last.

Vanity Fair is a story which will only be appreciated by those who have come to know something of the ways of the great world, and it is full of great lessons of life for those who will read it aright.

The Vicar of Wakefield.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD is the title of a novel written by Oliver Goldsmith in the year 1766. The vicar was an honest man, who married early in life and brought up a family of six children. He helped all who were poor and never turned a traveler or stranger from his door. His wife was a good-natured woman; they loved each other tenderly, and were very happy.

They had a beautiful home, and were proud of their children, especially of the two girls Olivia and Sophia, who were very comely; Olivia was open, sprightly, and commanding; Sophia was soft, modest, and alluring. George, the eldest son, was educated at Oxford, and upon leaving college became engaged to marry Miss Wilmot, a daughter of a neighboring clergyman.

Misfortune overtook the vicar, and he accepted a small curacy, together with the management of a distant farm. The first night of their journey thither they put up at an obscure inn within thirty miles of their future home. Here they were introduced to a Mr. Burchell, who, through an act of charity, was in need of money. The vicar lent him the money needed, which he promised to repay as soon as possible. The people upon their arrival at their new home greeted them with great ceremony.

In a few days the landlord, Squire Thornhill, introduced himself to the family and became very friendly with Olivia, who later learned to love him. He introduced them to two city ladies, who, with the parent's consent, arranged for the two girls to go to London, but Mr. Burchell, who had become a friend of the family, prevented the trip. Failing in his first plan, the Squire succeeded in getting Olivia to elope with him. Returning home after a vain search for his daughter, the vicar met Miss Wilmot, who was engaged to the Squire. Miss Wilmot introduced the vicar to her uncle

and aunt, who invited him to remain. The following evening they attended a theatre. The first person to appear on the stage was the vicar's son George, who recognized his father and his old sweetheart. He abandoned the stage. The aunt invited George to come to their house. The Squire hearing his story, still pretending to be a friend, secured for George a position in the army.

The vicar proceeded on his way home, and at the inn where he stopped for the night he found Olivia, who had been abandoned by Thornhill. She told him that they were married by a priest, but that they were both sworn to conceal his name. The same "priest" had already married him to six or eight others whom he had abandoned. The vicar left her at the next inn and went on ahead to prepare the family for her return, but upon nearing his home he found it in flames; the family were saved, but nothing more, and the vicar's arm was severely burned. The neighbors fixed them up in one of the outhouses, and the next morning Sophia went to bring Olivia home. Poor Olivia's grief, which was very great, soon began to impair her beauty, as well as her constitution. But the end of the villainy of Squire Thornhill had not been reached. His approaching marriage to Miss Wilmot was announced, and he made disgraceful proposals to Olivia, with the result that the vicar ordered him from his sight. The Squire then told him he would feel the effects of his insolence. The next morning the steward came for his rent, which they were unable to pay. His wife and children begged him to comply with any terms.

The vicar, however, was obdurate and went to prison, where his family visited him daily. He tried to get his release through Sir William Thornhill, the bad Squire's uncle, but received no reply to his letter. Meantime his daughter Olivia continued to droop and was reported to be dead. Sophia was abducted, and Mr. Burchell was fortunate enough to rescue her.

While the vicar was still in jail his son George was brought home wounded and bleeding. Having heard from his mother of the Squire's villainy towards his sister Olivia, he had attacked and wounded the servants who defended the Squire; hence his plight. And now Sir William Thornhill, who was really Mr. Burchell, came upon the scene. The vicar was released from prison. Olivia was found alive and well. The wicked Squire's machinations were exposed and defeated. Miss Wilmot would have none of him, but insisted on wedding her first love, George. Sir William and Sophia, who had long been lovers, were married, and all were happy at last.

Lorna Doone.

THERE are some books which are absolutely unlike any other. They have a distinct quality and flavor of their own, and it is impossible to compare them with any other kind of writing. Of such is the story of *Lorna Doone* by R. D. Blackmore, which has entitled him to rank among the greatest English novelists of the nineteenth century. He was the son of a clergyman and was born in 1825 at Longworth in Berkshire. He was educated at the grammar school at Tiverton in Devonshire, which was founded by Peter Blundel in 1604. This school is made famous by the fact that the hero of *Lorna Doone,* John Ridd, was educated there, and many are the pilgrims, lovers of the story, who visit it and the neighboring moors year by year.

The story is told in strong, manly English in the first person, by the hero himself, and the language is exactly that of the period in which it is supposed to take place—nearly four hundred years ago, when lawlessness and might, not right, prevailed in many parts of England. It is based on the legends of the robber

Doones, a fierce band of aristocratic outlaws, who were the terror of the countryside.

John Ridd, whose father had been killed by a Doone, tells how he first, when a boy, met Lorna, a fairy-like and beautiful girl, full of idyllic and haunting charm; how later on, when he had grown to be a man of twenty-one, the tallest and stoutest on all Exmoor, he sought her again and won her love; how he was called to London, and on his return found that she was being starved into submission to the will of her folk and into marrying Carver Doone; and how he got her and her maid out of their clutches.

Then we encounter vivid scenes of fire and bloodshed as the Doones attack the home of the Ridds, and are told how they were driven back and how the house of the Doones was burned by the Ridds in revenge. Lorna Doone afterwards goes to London, and it is discovered that she is a great heiress, Lady Lorna Dugal by name, who was related to the Doones and had been abducted by them in the hope of acquiring her wealth by marriage; and we are told in moving language how plain farmer John Ridd fears that he is unworthy of so high born a dame.

But Lorna loves him and her old countryside, and when she returns to it they are married in the old church on Whit Monday; but the wickedness of the Doones is not finished, for as John Ridd stooped to kiss his bride after the clergyman had pronounced them man and wife a shot was fired at her by Carver Doone, and she fell in her blood at her husband's feet. He laid her in his mother's arms, quickly sought the miscreant, and although he was wounded by a bullet, he succeeded in sending him where he could do no more murder.

Heavy-hearted, he returned to sit by his Lorna, who he finds is still alive, and she ultimately recovers. They live happily together for many years, and plain John Ridd becomes Sir John.

So strong, so vigorous, and so intense a story, so full of stirring incident, described in the finest and purest English ever written, is worth reading for its exciting character and for its wonderful descriptions of the scenery and characteristics of the country in which it takes place.

Nights With Uncle Remus.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS is one of the men who has made the nations laugh, and has given pure enjoyment not only to countless thousands of grown-ups, but to every happy boy and girl who has read or heard the stories of "Uncle Remus."

He was a printer's boy, born in Georgia in 1848; he began life as a printer's apprentice, afterwards studied law, and later became a journalist. He was thoroughly familiar with negro life in the early days after the war, and contributed the sketches, stories and songs which made him famous in two hemispheres to the Atlanta newspaper of which he was editor.

Nights with Uncle Remus, which appeared in 1883, is a series of stories told night after night to a little boy by an old negro, who had nothing but pleasant memories of the discipline of slavery, and who has all the prejudices of caste and pride of family that were the natural results of the system.

The stories are many of them the folk tales of the negro race. In reading the folk tales, that is, the stories that have been told from time immemorial by the common people of all nations, one frequently comes across some that very much resemble the Uncle Remus stories; they are found in the North American Indian, the Indian, the Siamese and the Egyptian, and many other collections. In a collection of folk tales of the natives of South Africa there is a story about a tor-

toise and a rabbit which is almost exactly the same as the never-to-be-forgotten one about Brer Rabbit which Mr. Harris tells in such delightful and engaging style.

In these stories, as in "Reynard the Fox," the animals talk and show their native cunning and ready wit. The boy or girl who does not know Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, Brer Possum, and all the rest of the characters in the Uncle Remus collection has a fund of droll and delightful stories yet to read, and it would not be fair to spoil his enjoyment by telling any one of them.

David Harum.

DAVID HARUM was one of the most successful stories produced in the closing years of the nineteenth century. It was written by Edward N. Westcott, and the central figure of the story, who gives the name to it, David Harum, was at once recognized as a wonderful presentation of a characteristic type; his quaint and original sayings have become household words, and his good, wholesome, cheery beliefs are expressed in such a manner that they take hold of and inspire everyone who comes within the sphere of their influence.

The scene is laid in the heart of New York State in a country town called Homeville. Here lived David Harum, the country banker. He is not over well educated, but he has a knowledge of the world and of men and women and of affairs far surpassing that to be found in books, and he has a dry and quaint manner of expressing it which is all his own. The book is full of his quaint, original, and amusing anecdotes, with which he is always ready to point a moral or adorn a tale, and some of his horse-trading experiences are described in an inimitable manner. In spite of them, however, his strong belief was the optimistic one that

there is nothing entirely bad and nothing wholly useless in this world.

There is a love story in the book. David Harum engages John Lenox as a clerk in his bank. He is a young man of refinement and education, brought up in the lap of luxury, who is obliged by reverses of fortune to seek employment. He does not like his employer at first, for David accentuates all his roughness and illiteracy on purpose to try him out. But John soon learns to know, respect, and admire his employer. The lady in the case is Mary Blake. The complications arise out of a missing letter and misunderstandings, which are all cleared up when they meet in Europe after five years, and they are happily married. David Harum, who becomes much attached to both of them, makes John his partner and heir to his property.

The Gesta Romanorum.

GESTA ROMANORUM means the deeds of the Romans, and the book which bears this title is one of the famous "Source Books" of the world; by a "source book" I mean a book from which other writers of books have derived their material; and this book is the source from which more of the stories familiar to the human race to-day have been drawn than almost any other. Chaucer, Shakespeare, and a long line of writers since their time, have derived their inspiration from its contents.

It is a curious collection of anecdotes and tales compiled some time in the thirteenth century, and it was the most popular book of its time. It contains stories not only of Greek and Roman history, but fragments of very various origin, both Oriental and European, and it is written in a very crude, almost barbarous, style. In the days when this book was written the only way

of multiplying copies of books was by writing them out by hand, and almost everyone who made a copy of it added some new stories, so we have several different groups of manuscripts. English groups and German groups, almost all written in Latin, and each containing additional stories current among the English or the Germans at the time the copies were made. It was probably intended as a manual for preachers; all the stories contain a moral, or have one tacked on to it, so that the preacher might find a story or anecdote to suit the theme on which he might be preaching.

The book continued to be popular, and countless copies of it were made all through the Middle Ages; but after the Reformation it was almost forgotten, except by scholars. The famous printer, Wynkyn de Worde, published a translation of it in English about 1510-15, and sixty years later a revised edition was brought out.

It contains the germ of the story of "The Man of Law" in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales;* of the romance of "Guy of Warwick," and also of "Darius and His Three Sons." The famous story of the "Three Black Crows" is found in it, and also that of "The Hermit and the Angel," and a great many others too numerous to mention.

Tom Brown's School Days.

AS long as boys are boys, and boys always will be boys, as everyone knows, there will be readers for at least two books, one English and one American; the English book is *Tom Brown's School-Days,* by Thomas Hughes, and the American book is Thomas Bailey Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy.*

Tom Brown's School Days is a simple, healthy, manly, straightforward story of a simple, healthy, manly English boy, whose school days were passed at

the famous old school of Rugby in Warwickshire, where many of the men whose names are famous in English history were educated. The school was founded in 1567, and for some time was simply a good school for the Warwickshire gentry and a few others, until Dr. Arnold became its head master in the early years of the nineteenth century. He raised the school and the whole profession of teaching to a dignity it had never before attained, and since then the head master and teaching staff of Rugby have been the best that could be found in the profession, and they have always been men of independence of thought and character, who have exercised an enormous influence on the thought and character of the English as a nation.

To this school, then, went Tom Brown, the hero of our story, the eldest son of a good old fox-hunting country squire, Tory to the backbone, but holding that a man is to be valued wholly and solely for what he is himself. Tom was taught that he might associate with lords' sons or ploughmen's sons, provided they were brave and honest; and when he left home to go to the great school his father told him to "tell the truth, keep a brave, kind heart, and never listen to or say anything you would not have your mother and sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home or we to see you."

Tom's early experiences in the great school were easy, but he had to fight his own battles, as every boy must, and the story of the revolt against fagging for the Fifth Form boys is as stirring as the wonderful description of the football match, or the fight between Tom Brown and Slogger Williams.

But the incident in the story which has perhaps had the strongest influence is that entitled "How the tide turned," which illustrates the truth that

> "Once to every man and nation, comes the moment to decide
> In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
> Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside."

A new comer to the school, George Arthur, was put under Tom's special care. He was gentle and timid, and needed for a time the guidance and protection of an older and stronger boy. On the first night of his arrival little Arthur, in the great dormitory full of boys, up to all sorts of fun and noisy pranks, "dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child and the strong man in agony."

The room was silenced at the unwonted sight, some sneered and snickered, and one threw a slipper at Arthur, calling him "a snivelling young shaver." Thereupon Tom took off his boot and threw it at the owner of the slipper, saying, "If any other fellow wants the other boot he knows where to get it." From that time Arthur was never molested, and from that time Tom learned to conquer his own spirit and gained courage to follow Arthur's example, which at length spread throughout the whole school.

The whole story of *Tom Brown's School Days* is a succession of scenes, every one full of interest and true to schoolboy life and character. As Dr. Hadley, of Yale, says, the author "has done for the life of boys the same kind of thing as Shakespeare has done for men and women." Each chapter is a character sketched by itself, which unites with the rest to make up a full and complete whole, showing the entire progress of the school life of Tom and his companions until he is "in the train and away for London, no longer a school boy."

Westward Ho!

THE stirring times in the days of good Queen Bess in England, when Englishmen sailed around the world and their ships went into every sea, and when the power of Spain and the flower of its navy, the

Great Armada, was shattered and destroyed by them, have never been so stirringly depicted as in Charles Kingsley's story of *Westward Ho!*

Out of Devonshire in the west country of England came many of the most famous and stout-hearted of those sea-dogs of old England, the Drakes and Hawkins, the Gilberts and Raleighs, the Grenvilles and the Oxenhams; and out of Devonshire came the hero of this story, Amyas Leigh, a Bideford boy, who had the sea in his blood and whose dearest wish was to roam over the ocean, to see the Indies, and fight the Spaniards.

His wish is gratified, much to his mother's sorrow, and he sails around the world with Sir Francis Drake. On his return he found that his brother Frank, who had won for himself honor at home and abroad, who was the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, and in favor at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, was deeply in love with Rose Salterne, the motherless daughter of the Mayor of Bideford. She was so beautiful that half the men in North Devon were madly in love with "The Rose of Torridge," as she was called. Amyas, his brother, and some of their companions formed what they called the Brotherhood of the Rose just before he sailed for Ireland. There he made captive a Spaniard, Don Guzman, who was held prisoner by Sir Richard Grenville, and then he sailed for Newfoundland on an unfortunate voyage with Sir Humphrey Gilbert, returning in time to learn that the prisoner had escaped, carrying off with him The Rose of Torridge to La Guayra in the West Indies, of which he had been made Governor.

The Mayor said he would spend any money to fit out a ship to avenge his daughter, and the Brotherhood of the Rose lost no time in fitting out *The Rose,* which sailed November 15, 1583, for La Guayra with a hundred men, and food, and guns, and swords, and ammunition on board.

How they went, and how Rose would not leave Don

Guzman, how Frank was wounded, and how that fatal venture of mistaken chivalry was ended, is one of the most exciting parts of the story.

For three years they sailed the seas, and then returned to learn that Frank and Rose had both been burned by order of the Inquisition, and Don Guzman had resigned his governorship.

And now comes the Spanish Armada, and Amyas learns that Don Guzman is on board one of the ships, *The Santa Catharina.* With money left to him by the Mayor, Rose's father, he fitted out another vessel, which he christened *The Vengeance,* and when the Armada melted away in the storms of the North Sea *The Vengeance* pursued her until she struck on Lundy Island and vanished forever. So Frank learned the truth that "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

David Copperfield.

CHARLES DICKENS said that he liked this book the best of all his books; and this is not to be wondered at, for in part it tells the story of his own life, and yet it cannot be exactly called an autobiography.

The scenes of his early childhood when he was employed in a blacking warehouse are depicted in David Copperfield's painful experiences at the wine merchants; and in many places the story follows Dickens's own career.

But besides the hero there are many inimitable creations of character in it, all of whom are so vivid and real that they seem to be personal friends and acquaintances of the reader. Peggotty, David's nurse, and her great good-hearted brother Daniel, the Yarmouth fisherman; Ham, his nephew; Little Em'ly, his niece, and the doleful Mrs. Gummidge make up a family which is never forgotten after their acquaintance is

once made. The gloomy Murdstone and his tyrannical sister, Messrs. Spenlow and Jorkins, and Dora Spenlow David's child-wife; Rosa Dartle, Mr. Wickfield and his daughter Agnes, Betsey Trotwood and Mr. Dick are some of the other chief persons in the story which follows the life of David from his earliest days through his youth at school, his struggles to earn a living, his early marriage and the loss of his child-wife, to a ripe manhood, in which he enjoys well-earned prosperity and the society and counsel of Agnes Wickfield in his second marriage.

There is no truer picture of certain aspects of English school-life than that of David's days at school at Blackheath. There is nothing in all literature more pathetic than the story of the search of Mr. Peggotty for the lost little Em'ly; there is no more thrilling description of a storm than that of the storm at Yarmouth in which James Steerforth lost his wife, and there is no sweeter, purer picture of early boy and girl love—or of that love which comes in riper years—than is to be found in this great story. Mrs. Mowcher, Uriah Heap, and Mr. Micawber are some of the minor characters who are portrayed as vividly as all the rest.

David Copperfield was published in 1850; it was received with acclamation, and has never ceased to be one of Dickens's most popular books.

The Last Days of Pompeii.

THE buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which were covered with the ashes from an outburst of the great volcano of Vesuvius in the year 78 A.D., are among the most profoundly interesting of all the monuments of the past. The vivid description of Pliny, the historian, who was an eye-witness, brings the catastrophe so close home to us that we seem to be

reading an account of what happened yesterday. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the great English novelist and dramatist, has in his pathetic and beautiful story of *The Last Days of Pompeii* brought most distinctly before us the every-day life, the luxuries, the pastimes, and the gaiety of that beautiful seaside resort of the Romans in the far-off days—two thousand years ago.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton wrote over half a hundred novels, and displayed a wonderfully versatile power, especially in dealing with social and psychological problems; his novels are all of them romantic and full of variety of incident and picturesque portraiture. *The Last Days of Pompeii* has always been the most popular of them.

The author thus describes the city at the time his story begins: "Within the narrow compass of its walls was contained a specimen of every gift which luxury offers to power. In its minute but glittering shops, its tiny palaces, its baths, its forum, its theatre, its circus, in the energy yet corruption, in the refinement yet vice, of its people you beheld a model of the whole Roman Empire. It was a toy, a plaything, a show-box, in which the gods seemed pleased to keep the representation of the great monarchy of the earth, and which they afterwards hid from time to give to the wonder of posterity, the moral of the maxim that under the sun there is nothing new."

This was shortly before the destruction of the city; the story ends when it was enveloped in darkness and ruin. It is really the story of the loves of Glaucus, a handsome noble-minded and brilliant Greek, and Ione, a pure and beautiful girl. Arbaces, her guardian, is in love with her, and the struggles between him and the Greek for her possession are among the most striking passages in the book. The character of Nydia, the blind flower girl, who is secretly in love with Glaucus, is one of the most beautiful and pathetic ever portrayed. It is she who, when destruction threatens the

city, conducts the two lovers safely out of it to the sea, and the story thus concludes:

"When the lovers awoke, their first thought was of each other, their next of Nydia. Every crevice of the vessel was searched; there was no trace of her! Mysterious from first to last, the blind Thessalian had vanished from the living world! They guessed her fate in silence, and Glaucus and Ione, while they drew nearer to each other, feeling each other the world itself, forgot their deliverance and wept as for a departed sister."

Alice in Wonderland.

THIS is another of the unique books. There have been thousands of fairy and wonder tales written, but there was never anything like this one since it was published; it has had countless imitators, but there is only one Alice. To describe it is impossible, except to say that it is a series of perfectly impossible incidents happening in a perfectly natural way in a world turned upside down where everyone acts right-side up. Logical thoughts come illogically. Reasonable things come unreasonably, and the book is full of irresponsible fun under perfectly proper control. Its humor is absolutely unstrained, its child-like fancy seems to run wild and unchecked, and yet the whole unreasonable jumble is held together in a perfectly reasonable manner.

We who were brought up on the Alice books always think of the two books, *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass,* as one book, and the above description applies to both; the foundation of the story of the latter is a game of chess instead of a pack of cards as in the former.

Once the author asked a little girl if she had read

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

both the books. "Oh, yes," she said, "I've read both of them, and I think"—this more slowly and thoughtfully—"I think *Through the Looking Glass* is more stupid than *Alice's Adventures;* don't you?"

The Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, the author of the "Alice Books," known as Lewis Carroll, was a writer, a teacher and lecturer on the higher mathematics. Most of the time his mind was absorbed in the most dry and difficult problems; but there was another side to it which worked also for the pleasure and amusement of thousands. He was unmarried, and was very fond of the company of little girls. Among those in whose company he delighted were the three daughters of Dean Liddell, and for them *Alice in Wonderland* was written. Alice Liddell in the verses prefaced to the book tells the story of its writing.

Mr. Dodgson had no idea of publishing the story, but Mr. George MacDonald, the author of *The Princess and the Goblin* and *At the Back of the North Wind,* persuaded him to do so and to the author's great surprise the book was at once a great success and worth more money to him than all his learned treatises, which had cost him years of hard labor.

Very few people, however, knew who was the real author. Mr. Dodgson made up his pen name out of his real name; Lewis is the English form of the German Ludwig, and Carroll is made from Carolus, the Latin word for Charles.

A word must be said about the illustrations. The Alice Books have been illustrated only once, and they can never be illustrated again; they may have pictures given with them, but that is another thing. The book is said to contain "forty-two illustrations by John Tenniel," but it would have been more correct to have said "by John Tenniel, from copies set by the author." Every drawing was made by the great artist from a sketch by the author, and every one was submitted to him for criticism and approval, so that they are, what

very few illustrations are in books of fiction and fancy, illustrations which illustrate, for they are the children of the author's brain just as much as the story is.

The Last of the Mohicans.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER is not only the first American novelist in point of time, but he has been the most popular American novelist abroad. For years his books were more read and enjoyed by English than by American boys, who never thought of the author as a foreigner, or of the books as American; for them his books were just "ripping good stories about Indians," and in such the soul of all boys will always delight.

The Mohicans were the Indians in possession of the country first occupied by the Europeans in the eastern portion of the continent. They were consequently the first to be dispossessed, and the seemingly inevitable fate of all these people who disappeared before the advance, or as it might be termed, the inroads of civilization, as the verdure of their native forests falls before the nipping frost, is represented as having befallen them in *The Last of the Mohicans.* There is sufficient historical truth in the fiction to justify the use that has been made of it.

The Last of the Mohicans is a chain of brilliantly narrated episodes, and it is considered the best of Cooper's works; it is the second in the series of *Leatherstocking Tales.* Leatherstocking was the name given to Natty Bumpo, the central character of the series, a brave and resourceful pioneer of remarkable skill in woodcraft, a clever scout and an Indian fighter. *The Last of the Mohicans* takes the reader back to the time when the red man was in the last days of his vigor, but was still a power to be reckoned with by the white men, whether they came as emigrants or as soldiers.

The story follows the fortunes of Colonel Munro and his two daughters. He was in command at Fort William Henry in the third year of the war between France and England. Captain Duncan Hayward is escorting his daughters under the charge of a native Indian runner, called Le Subtil, or Magua, who leads them into a trap, and they are taken prisoners by the Indians, who are scattered by Hawk-Eye and Duncan; but Magua, who wanted to make Cora his squaw, escaped with her. After a series of adventures of the most thrilling kind both Cora and the Indian are slain and the last of the Mohicans disappears.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

OFTEN at a great crisis in the life of a nation there has arisen a man to handle it and guide the country safely through it; and in one case, at least, a book has helped to bring a great crisis about. When Harriet Beecher Stowe, the famous author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* visited President Lincoln at the White House in 1863, he said, as he took her hand, "so this is the little woman that brought about so great a war." It would be scarcely correct to say that her book caused the war; it was first published in 1851, but there is no doubt that its terrible indictment against the principle of slavery and its practices had more to do with the insistence of the cry for the freedom of the slaves than any other single influence.

In the beginning of the story we are introduced to the Shelby family living in Kentucky, and to Mr. and Mrs. Augustine St. Clare and Eva, their daughter, and to Uncle Tom, a devoted and pious slave. When the St. Clares had to sell their property Tom was bought by Simon Legree, whose unspeakable cruelty at last sends him to his heavenly rest, and George Shelby, who

found him on his dying bed, decided to "do what one man can do to drive out the curse of slavery from his land."

The escape of Eliza, a beautiful negress, the daughter of Cassy, who is married to George Harris, and her crossing the Ohio River on the ice with her little boy on her back, is one of the most breathlessly exciting incidents in all literature; the story of the death of little Eva is one of the most beautifully pathetic pieces of description ever written; the sketch of Topsy, the black limb of mischief, who " 'specs dat she was never born, but jess growed," is an inimitable picture; and all the characters which crowd the pages of the book are striking portraits or studies from the life.

Few books have sold so largely as *Uncle Tom's Cabin;* ten thousand copies were sold in a week from its appearance and three hundred thousand in the first year. It has been translated into all the European languages, and is to-day one of the best sellers among what are known as the works of The Standard Authors. It was at once reprinted in England, and there are no means of knowing how many copies were sold there, as there was no copyright and every publisher of standard books has added it to his list. It has been dramatized, and it is the most intensely melodramatic play ever put on the stage; it is constantly being played and never fails to draw not only in this country and in England, but at the moment of this writing, sixty years after the book was published, it is being played in Italian, in the country towns of Italy.

A well-known critic has said that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* runs contrary to all the recognized principles of the art of story-writing; its plot is ill-proportioned, the style and diction are neither perfect or pure, and the humor and pathos might be called cheap; and yet it lives in spite of the critics. It belongs to the highest class of literature, because literature is life and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* throbs with living human interest.

Ben Hur.

OF all the works of fiction produced during the last quarter of the nineteenth century few attracted more attention than *Ben Hur: a Tale of the Christ,* by General Lewis Wallace, the soldier-lawyer, and American minister to Turkey from 1881-1885. For wealth of material and breadth of canvas, the picture it presents is almost indescribable; there is material enough in the story to make half a dozen books, but owing to the author's great and facile power of description, his remarkable ability in construction, and his wide and deep knowledge of Oriental customs and Oriental thinking, he has made a picture which stamps itself on the mind and lives imprinted there for all time. Remarkable as has been its success as a novel, it has been even more successful on the stage; it is constantly being played and always to full houses. Many of the scenes, such as the chariot race, lend themselves especially to stage representation, and the whole story is full of situations which are admirably adapted to spectacular effects.

The story begins with the coming of the three Wise Men of the East to do homage to the babe that is born in a manger in Bethlehem, and later on the hero, Judah Ben Hur, is introduced. He is the youthful head of a rich and noble family, living in Jerusalem with his mother, a widow, and his sister, whom he dearly loves. One day when the new Roman Governor Valerius visited the city in state, the brother and sister go to the top of their flat-roofed house to see the great procession pass by. As the governor passes, a loosened tile is accidentally dislodged from the roof and falls upon him, felling him to the ground. Ben Hur is at once seized and accused of having tried to murder the governor, and there are not wanting those ready to accuse him of treasonable feelings against the Roman occupation, among them being his bosom friend Mes-

sala, a Roman noble. Ben Hur's property is confiscated and he is sent to the galleys for life. It is impossible to follow the story into all the exciting incidents which befell its hero, who meets both John the Baptist and Jesus Christ, whose miracles so impress him that he adopts the Christian faith.

PART III.

Some Famous Plays.

Prometheus.

PROMETHEUS was one of the old Greek gods, a Titan of a gigantic race, who inhabited the earth before the creation of man. His name means "forethought," and he had a brother named Epithemeus, which means "afterthought." The two brothers were charged with the duty of providing man and animals with all things necessary for their life and preservation. Epithemeus was to do the work and Prometheus was to overlook it. So Epithemeus gave to the animals their qualities of courage, strength, swiftness, and sagacity; wings to one kind, claws to another kind, coverings of wool, of hair, of fur, or of shells to other kinds, and so forth. But when he came to provide for man he found that he had been too generous; he had exhausted all his resources upon the animals, and he had nothing left for man, who was destined to be the superior of all the animals.

In his difficulty he went to his brother Prometheus, who, with the aid of Minerva, went up to heaven, lighted his torch at the chariot of the sun, and brought down fire to man. With this gift man was at once above all the animals in knowledge and power.

"The mortals," said Prometheus, "had no sense, knew no season's signs, no letters, had no yoked beasts, no cars to roam the sea, no metals, no arts; all these they have from me." Fire enabled man to make weapons to subdue the animals, and tools wherewith to cultivate the earth; fire enabled them to warm their dwellings and be independent of climate, to introduce

the arts, and to coin money for the purpose of trade and commerce.

For this service to man, Zeus, the new king of the gods, who despised mortals and would have destroyed them and peopled the earth with a new race, ordered that Prometheus should be bound to a rock. The story of his being bound is told by the Greek dramatist, Æschylus, who lived and wrote in Athens about five hundred years before Christ; his purpose being to ridicule the gods in whom the ignorant people of that day believed.

THE STORY OF THE DRAMA.

Zeus ordered Vulcan and Strength to chain Prometheus to a rock in Scythia on the confines of the ocean. Thither they led him, and Vulcan, the mighty smith, after many protests from Prometheus, riveted him with indissoluble chains to the savage rock, and with taunts from Strength, they left him there. Oceanus appealed to him to repent and allow him to mediate with Zeus for his release, but Prometheus was obdurate and would not. Then came Io, who had been doomed to wander from land to land and from sea to sea. Prometheus told of all that the future had in store for her, and prophesied that one of her descendants should set him free. She departed, and for long ages Prometheus suffered torments, hurling bold defiance at the Powers that had placed him on the rock. At length came the great Hercules, the mightiest hero of all story, and in spite of the thunderbolts hurled at him from heaven and the storms of snow and sleet which encircled him, he climbed to the top of the rock, slew the fierce eagles that had long tormented the imprisoned Titan, and with one blow of his mighty sword severed the chains which so long had fettered him.

The Clouds.

THE CLOUDS of Aristophanes, one of the best-known of the plays by the great comic poet and dramatist of Greece, who lived and wrote about 500 B.C., contains a speech, that of Dikaios Logos, which is considered one of the finest passages in Greek literature.

The play is an attack on a new spirit of intellectual inquiry that was growing up at that time. The physical philosophers and the teachers of rhetoric and literature represent the two phases of thought. Aristophanes evidently wished to show that the tendency of both was not to successful teaching, for instead of being cured of his dissolute propensities by being sent to school to Socrates, the hero of the play becomes a dishonest and impious man.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

Strepsiades, a well-to-do citizen of Athens, had a son, Pheidippides, whose mind was bent on nothing but horses and horse-racing. Pheidippides talked of horses and chariots even in his sleep. The father was losing sleep and health owing to the worry caused by the bills he had to pay for the extravagance of his son and of his wife.

One day he urged his son to go to the Thinking School of the new philosophy, where he might learn the secrets of both sides of every argument, the honest and the unjust, so that he might by doing so be enabled to evade paying his bills. But the son refused to go, saying that, "study spoils the complexion." So the father determined to go himself; and telling the son to go to the dogs, turned him out of the house.

The Thinking School was held in the house of Socrates. There Strepsiades found the great philosopher in deep thought suspended from the ceiling in a basket. "What are those men doing there stooping

so oddly?" the new student asked of the master. "Proving secrets deep as Tartarus," was the reply. "And those men there, why are their backs stuck so high?" he asked. "They are studying astronomy," was the answer. They showed him their maps, and he asked why, with all their thought power, they could not arrange them better and get Lacedemon farther from Athens. "And what are you doing there, dangling between earth and sky?" he asked. Socrates replied that "things divine cannot be learned below, for the earth absorbs into itself the moisture of the brain. It is the same with watercress." Strepsiades thus learned that watercress grew by thinking, but what he wanted to learn was the new arguments for and against paying his bills.

Then Socrates introduced Strepsiades to the Clouds, who are the great divinities of idle men. They sat down, and as the Clouds passed, Socrates invoked them in beautiful verse. They answered in rolling thunder, which brought the new student to his knees in fear. Now four-and-twenty ethereal goddesses in cloud-like drapery descended in bodily form to instruct him in the mysterious science which was to free him from his debts. He learned that there were three true deities, Chaos, the Clouds, and the great ruler of the world, Vortex, and that the machinery of the world went on by a wheel. Socrates asked Strepsiades if he had a good memory, and he replied that he had two kinds of memory: a strong one for what was owing him, and a weak one for what he owed; adding that cheating was his strongest point. Socrates decided that he was too stupid to learn, and turned him out of the school. The only thing he had learned was that it was no good to swear by Jupiter, since he was not one of the true deities.

The son was then persuaded to try to learn, but he said that his father would rue the day he did so. The two *Arguments* now appeared, the Just and the Un-

just. One was an elderly citizen; the other a young philosopher. They represented both the old and the new style of training and education. The Just expounded the laws of Justice, Temperance, and Modesty which had made the men of Marathon; the Unjust labored to prove that Lawyers, Poets, and Orators were blackguards.

The Thinking School proved a failure for the son, as well as the father. The son had now no reverence for his parents, and the father protested that it would have been better to have allowed his son to go on driving four-in-hands to his heart's content rather than that he should have become so subtle a philosopher that he could complain to the Clouds, for they replied that the fault was his own, since he had sought to be instructed in the School of Injustice. Incensed at this, and at having learned nothing to help him pay his bills, Strepsiades now called his slaves and bade them bring ladders and mattocks with which to storm the School of Thinking. He mounted the roof himself and set fire to the timbers. When the students rushed out in dismay and called him to task he told them that he was "holding a subtle disputation with the rafters." Socrates aroused, inquired what he was doing on the roof, and he retorted: "I walk in air and contemplate the sun." No effort was made to put out the fire, and the play ends in a grand tableau of the Thinking School on fire, with Socrates and his pupils shrieking from the windows half smothered in smoke and flames.

Everyman.

EVERYMAN is one of those morality plays which were common in the old world for three hundred years before Shakespeare. The word morality evidently comes from the French, and signifies a series of moral reflections conveyed in an allegory; it refers

to discourses on the moral qualities rather than the morality which with us to-day means good moral behavior. The manner of presenting these plays was crude and simple; there was no elaborate scenery; and the players were dressed in plain and simple habits, which symbolised the characters they represented. This morality play is called "A Treatise on how the High Father of Heaven sendeth Death to summon every creature to come and give an account of their lives in the world."

The persons in the play are Everyman, Goods, Beauty, Fellowship, Knowledge, Discretion, Death, Good Deeds, Strength, Kindred, Confession, and Five Wits.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

In the beginning of the play God in Heaven sends his messenger, Death, to call Everyman to him. He finds His creatures are unkind and He will have Everyman called as an example. So Death comes to Everyman with his message, and bids him to bring with him his account book of his good and his bad deeds. Everyman pleads that he is not ready, asks for time to make up his account, offers money—a thousand pounds—for delay, but Death will give him no respite, and tells him he can never come back again. Everyman asks if he can take some companions with him. Death tells him he may, if he can find any so hardy as to keep him company, and so leaves him to make ready shortly, for "this is the day that no man living can escape away." Everyman then calls on Fellowship, who had promised him to be ever a good friend, ready to follow him anywhere; but when he tells him the journey on which he wishes Fellowship to go with him, he will not go that journey; he would be with him to eat and drink and make good cheer, or even to commit a murder, but on this journey he would not bear him company.

Everyman now prays Kindred and Goods to go with him; but so desolate a journey is not for such

false friends; and at last he turns to Good Deeds, but this friend is so weak that she can neither go nor speak, and she counsels him to ask Knowledge to go with him. Knowledge takes him to Confession, who counsels him to do penance and obtain shrift. This he does and Good Deeds is now delivered of her sickness and ready to go with him. Knowledge then counsels him to put on the garment of Contrition; and Everyman professes himself ready to go on his journey.

But Good Deeds now tells him he must take three strong people with him, Beauty, Strength, and Discretion, and have Five Wits as his Counsellors. Everyman calls on Beauty, but she is deaf and will not go for all the gold in his chest. Strength also refuses to accompany him, though he weep till his heart break. Discretion, seeing that Beauty and Strength had gone, follows them, and Five Wits now begins to take leave of him also. Finally Everyman is left alone with Knowledge and Good Deeds. Knowledge now tells Everyman he must leave him at the last, but he will not go until he sees where Everyman arrives. At length all have left him but Good Deeds, who says:

> "Beauty, Strength and Discretion do man forsake—
> Foolish friends and kinsmen that fair spake—
> All fleeth save Good Deeds."

Everyman then commends himself to God and goes on his journey, Knowledge saying as he goes:

> "Now hath he suffered that we all shall endure
> The Good Deeds shall make all sure.
> Now hath he made ending;
> Me thinketh that I hear angels sing,
> And make great joy and melody,
> Where Everyman's soul received shall be."

And the Angels sing:

> "Thy reckoning is crystal clear,
> Now shalt thou into the heavenly sphere,
> Unto the which all ye shall come,
> That loveth well before thy doom."

Edward II.

EDWARD II, King of England, was the first king born Prince of Wales. He came to the throne in 1307. It was in his reign that the famous battle was fought in which Robert Bruce of Scotland defeated the King and his army at Bannockburn. The story of the plots and counterplots of kings and barons during Edward II's reign is told by Shakespeare in this, one of the series of his famous historical plays. While the period of Edward's reign is pretty well covered, the story as told by Shakespeare must not be accepted as true history, but it gives a good picture of the time and as nearly a true exposition of the characters of the people as can be inferred from their recorded actions.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

King Edward II aroused the anger of his nobles because he listened to flatterers, and took to himself as boon companions and advisers men of the common people. He invited the Gascon Knight, Piers Gaveston, to come and share the kingdom with him, and made him Lord High Chamberlain, Chief Secretary of State, Earl of Cornwall, King and Lord of the Isle of Man amidst the protestations of his noblemen.

The barons and earls of England, chief among whom were Kent, brother to the King, Lancaster, Warwick, Pembroke, the elder, and the younger Mortimer, went to war against the King and his favorite, and treacherously put Gaveston to death, and the King, neglectful of the Queen and Prince, fled before them. Meantime young Spencer, who had served under the Earl of Gloucester, offered his services with flattery to the King, who at once granted him high favor; later he was joined by the elder Spencer, whom the King made Earl of Wiltshire, and together they determined to make a stand against the nobles.

Queen Isabel, with the young Prince Edward, then

joined the King, bearing news that the Lord Valois, her brother, King of France, because Edward had been lacking in homage, had seized Normandy. The King answered that this was nothing compared to his grief that he would never more see Gaveston; Valois and he would soon be friends again, but meantime he would send the Queen and her little son to attend upon and parley with the King of France.

The King's army was victorious, the Earls of Warwick and Lancaster were beheaded, and Young Mortimer taken prisoner. Encouraged by success, young Spencer sent to France to prevent the Queen's plans, which, he said "were to make friends, to cross the seas with her young son, and step into his father's regiment."

Young Mortimer escaped from prison, and with Kent made his way to France to persuade the Queen to return to England in the Prince's right, that England's Queen might repossess her dignities and honors, and that they might remove the flatterers from the King. Young Prince Edward was sure that his father would quickly love him more than he did Spencer, if he could only go to him, but such was not the intention, for young Mortimer was ambitious to dispose of the King, to make himself the Protector of the Prince, and to win the love of the Queen.

The Queen's army scattered the King's forces, and the King was taken prisoner, carried about from castle to castle, and forced to send his crown to the new court, by orders of the young Mortimer, who dared not yet order his death. The Queen, at first professing all love for her husband, flattered Mortimer with her love and advised that it was better to be rid of the King.

Young Mortimer wrote an order for the King's death in such words of Latin that it might be read in either of two ways: "Fear not to kill the King; 'tis good he die," or "Kill not the King; 'tis good to fear the worst," sending by the hired murderer an order

to the watchers of the King to kill the murderer when the deed was done.

Kent was brought in, a prisoner, before the court charged with having attempted a rescue of the King, and amid the protestations of the Prince, but with the consent of the Queen, young Mortimer ordered his death. The sweet young Prince cried, "What safety may I look for at his hands if that my uncle shall be murdered thus?" The Queen, indifferent, responded that she would guard them, adding: "Come, son, we'll ride a hunting in the park."

The young Prince's heart was not to be hardened. When the messenger betrayed young Mortimer as the murderer of his father he at once assumed royal command, ordered the immediate execution of young Mortimer and the imprisonment in the Tower of the Queen, who had clearly assented to the dastardly deed. He himself mourned his father's death with sweet sincerity, saying:

> "And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,
> Be witness of my grief and innocency."

Othello, the Moor of Venice.

SAD and gloomy as this tragedy is, it is one of the greatest that Shakespeare wrote, one of the greatest in the world, and full of enchanting interest. Not only is the story itself most absorbing, but the language and style place it in a class by itself in our literature. Never was there a more artless tale told than that of Othello, in which he tells how he won the love of Desdemona, and never were the pains and misery of jealousy more truly and more poignantly represented than in the description of the unfortunate Othello's condition of mind before the final acts of the tragedy.

THE STORY OF THE TRAGEDY.

The story opens with expressions of hatred from Iago, an old soldier under Othello the Moor, a general in the Venetian army, who has appointed Michael Cassio lieutenant instead of promoting him.

When Iago learned that Othello was secretly married to Desdemona, the beautiful daughter of Brabantio, a Venetian Senator, he sent word to Brabantio that his daughter has been carried off by the Moor. Brabantio enraged, followed Othello to the Council Hall of the Duke of Venice, where he found the Duke and Othello in grave consultation over a threatened attack on Cyprus by the Turks. Brabantio excitedly told of the loss of his daughter, and pointing at Othello, cried, "There is the man, that Moor." Othello acknowledged the marriage, and while Desdemona was sent for he told them in a plain, unvarnished tale that it was the stories of his adventurous life and the perils he had met that had won her love. Desdemona came to the Court and spoke of her great love for her father, but she said her love for her husband was greater. Brabantio, with the taunting words, "Look well to her, Moor; she has deceived her father and may thee," took his leave.

Appointed Governor of Cyprus by the Duke, Othello must go at once, and Desdemona must follow in the care of Iago, whom Othello believed to be his friend. She was accompanied by Emilia, the wife of Iago, as attendant. A storm at sea separated the fleet. Cassio, who was in another vessel, arrived first at the island, and on Desdemona's arrival, he being a much honored friend of her and her husband, greeted her after her dangers on the sea: "Behold the riches of the ship is come on shore; tempests themselves have let in safety land the divine Desdemona, our great captain's captain." She graciously thanked the valiant Cassio, and asked for tidings of her lord. He, too, arrived safely, and rejoicing in the reunion, greeted his wife: "My fair warrior, Oh, my soul's joy."

All the happiness of the united friends was fuel to the flame of Iago's wrath, and he planned to turn the music into discord. The Turkish fleet was destroyed by the tempest, and a day of rejoicing was appointed. Othello warned Cassio to guard the watch well that night, and not to "outsport discretion." But Cassio was led on by crafty Iago to drink until he was unfit for duty, and created such a noise that Othello was called out. Othello remorsefully declared: "I love you, Cassio, but nevermore can you be officer of mine," for both Othello and Desdemona loved and trusted Cassio.

Iago advised Cassio to plead with Desdemona to ask her husband for his forgiveness, and a meeting was soon arranged by Iago, who in the meantime advised Othello to watch Desdemona. The poison soon began to work; Othello listened to the false accusations and the lies of Iago; day by day he lost faith in his generous-hearted wife, who, innocent herself of all guile, could not understand the change in her husband, whom she loved so dearly. Trifles light as air are, to the jealous, proofs as strong as Holy Writ. Othello had given Desdemona a wondrously-worked handkerchief; Emilia, at her husband's request, picked it up one day; Iago took it from her and purposely dropped it near to Cassio, so as to make it appear that it was in Cassio's possession.

So Iago goes on with his wicked work until at last there is no hope for Desdemona; the unfortunate taunt of her father rankles in his mind, "Vile, she must be." He at last accuses her grievously, and she declares her innocence again and again, but he will not listen. At her bedside, where worn out with sorrow she sleeps, and in her sleep is so beautiful, Othello with one last touch of love, stoops to kiss her. She awakes and cries for mercy, but he stifles her to death. Too late, he learns his fatal mistake from Emilia's horror-stricken words, and stabbed by his own hand, he falls by Des-

demona's side. Iago stabs Emilia, the wife who now knows his treachery, and he is borne away to prison, to torture, and to death.

Richard III.

RICHARD III, of England, a Plantagenet, son of Richard, Duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield, was a younger brother of Edward IV. On July 6, 1483, he was crowned King. Shakespeare's tragedy of Richard III, the most popular of his series of historical plays, depicts the series of terrible crimes by means of which Richard removed all other heirs and became King, until Richmond, of the House of Lancaster, defeated him in battle and ruled in his stead, as Henry VII.

Throughout the play Richard bears himself as one who stands alone, and who has "neither pity, love nor fear." But his own conscience is awakened, and when he lies down to rest he is "scared with dreams and terrified with visions."

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

The young Edward, Prince of Wales, and his father, King Henry VI, had been murdered. Before the latter was buried Richard was plotting the death of his own brother George, Duke of Clarence, who stood next in succession. The reigning King, Edward IV, was grievously ill, and it suited Richard's foul purposes to have Clarence out of the way before the King died.

Richard intercepted Anne, the widow of the murdered Edward, Prince of Wales, as she was accompanying the hearse of her husband's father, King Henry VI, to the burial. She railed against Richard with much natural bitterness, but soon afterwards,

with his honeyed words and wonderful power of bringing all persons to his way of thinking, she consented, secretly, to become his wife.

The Duke of Clarence, George, was imprisoned in the Tower and was soon murdered by the command of his brother, Richard, who at the same time was professing love to his kinsmen, especially to the two Queens whom he had made widows, and promising them that the rival Houses of Lancaster and Plantagenet should now be at peace. This was seen to be impossible, however, when the murder of Clarence was known, and was quickly followed by the death of the King. The Unhappy widows, the Duchess of York, mother now of but one son, Richard, and Elizabeth, mother of the new young King, Edward V, knew not which mourned the more. The King, a beauteous lad, was now sent to be crowned. Queen Elizabeth's brother, Earl Rivers, and her son by another marriage, Lord Grey, who were sent as escorts, were imprisoned by Richard, and on the Prince's arrival in London he and his younger brother were sent, virtually as prisoners, to the Tower.

The throne was then seized by Richard, and he was hailed with acclamation by the bishops and other courtiers, who knew that they must do so or lose their heads, as the Lord of Hastings and others had done. But the crown rested uneasily on his head as long as any lawful heirs to the throne were alive, and with the greatest villainy which even he had yet shown, he ordered the death of the beautiful innocent Princes in the Tower. But yet another heir remained, Elizabeth, a younger sister to the Princes, and without regard for human tie, Richard planned the death of his Queen, Anne, and even amid the curses of Elizabeth, as of Anne before her, he persuaded her, the mother of the Princess Elizabeth, to give him her daughter for wife, that the two royal houses of England might be united in one offspring.

Fortunately for the poor princess, Henry, Earl of Richmond, advanced with a rebel army, defeated Richard, and finding him on foot and crying: "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" killed him, " 'ere he had enriched the royal Houses with further stain of blood."

Romeo and Juliet.

ROMEO AND JULIET, a tale of true love and of true lover's constancy, has been one of the best loved plays of Shakespeare. It is one of those stories which never grow old, and sad as the ending is, it never fails to charm and move alike those who see it on the stage and those who read it in the book.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

The two chief families of Verona—the Capulets and the Montagues—with all their friends and servants, were bitter enemies. The Capulets had a beautiful daughter, Juliet, a child of fourteen. The Montagues had a son, Romeo, a dashing young fellow, in love with Rosaline, a young lady who did not return his love. Lady and Prince Capulet informed their child, Juliet, that it was time that she married, hoping that she would prefer the Count Paris, a friend of the family.

Two friends of Romeo, Benvolio and Mercutio, persuaded Romeo to attend a masked ball given by the Prince Montague, by telling him that he would there see more beautiful ladies than his Rosaline. This proved true, and Romeo fell in love with Juliet at first sight. Juliet also fell in love with Romeo, neither knowing who the other was.

The following night Romeo scaled the orchard wall and stood beneath Juliet's window, hoping to catch a glimpse of her. He heard her saying that she loved Romeo, and lamenting that he was a Montague;

"still," she said, "what's in a name?" Romeo and Juliet soon were aware of each other's presence and declared their mutual passion, she at last whispering that if he would name the hour and place she would away and marry him. She agreed to send her nurse to the cell of the family priest, Friar Lawrence, to receive the message.

The night being now far spent, Romeo hied him away to Friar Lawrence, whom he found just starting out in the early morn to gather dewy herbs. After some persuasion the friar consented to marry Romeo and Juliet secretly, thinking that a union of the Capulets and Montagues might end the feud between the two families. All was carefully arranged, and the clever old nurse was instructed to bring Juliet at once to the cell to be married. She was ordered to provide her with a rope by which to escape from her room unobserved.

All went merrily as planned, and Juliet returned to her home to await the signal to meet her lover again. Meantime Romeo had gone forth to meet his friends, whom he found engaged in dispute with young Tybalt, a nephew of the Montagues, who was incensed at Romeo's behavior at the ball. Romeo, wishing now to be friends with his wife's family, tried to make peace, but Tybalt, the more embittered, killed Mercutio, whereupon Romeo, to revenge his death, killed Tybalt and took refuge in Friar Lawrence's cell.

Prince Montague, on hearing of the death of his nephew, ordered the banishment of Romeo. Friar Lawrence urged him to escape to Mantua before daybreak, promising to keep him informed of the movements of Juliet until it should be safe to return. Romeo again scaled the wall and sorrowfully bade farewell to Juliet, leaving before the break of day.

Juliet's grief for Romeo's banishment was thought to be for the loss of her cousin Tybalt, and to console her her parents ordered that she should be married to

Count Paris within three days. To this Juliet was obstinately opposed, but her father insisted. The nurse secretly urged her to appear to agree to do as her father wished, while she went to the Friar for advice. He gave Juliet a sleeping potion which would put her into a death-like sleep for exactly forty-two hours, after which she would awake, unharmed; the family in ignorance buried her in the family tomb, and the Friar promised that he and Romeo would rescue her when she awoke.

Romeo, hearing through his old servant that Juliet was dead, gained entrance to the tomb, and slaying Count Paris, who stood on secret guard with his page, drank a cup of poison, that he might be united in death with his beloved Juliet.

As soon as the forty-two hours expired Juliet awoke, and the Friar, learning that his message to Romeo explaining the plot had miscarried, arrived at the tomb alone, and terrified at the scene which met him there called to Juliet to follow him and flee to safety. The faithful Juliet, finding the cup of poison empty, stabbed herself with Romeo's sword just as the watch, warned by the page, broke in.

The page and Romeo's servant told their story, and the Friar, seeing that suspicion might rest on him as the murderer, told the whole truth. The heads of the two families, aghast at the awful result of their long-continued feud, agreed to end it then and there, and the Prince Montague promised to erect a statue of pure gold to the faithful Juliet, and the Prince Capulet one to Romeo.

Macbeth.

IN every one of the plays that Shakespeare wrote there is to be discerned one or more great, leading lessons of life, something which illustrates the working of the inevitable laws which govern our actions and

bring about results from them. It needs no great skill to find what are the laws which are at work all through his great tragedy of "Macbeth."

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

Macbeth was a Scottish lord or thane, a near relative of the King of Scotland, Duncan the Meek. He was a brave soldier and an honest, upright man, but his wife was ambitious and greedy for power, caring little by what means she secured it.

Macbeth and Banquo one day encountered three witches who predicted their future, promising a kingship for Macbeth and telling Banquo that he would be lesser than Macbeth, and greater; not so happy, but happier, and that his sons should sit upon the throne. Lady Macbeth no sooner heard of the prophecies for her husband than she set to work to bring about their fulfilment. When the King with his two sons honored Macbeth's castle with a visit, Lady Macbeth drugged the guards and went to the King's room to stab him to death. As he lay sleeping his resemblance to her own father was so great that she could not. Finally after long persuasion, Macbeth haunted with all kinds of fear, summoned up courage at her instigation to kill the King himself, and his wife stained the face of the guard with blood so as to fasten the guilt on him. But though suspicion fell on Macbeth, he succeeded to the throne, as the two sons of the King had fled from the country. And now the King and Queen, to prevent the prophecy about Banquo and his sons from coming true, determined to murder him also, and carried out their design in the most foul and treacherous manner.

Henceforth Macbeth was haunted by fear and remorse. The ghost of the murdered Banquo appeared at his banquets; the dagger with which he killed the King was always present to his sight; sleep was denied him; and he consulted the witches to learn of his future fate. Among other things they told him that

he should never be vanquished "till Birnam Wood came to Dunsinane," from which he augured that he would live long and never be conquered. Then the witches summoned up the ghosts of the murdered men and revealed to Macbeth that after all Banquo's sons should succeed him. And now, as if the appetite for murder grew by what it fed on, Macbeth, hearing that Macduff was intending to displace him on the throne, needlessly and cruelly put to death Macduff's wife and children. Soon Lady Macbeth, worn out with the horror of the terrible dreams which had pursued her ever since the murder of the King, died by her own hand, and the guilty King was left alone. In the meantime Macduff and Malcolm, the eldest son of the murdered Duncan, were on their way to attack him in his castle. One day a watcher came with the word that the woods in Birnam were moving toward the castle. The approaching army, to conceal their numbers, had cut down boughs and each man bore one before him. This gave the impression of a moving forest, and to Macbeth was a fulfillment of the witches' prophecy.

When at length Macduff reached the castle he and Macbeth engaged in a personal and fierce encounter. In the end Macbeth was overcome, his head was cut off and presented to Malcolm, who ascended the throne of his murdered father, Duncan the Meek.

King Lear.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

THERE was once a King in ancient Britain called King Lear. When he grew old and was worn out with his duties he wished to be relieved from his cares and to find repose and ease with his much loved daughters. There were three of them, Goneril, who had married the Duke of Cornwall; Regan, who had married the Duke of Albany; and the maiden Cordelia, who

had two suitors for her hand, the Duke of Burgundy and the King of France.

The King decided to divide his kingdom among them and to give his crown to the one who loved him best of all. So in the presence of the Duke of Kent, a loyal and faithful follower of the King; the Duke of Gloucester and his two sons, Edmund and Edgar, and other courtiers, the King asked each of his daughters in turn how much she loved him. Now Cordelia was his favorite child, and in his secret heart he hoped that she would be the one to receive his crown and the largest share of the kingdom, and that she would care for him for the rest of his days. Goneril was the first to reply to her father's question and she said: "Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter, dearer than eyesight, space and liberty," concluding, "Beyond all manner of so much, I love you." The second daughter, Regan, protested in the same false way, saying: "I am made of that self metal as my sister, and prize me at her worth." Cordelia, youngest and most beloved of her father, disgusted with the hollow flattery of her sisters, whose protestations of affection she knew were not true, faithfully answered: "I love your majesty according to my bond; no more, no less. Good, my lord, you have begot me, bred me, loved me; I return these duties back as are right and fit; obey you, love you, and most honor you. Why have my sisters husbands, if they say they love you all? Haply, when I shall wed, that lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry half my love with him, half my care and duty. Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters, to love my father all."

Overcome with disappointment, in his rage and frenzy King Lear could not distinguish between the true and the false. He disinherited the more than faithful Cordelia and divided his all between the two oldest daughters. This seemed like madness to his courtiers, who knew that the youngest had always been

the treasure of his heart. The Duke of Kent tried to dissuade him and to show him what great love Cordelia still bore him. But Lear would hear none of it and promptly ordered the good Duke into exile for his interference.

To the Duke of Burgundy and the King of France King Lear then offered Cordelia's shorn hand. Coldly replied the first: "Royal Lear, give but that portion which yourself proposed." King Lear returned: "Nothing. I have sworn. I am firm." Then with stately courtliness the King of France took the fair hand of Cordelia, crying: "Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon; Queen of us, of ours, and our fair France."

King Lear, now homeless and unprotected, is left to the mercies of Goneril and Regan. With his train he accompanied Goneril and the Duke of Cornwall to their home to spend the first month with them, and then the second with Regan, and so on. Meantime the Duke of Kent, thinking that Lear would need his protection, disguised himself as a slave and acted as his faithful body servant.

It was not long before Goneril began to abuse her father, and such severe trouble arose that Lear prepared to visit Regan, who he trusted would make him happier. But Goneril sent word secretly to Regan, and she with her husband and train went to the palace of the Duke of Albany, and between them they drove the already half-crazed and tortured father and King out into the wilds of the moor and seashore, where he wandered in distress, exposed to storm and weather, comforted only by the faithful Duke of Kent, and learning the painful lesson, "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."

Cordelia heard of his distress, and hastily gathering a French army, went to his rescue. On finding him she first ordered him to be rested, and clothed according to his rank, and when the exhausted Lear was

sufficiently rested she went into him, and comforted him, and restored him largely to his right mind. But the unhappy King was not long allowed to enjoy the company and the comfort of his best-beloved and long-lost child.

The two sisters sent forces against Cordelia's army and defeated them. Lear and Cordelia were taken prisoners. Goneril, in a fit of jealousy, poisoned Regan, and then when the Duke of Albany rebuked her for unfaithfulness she took her own life. Lear and Cordelia were not only imprisoned, through the orders of Goneril, but Cordelia ended her life in prison. The wretched King could not bear this final shock, and after vainly trying to bring Cordelia back to life, he died of a broken heart.

The Faithful Shepherdess.

JOHN FLETCHER, the English dramatist, who with Beaumont was living in Shakespeare's time, wrote many plays, both alone and in collaboration with Francis Beaumont. *The Faithful Shepherdess* is one of those he himself wrote, and it is said that Milton's *Comus* owes much to this work of John Fletcher.

The Faithful Shepherdess is a pastoral tragic comedy, a presentation of the shepherds and shepherdesses of Thessaly, their actions and their desires. Their only arts are those of singing and poetry, the use of the healing herbs and fountains, and the control of the elements.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

Clorin, the virgin shepherdess, mourning for her buried lover, establishes her bower near his grave, and devotes her life to healing the sick with simple herbs. Four shepherds and shepherdesses, with an old shepherd, have performed the festal rites to Pan, the god

of the shepherds, and now the Priest of Pan comes to sprinkle them with water and to dedicate them to all purity. They then disband to plan for the pleasures of the evening.

Perigot and Amoret declare their love for one another and promise to meet that night in the holy wood near the virtue-giving well. Amarillis now vainly tempts Perigot with her love, until, angrily, she with the sullen shepherd plans revenge.

Amarillis, meeting Perigot, declares her love for him, but he is not to be won from his Amoret, and she turns to Daphnis, who agrees to spend the evening with her. Cloe and Alexis next come on the scene, in which she bids him meet her in the wood that night.

The old shepherd now rings a bell, and the Priest of Pan sings a vesper song:

> "Shepherds all, and maiden fair,
> Fold your flocks up, for the air
> 'Gins to thicken, and the sun
> Already his great course hath run.
> Therefore, from such danger lock
> Everyone his loved flock;
> So you shall good shepherds prove,
> And forever hold the love
> Of our great god."

Thenot, another of the shepherds, who is in love with Clorin, repairs to her bower to declare his passion, but she bids him retire,

> "And let time wear out
> What art and nature cannot bring about."

A satyr, who had before discovered the charms of Clorin, now appears at her bower, bearing in his arms Alexis, wounded by the wild and faithless Cloe. With herbs on the wound, water from the virtue-giving spring on the temples, under the moonbeams, and finally with plaster and unction, Alexis is restored, and leading him into the bower, Clorin is left to care for his wound.

Thenot again returns and throws himself down to die within sight of Clorin's cabin, but she hits upon a scheme by which she may seem to reciprocate his passion and yet remain loyal.

> "'Tis done, great Pan, I give thee thanks for it.
> What art could not have healed is cured by wit.
> I rather choose, though I a woman be,
> He should speak ill of all than die for me."

The blushing morn now peeps through the windows, and the Priest of Pan calls: "Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep," but none can be found in their beds, and the old shepherd leads the Priest to their haunts.

Meantime Amarillis, to revenge Perigot, had assumed the form of Amoret and made bold but impure love to Perigot, very unlike the manner of the real Amoret. Perigot, incensed beyond control, fled from her, and later, meeting his own Amoret, and failing to see the difference between the real and the disguised one, in his anger wounds and deserts her. The Satyr finds the distressed Amoret and carries her to Clorin. Healing herbs are applied, but they fail to heal, because someone impure is near. Cloe and Daphnis are brought before Clorin, who, begging the Satyr to sprinkle the contents of a glass to purify the air, tests the purity of each by thrusting a finger in a flame, which burns only those who have sinned. Daphnis, tried and found pure, departs. Cloe's finger burns in the flame, the wound of Alexis bleeds again, and she is quickly banished, ere she harm him further.

As the Priests and the old shepherd come near the bower, Amarillis, fleeing from the sullen shepherd, overtakes them, and they drag him with them to the bower. As Alexis and Cloe are renewing their vows of purity, Pergiot enters, and seeing Amoret, but not knowing her, kneels in reverence before her, and Clorin chants:

> "Join your hands and rise together;
> Pan be blessed that brought you hither."

The Priest and the old shepherd now arrive, and the Satyr applies the test to the Priest, which shows that there is no more untainted flesh than his. The Priest brings in Amarillis, whose hand burns not in the taper, and the gods are thanked that she is good.

They all kneel while the Priest blesses them, and rising, strew the ground with flowers while singing:

> "Ever honored, ever young,
> Thus great Pan is ever sung."

The Satyr asks Clorin to tell him what new service is now fittest for him, and she answers: "No other service, Satyr, but thy watch about these thickets, lest harmless people catch mischief or sad mischance." "And," she concluded, "to thee all my master's love be free."

The Alchemist.

FOR countless ages mankind has vainly sought for the philosopher's stone which shall turn everything it touches into gold; for a medicine which shall cure all diseases; a drink which shall be the elixir of life. Strange as it may seem, this foolish search has, in some ways, proved of benefit to mankind; in searching for it the way to make Dresden China was discovered; the composition of gunpowder found out; the properties of acids ascertained, and the medicinal values of many of the salts were stumbled upon. On the other hand, the belief in the possibility of discovering these things has given rise to more cheating, lying, roguery, and thieving than almost any other single thing. Smart and capable men and women, by trading upon the gullibility of their fellow creatures, have made them give up their fortunes and their persons, under promise of conferring upon them the power to create gold or to cure all diseases. Alchemy, astrology, fortune-telling, and magic of all kinds have

been exposed over and over again, and literature abounds with pictures of such arch-swindlers as Dousterswivel in Sir Walter Scott's *The Antiquary,* or as Subtle in the famous dramatist Ben Jonson's, play entitled *The Alchemist*, which was written at a period—the seventeenth century—when the belief in such nonsense was rampant, and when more people were being gulled by quackery in England than ever has been done since. Jonson's play was one of the influences which, by exposing the rascality and pretensions of these professions, gave one of the many blows to the belief in them, which, however, have not entirely killed it.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

Mr. Lovewit, the owner of a house in London, was frightened away from the city by the outbreak of the plague, and left his home in charge of Jeremy, the house servant. As "Satan finds more mischief still for idle hands to do," Jeremy was easily corrupted by a mere quack and cheat, well named Subtle, and his ally, Surley, a gamester. They persuaded him to let them occupy his master's house and carry on their thieving games there; they agreed to share and share alike in the proceeds. They soon drew all kinds of easily fooled people to the house, and cheated them by telling fortunes, pretending to cure diseases, etc. Among these dupes was Sir Epicure Mammon, who supplied money for the changing of the baser metals into gold; Abel Drugger, a tobacconist, who sought to learn lucky days on which to sell tobacco and cosmetics; Dapper, the lawyer's clerk; Ananias, the Puritan, who, while declaiming against the mass and rites of the Church, found the counterfeiting of money quite lawful, and many others. While Subtle remained at home, professing purity of life, and talking eloquent alchemical jargon to the dupes, Captain Face, as Jeremy the house servant, was called, went out to procure more,

and aided by the women Dame Pliant and Dol Common, the game went merrily on, the cheaters cheating each other and the dupers themselves being duped, until the whole business was exploded by the unexpected return to town of the master of the house.

Comus.

COMUS is a play in the form of a *Masque,* a dramatic composition which was much in vogue in England about the time of Queen Elizabeth. It was a stage representation intended solely for the rich, cultivated, and leisurely. It did not appeal to the people, and therefore never took firm hold. It generally included rich scenery, pretty music and dancing, and the representation of the doings of some mythological heroes and heroines. It had little action or incident, and was rather a succession of scenes illustrated by song and dance, than a play as it is now understood.

The Masque entitled *Comus* was written by the great master-mind of English literature, John Milton, in 1634, and it is one of the few that have survived. Not long after it was written the Puritan wave swept over the country, and plays of every kind were abolished in England.

The scene of *Comus* is laid in a wild wood. The attendant Spirit descends from the threshold of the Court of Jove, bent upon helping those who "By due steps aspire to lay their just hands on that golden key that opens the palace of eternity." The wood is under the spell of the magician Comus, and in order to break the spell the attendant Spirit puts on the garb of a country lad, a shepherd boy called Thyrsis.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

Comus and his riotous crowd of monsters with human bodies and wild beasts' heads, are making night

hideous with their tumult, and with torches in their hands, shouting, "The glory of night over day," and with "knit hands" beating the ground in a "light fantastic round," till Comus called, "Break off. I feel chaste footing; 'tis some virgin sure. I must appear to be some harmless villager. Here she comes."

Immediately the lady whose footsteps he had heard enters upon the scene, and tells how she has lost her two brothers in the wood, describes her fears, and the danger she knows the enchanted wood holds for her. She takes courage, however, in the thought that a clear conscience, with Faith, Hope, and Charity, will guard her, and that she, being chaste in thought and deed, is well armed. Then hoping that her brothers may hear it, she sings a sweet song to the goddess Echo, which reaches the ear of Comus, and so delights him that he follows the sound. When they meet he is enraptured with her at once, and when he hears her story promises to restore her to her brothers. Thinking him a shepherd, and trusting him as an honest man, she bids him lead on, while she follows.

As the lost lady and Comus disappear from sight the brothers appear. The first one appeals to the "moon and muffled stars or some gentle taper" to light them on their way; the second asks for the way to find some refuge near, for he is troubled for his sister's fate. His brother tries to cheer him with the consolations of philosophy and religion. As they are talking together they hear a halloo, to which they respond, and this guides the attendant spirit to them in the guise of the shepherd boy Thyrsis.

At once to the shepherd the brothers exclaim: "How came you here, good swain? What is wrong? How could you find this dark nook? No trivial errand has brought you. Oh, my virgin lady! Where is she? How chance she is not in your company?"

On hearing that she is lost Thyrsis is most un-

happy. He tells them of Comus, the magician, and of his power, by means of a baneful cup, to change the visage of man and woman into the inglorious likeness of a beast. "I heard," he continued, "his monstrous riot, and then ere long I heard my lady's voice; poor, hapless nightingale. I ran with headlong haste and heard her telling how she had lost you, and then I heard you halloo, and followed the sound."

The shepherd then gives them a small root, unsightly but of divine effect, called *haemony,* said to be of sovereign use against all enchantments. "With it," he said, "you may with dauntless hardihood rush on the sorcerer, shed his wicked liquor on the ground, and seize his wand."

The scene changes then to a stately palace, where the lady sits in an enchanted chair, and Comus offers her the glass of cordial julep, which was the baneful cup. She puts it by and rises. Comus warns her to keep seated, for "if I but wave this wand you are a statue." She retorts: "You cannot touch the freedom of my mind," and scorns him as a false traitor, turning with disgust from his "eat, drink, and be merry" ideas of worldly joy, and she extols the pleasures of soberness, temperance, and chastity. Comus, half convinced, exclaims: "She fables not"; but still he tempted her, and still she would not, as he wished, "be wise and taste."

While he is persuading her, the brothers rush in upon them with swords drawn, wrest the glass from his hand, and drive him and his wicked herd away; but they do not take away his wand, without which the lady could not be set free. Thyrsis remembers Sabrina, "a virgin pure, who can by music be invoked," and sings a prayer to her that she would in the name of the many gods and goddesses listen and save the lady. Sabrina hearing soon arrives, sets her free from the enchanted seat, and the lady and her brothers go on their journey to the castle. In the meantime Thyrsis

resumes his original character of attendant Spirit, and sings:

"But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly or I can run.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love virtue; she alone is free.
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

Tartuffe.

THE comedy of *Tartuffe* was written about 1667 by the great Frenchman, Molière. Tartuffe is the hypocrite of all ages and for all time; the comedy showed so well the hypocrisy of the age that the play was forbidden because it was believed to ridicule certain living gentlemen of France.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

The scene is laid in Paris. Tartuffe, a pious pretender, had come to the home of Orgon literally beggared, and had so ingratiated himself with Orgon by means of his pretended piety, that he considered himself clothed with the authority of the master of the house. "He is nothing but a hypocrite," declared Dorinne, the maid. Tartuffe, in fact, thought of nothing but himself, and ate and drank until he became red-faced and fat. Orgon actually promised Tartuffe his daughter Marianne's hand, although she was already promised to another, and was only waiting for her father to set the day for her marriage with him. Elmire, the wife of Orgon, begged Tartuffe to aid in marrying Marianne to her true lover; Tartuffe, however, seized the opportunity to make love to Elmire herself; Damas, the young son of Orgon, who had been hiding in a closet, heard all that passed, burst out as his father entered, and exposed everything to him.

Tartuffe readily declared himself a villain and full of iniquity, and said that Heaven had taken this means to mortify him, and that he deserved to be driven out of the house as a criminal; but he said it in such a sanctimonious style, and was so repentant, that Orgon was quite deceived and fell to abusing his son. Tartuffe went on his knees to beg mercy for the son, until Orgon himself fell on his knees and embraced Tartuffe, declaring that he would hasten to give his daughter to him, that he might abash the pride of his whole family; and when Damas continued to protest his father drove him from the house, never to return.

Tartuffe now hypocritically bemoaned the trouble he had caused; he said his heart was so oppressed that he feared it would be his death; he thought it necessary for him to leave the house since he was the cause of so much trouble, and since the family hated him and mistrusted his integrity. But Orgon declared that his life depended on Tartuffe's remaining, and Tartuffe agreeing, said he would mortify himself by avoiding Elmire. Orgon declared that he must be with her constantly, and that he would bequeath him all his property with his house, while Tartuffe murmured, "The will of Heaven be done in all things."

That evening Orgon insisted that Marianne sign the contract of marriage with Tartuffe, but she bitterly objected, and Elmire set herself to prove to her husband what a hypocrite Tartuffe was. Sending for him she hid her husband under the table. She then quickly encouraged Tartuffe again in declarations of love, but he warily begged for some favor of sincerity. As she feared to offend that Heaven of which he was always speaking, Tartuffe assured her that "Sinning in secret is no sinning at all." Elmire sent him to see if her husband was about, and as he returned with outstretched arms to embrace Elmire, Orgon sprang from his hiding place, crying: "Pray, no more, hypocrite, but go!" Tartuffe reminded him that the house was

now his, and that all must leave, for the deed of gift had been given. Orgon, alarmed, hurried up-stairs to get a box of papers entrusted to him by a friend, and which he had shown to Tartuffe, who had recommended that they should be given into his sole charge.

Here a summons from Tartuffe, through an officer, ordered the family to leave the house the next day with all their belongings; in the meantime they were to be guarded by ten or twelve men, and this officer was to take the key of the door.

Tartuffe next arrested Damas, and on Orgon reproaching him for his ingratitude, he replied: "Yes, I know what help I received from you; but the King's interest is my first duty. The just obligation of this sacred duty stifles all gratitude of my heart, and to such a powerful consideration I would sacrifice friend, wife, kindred, and myself with them."

"The hypocrite!" exclaimed Elmire, while Dorine murmured, "How artfully he makes for himself a lovely cloak of all that is sacred."

As Cleante, Elmire's brother, continued to reproach him, he turned to the officer, saying grandiloquently: "Pray, sir, deliver me from this clamor, and be good enough to execute your orders."

"Yes," answered the officer; "we have no doubt delayed too long in discharging them. Follow me directly to the prison, which is destined to be your abode." Here, turning to Orgon, the officer explained that Tartuffe was a notorious state criminal whom the King, with his discerning eye, had recognized beneath the cloak of hypocrisy. Cleante cried: "Leave the wretch to his fate, and do not add to the remorse that overwhelms him. Rather wish that his heart, from this day, may be converted to virtue, and that in detesting vice he may reform his life."

Athaliah.

SOME of the most famous dramas that have been presented on the stage are scenes from Jewish history as told in the Bible. The great French dramatist, Racine, who lived in the seventeenth century, built his famous play, *Athaliah,* upon the Bible story which is found in both the second book of Chronicles and the second book of Kings. The scene is laid in Jerusalem, and most of the action passes in the Temple itself. There had been a succession of wicked kings over Israel, and the last of them, Ahaziah, and his brethren were all put to death for their incompetency and misdeeds.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

On the death of Ahaziah, his mother, Athaliah, determined to seat herself on the throne. She therefore commanded the slaughter of all the male heirs, brothers and sons of the royal house of Judah. One grandson, however, the babe Joash, is saved by his aunt Jehosheba, the wife of the High Priest, Jehoiada. The child with his nurse was hidden from his grandmother and brought up in the temple until he was eight years of age, and was known only as Eliakim, a foundling.

The High Priest, Jehoiada, warned by Abner, one of the chief officers of the King, that the idolatrous wickedness of Athaliah was beyond bounds, and that the lives of Jehoiada and of his wife and the sanctity of the temple were in danger, decided that the time was ripe to declare Eliakim to be Joash, and to proclaim and crown him King. He told his wife: "The time is come for us to speak; thy happy theft can be no longer hid." She was sorely distressed, remembering the fury and the cruelty of the Queen, the awful scene of carnage, the blood-stained children, and her own great love for the boy. She grieved, too, for her own weakness and for her want of faith in God's care. She

asked: "Whom can we trust?" The priest answered: "Our priests and our Levites." Very sorrowfully Jehosheba went to join her maidens, who were preparing for a great feast day in the temple.

Suddenly the son of Jehosheba, Zachariah, pale and excited, rushed towards her, crying, "The temple is profaned. A woman, Athaliah herself, is there. My father bade her begone, when suddenly her boldness forsook her. She stood in terror, her eyes fixed on Eliakim. I know no more."

Athaliah had left the Temple, and sent for the priests of Baal. She told them of her dreams. Her mother, Jezabel, appeared and warned her that the God of Judea would triumph over her; she had had a vision of a boy in shining robes who plunged a dagger in her breast. Twice again that same child came, always to stab her in the heart. Athaliah told them of her visit to the Temple: "By instinct I went to the God whom the Jews adore, thinking offerings would appease His wrath; there I saw again the boy who came in my dreams." She begged Jehoiada that she might see the boy, Eliakim, again. She saw him, and his beauty and innocence won her love; she begged him to stay; to be her son; but Eliakim scorned "such a mother." Enraged, she sent troops to storm the Temple, but still thinking of the boy, she twice sent messengers to Jehoiada: "Give me the boy and the treasure of David, and your lives are safe." The High Priest heard not her prayer, but prepared to make formal announcement of Eliakim's true name and birth. The Temple was guarded with armed men, and Jehoiada ordered Joash to bring out the Book of Holy Law, and to lay beside it the diadem and the sword of David. The boy wondered at these preparations, and thought that he was to be sacrificed. He declared his readiness, if it was the will of God. And when the High Priest told him the true story of himself he could hardly believe it.

When Eliakim was crowned as King Joash and was placed on the throne, the Queen, Athaliah, was permitted to enter the Temple; and when she saw the boy on the throne she could hardly control herself, but called out: "Yes, it is Joash. It is vain to deny it now. 'Twas here I gave the command to have him slain. I trace his kinship with the line I hate," and here she cursed him. Angrily Jehoiada shouts:

> "Out of the Temple precints, have her forth
> At once, nor be its Holy Courts profaned;
> Go and avenge your princes' massacre."

Joash, the boy on the throne, prayed that the curse might be turned from him, saying: "Let Joash die 'ere he forgets his God."

She Stoops to Conquer.

THIS comedy by Oliver Goldsmith banished forever the sickly, sentimental, unnatural, and unhealthful plays which had dominated the English stage during a great part of the eighteenth century. It appealed at once to the love of the people for natural, healthy, rollicking scenes from real life, peopled, as it was, with men and women of real flesh and blood. It was an immediate success, and has held the stage ever since it first appeared in London in 1773. No mere telling of the story can give an idea of the inimitable fun with which it abounds, nor of the character of Tony Lumpkin, if a little coarse and "low," his actions, although full of fun and mischief, present nothing that is really harmful. The main incident, the mistaking of a private house for an inn, actually happened to the author himself, and the play is one of the best examples of the best functions of the stage—that of affording innocent amusement.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

Old Hardcastle, an English gentleman, who "loved old friends, old times, old manners, old books, and old

wine,'' invited Mr. Marlowe, the son of his old friend, Sir Charles Marlowe, to come with his friend Hastings to spend a few days at his home, hoping that his daughter Kate might look favorably on the idea of marrying him.

The young men lost their way, and discouraged in the darkness, sought beds at the Village Inn, but none were to be had. Tony Lumpkin, always there, and always ready for a joke, recognized them as his stepfather's expected guests, represented his home to them as the Buck's Head Inn, and told them they would find accommodation there.

Glad of the prospect of shelter, the young men soon reached the house, and supposing Hardcastle to be the host of the inn, innocently gave their orders and engaged in banter with the ladies to the wonder and boundless indignation of their dignified and unsuspecting host.

A niece of Mrs. Hardcastle, Miss Neville, recognized Hastings as her lover, who had come to carry her off if he could. She explained Tony's joke to him, but they agreed not to enlighten young Marlowe. The daughter Kate shared the secret and acted in league with them.

Now Young Marlowe had a reputation of being very reserved, stiff, and formal among ladies of breeding, but quite a jolly fellow among barmaids and country lassies. To please her old-fashioned father, Kate had for some time worn a simple serving-maid's costume at night—in contrast to her finery of the day—and now she determined to win Marlowe in her rôle of a general household assistant. Marlowe fell easily into the trap, after having had one stiff, prim interview with Kate before she donned her evening costume and entered upon her evening duties.

Hastings and Miss Neville were ready to steal away, waiting only to get possession of Miss Neville's sole inheritance, a box of jewels, which was in Mrs.

Hardcastle's keeping. Mrs. Hardcastle wished her son, Tony Lumpkin, to marry Miss Neville, her niece, which neither of them desired. So they enlisted Tony's aid and he promptly stole and delivered the jewels to them. Hastings gave them, without explanation, into the care of Marlowe, who for safe custody handed them to Mrs. Hardcastle, whom he assumed to be the landlady. She was delighted at their recovery, and guarded them with great care. Hastings addressed a note to Tony Lumpkin, giving the rendezvous where Miss Neville should meet him for the elopement. The hapless Tony could not read it, and Miss Neville, not wishing Mrs. Hardcastle to know its contents, pretending to read it, invented a version of it which Tony could not understand. Tony, impatient, handed the letter to his mother, who, on learning its contents, insisted that Miss Neville should for safety go at once with her by carriage to her old aunt, Pedigree, forty miles distant.

Tony Lumpkin, after plotting with Hastings, disguised himself as the driver, and guided them with such skill that in an hour they were landed in the pond at the foot of the garden, where he quickly transferred his cousin to her lover's carriage, while his mother made her way supposedly to Miss Pedigree's home at the top of the garden, but she was really in her own grounds; here she encountered her husband out for a stroll and piteously begged: "Mr. Highwayman, spare me." Mr. Hardcastle recognized the situation as one of Tony's old tricks.

Meantime Marlowe's father arrived and revealed the true situation to his son. That they might learn of his true character among women not of his own class, and of his professed love for her as the housemaid, Kate hid the two fathers behind screens, while she engaged Marlowe in conversation. The conversation convinced them that the bashful and reserved Marlowe was truly in love with Kate, who did not regret that

she "Stooped to Conquer," and the marriage was arranged forthwith.

Mrs. Hardcastle entered, crying, "So, so they've gone off. Let them go, I care not," and explained that her niece and Hastings had escaped, but without the jewels.

"Surely, Dorothy," exclaimed Mr. Hardcastle, "you cannot be so mercenary."

"That's my affair, not yours," she retorted, and explained that they were only to be Miss Neville's if on the coming of age of Tony Lumpkin he refused her hand. "Ay," concluded the worthy Mrs. Hardcastle, "but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal."

To the consternation of Mrs. Hardcastle, the runaway lovers at that moment returned to claim the jewels, and Hardcastle, with an aroused sense of justice, announced that the irresponsible Tony had been of age for three months past. Tony was therefore at liberty to accept or refuse Miss Neville. He thereupon, taking Miss Neville's hand, magnanimously declared, "Witness all men by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire, of blank place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife."

The happy, genial Hardcastle then cried out: "So now to supper. To-morrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us, and the 'Mistakes of a Night' shall be crowned with a merry morning."

The School for Scandal.

THE plays of Oliver Goldsmith and of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, both Irishmen, are among the wittiest, the most sparkling, and sprightly of any that were written during the eighteenth century. The situations are ingenious and often unexpected; the

characters, if a little exaggerated, are generally true to nature, and the dialogue cannot even be done justice to in print; it must be heard in its proper setting to be fully appreciated.

The comedy, *The School for Scandal,* was written by Sheridan in 1777, and became instantly popular. It has been a great favorite with the public ever since. With all its fun, it is a severe showing up of some of the follies to which all human nature is prone, and it contains lessons by which young and old may profit.

THE PEOPLE OF THE PLAY.

The people of the play are Sir Peter Teazle and his wife; Sir Oliver Surface and his two nephews, Charles and Joseph; Sir Benjamin Backbite, Lady Sneerwell and her tool, Snake; Moses, a Jewish money lender; Mrs. Candour and Maria, who is the ward of Sir Peter Teazle, and also an heiress; Sir Peter Teazle is also the guardian of Charles Surface. Charles and Joseph Surface both aspire to the hand of the heiress Maria, Charles with a sincere affection, and Joseph with an eye to her fortune. Charles is a gay, reckless, young scapegrace, but with a good heart; Joseph, his brother, is a model young man, full of noble sentiments indeed, but utterly untrustworthy and unscrupulous. The unsuspicious Sir Peter favors the suit of Joseph for Maria's hand, but she loves Charles and detests the model youth, for she sees through his character and motives.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

Sir Peter Teazle was fifty when he married the very young daughter of a country squire and brought her to London. She got into the company of the Backbites, the Sneerwells, and the Candours, and she soon became as clever and as dangerous a gossip and scandalmonger as any of them, turning a deaf ear to her husband's reproaches, for he had begun to suspect her of an attachment for young Charles Surface. This, how-

ever, was an unjust suspicion, for Joseph, who had begun to court the wife in order to induce her to help him to secure the hand and fortune of Maria, was carrying on a flirtation with Lady Teazle.

The rich uncle Oliver, who had always generously supplied his nephews with money during his long absence in India, returned to London while things were at this stage. He was personally unknown to his nephews, and although he has been made aware of the worthy character of the good Joseph and the prodigal wickedness of the young rake Charles, he determined to judge for himself. Accordingly he and Sir Peter Teazle arranged that he should disguise himself in the character of Premium, a broker who has money to lend, and go with Moses, a well-known Hebrew money-lender who had done some business with Charles, to pay him a visit at his house. This they did, and Charles being as usual in want of ready money, sold the whole of the family portraits for a song. But he would not part with the portrait of his uncle Oliver, who had befriended him from his youth, a fact which deeply touched his disguised uncle and prepossessed him much in his favor. To test the character of Joseph Sir Oliver called on him in the guise of Mr. Stanley, a poor relation, and asked for assistance, but Joseph vowed he was unable to spare a penny, blaming his avaricious old uncle in India, who had scarcely given him anything, while lavishing his wealth on his spend-thrift brother, Charles. This decided Joseph's character in his uncle's estimation.

While all this was going on there occurred the famous Screen scene, in which the true character of Joseph Surface was revealed. Lady Teazle visited Joseph to complain to him of Sir Peter's unfounded jealousy of Charles. The interview took place in the library—Sir Peter Teazle was announced and Lady Teazle hid behind a screen, while Joseph picked up a book. He had come to complain of Charles's atten-

tions to his wife. Joseph hypocritically said that he would disown a brother who did such a thing, and they talked of his chances with Maria. Just then Charles himself was announced. Sir Peter begged Joseph to tax him with his indiscretion and he would hide in a cupboard to hear what he said, but Charles began to say things that Joseph did not wish either Lady Teazle or his uncle to hear and was obliged to tell Charles the uncle was there. Forthwith Charles dragged him out of the closet. Presently the conversation was interrupted by a call from Lady Sneerwell, and Joseph left the library to receive her. During his absence the screen was knocked down and Lady Teazle was discovered. Joseph told a story which explained nothing, and Lady Teazle made a clean breast of the whole matter to her husband, with whom she was subsequently reconciled. Joseph still wanted to marry Maria for her money and plotted with Lady Sneerwell, who was in love with Charles, to make him marry her, but the plot miscarried because the tool of Lady Sneerwell—one Snake—is persuaded to tell the whole truth of the affair, and Charles married Maria after all. Joseph discarded by his uncle, lost Maria and her fortune—and his reputation as well.

William Tell.

THE story of *William Tell* was told by Schiller, the great German poet, in 1804, and is considered one of his best works. William Tell is one of the legendary heroes of Switzerland in its struggle for independence of Austria. The Tell legend of 1307 has its source in the *Chronicum Helveticum,* of Ægidius (1506), and closely follows the incident as related by the Swiss Chronicle, and even incorporates some of the speeches word for word. It is, however, in its ultimate origin founded on a Germanic myth, and the

incidents which have made William Tell famous are related of a dozen different heroes in a dozen different lands.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

The scene opens on a high rocky shore of Lake Lucerne opposite Schwyz. The lake makes a bend into the land; a hut stands at a short distance from the shore; a fisherboy is rowing about in his boat; beyond the lake are seen the green meadows lying in clear sunshine, but a change is coming over the landscape; a rumbling, cracking noise is heard among the mountains; clouds sweep across the scene; the lake becomes tempestuous; the peasants hastily prepare for a storm.

Suddenly Baumgart, of Alzellen, comes running, breathless: "For God's sake, a boat! I have killed the Imperial Seneschal Gessler; he insulted my wife; troopers pursue me." William Tell, just down from the mountain, cries: "Give me a boat. You had better fall into God's hands than into those of men," and he braves the lake with Baumgart. The pursuers, finding that they are too late, shout to the peasants:

> "You helped him off,
> And you shall pay for it.
> Fall on their herds!
> Down with the cottage!
> Burn it, beat it down!"

Everywhere in Switzerland men are talking of the tyranny of Gessler, the Austrian governor. Arnold, of Melchthal, has had his oxen taken from him by Gessler's orders. The insolent varlet sent to unyoke them, saying as he did so, "If the peasant must have bread to eat, why let him go and draw the plow himself." At this Arnold could contain himself no longer; he struck the governor's servant and fled. He is hidden in Furst's house and asking anxiously if they have any news of his father. They told him that the governor had sent for his father and said: "Though thy son has escaped me now, I have thee fast, and thou

WILLIAM TELL.—Coming from the mountains to the rescue of Baumgart, who had wounded the Tyrant Gessler.

shalt feel my vengeance.'' With that he flung the old man to the earth and plunged the pointed steel into his eyes, and stripped him of his all; naught did they leave him save his staff, on which, blind and in rags, he moves from door to door. This so stirred their hearts that the chief men of the chief Cantons swore to release their country from the Austrian yoke.

William Tell and his son, who are on their way to a meeting place of the Liberators, pass through Altdorf, where Governor Gessler's cap, placed on a high pole in the market-place, is to be honored as his representative, and death is to be the punishment of disobedience. Tell and his boy will not bare the head and bend the knee to it.

Gessler seizes them, but instead of condemning them to death, orders Tell to shoot an apple placed on the boy's head.

The onlookers are horror-struck, for famous marksman as he is, the slightest error in his aim would mean certain death to his son, and Gessler's own companions reason with him in vain. Tell offers his own life, but the governor says: ''I do not want your life, Tell, but the shot. Thy talent's universal; now, saviour, help thyself, and so doing thou savest all!'' Tell, putting an arrow in his bow, takes a second arrow from his quiver and sticks it in his belt. The boy waits calmly; he does not doubt his father's skill. Tell collects himself and shoots. 'Tis well done, the apple has fallen, the boy is safe.

Then Gessler turns to William Tell and asks, ''Why have you the second arrow in your belt.'' Tell tells him that had the child been hurt this arrow was meant for him. Gessler calls: ''Seize him, guards, and bind him. I will remove you hence to some confinement where neither sun nor moon shall reach thy eyes.'' Tell is bound and taken with Gessler in his boat; but they are caught in a hurricane and Tell is unbound in order that he may try to save them by his skill.

Watching his opportunity he takes his bow and arrows, bounds onto a shelving crag, and makes his way to the narrow pass. There he watches and waits until he sees Gessler and hears the words, "I will subdue this stubborn mood of theirs and crush the Soul of Liberty." Then he shoots, and Gessler falls, saying, "That shot was Tell's. Oh, God, have mercy on my soul." The voice of Tell sounds from the rocks:

> "Thou know'st the archer, seek no other hand,
> Our cottages are free and innocence
> Secure from thee; thou'lt curse no more."

Rip Van Winkle.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

IN the old days there lived in one of the Dutch villages snuggled among the Catskill Mountains a happy-go-lucky fellow named Rip Van Winkle. He was all the more mild, indifferent and careless because of the continual loud scolding and nagging of his otherwise faithful wife. Although not appreciated at home, Rip was a great favorite among the village people, especially among the children, for he was always ready to join in their sports, to tell stories, to help make and mend their kites, balls, and sleighs; and the dogs, too, were all his good friends.

The great trouble, and the thing which troubled his poor wife most, was that Rip would not work to provide his family with the needful things of life. Not that he was lazy—oh, no, Rip was always busy, hunting, tramping, and helping the neighbors—but he couldn't be brought to care for his own. He let his farm go to ruin, and his children ran about in rags; Rip the younger could be seen any day stumbling about in his father's old clothes, which his mother had never time to cut down to fit.

One day, finding himself and his dog, Schneider, on

a mountain top, Rip was very loth to leave the beauty and peace of the mountain to descend into the valley again, fearing the reproaches he knew he deserved. But pulling himself together, he started homeward.

Just then he thought he heard someone calling. Schneider seemed to think so, too, for he gave a long low growl. Rip, looking about in alarm, saw an odd little figure toiling up the hill, carrying a small barrel.

This was a pleasing and promising picture, so Rip went in a hurry to help the man with the load. The old man, who was dressed like one of the early Dutch settlers, and resembled them, was only too glad of Rip's assistance. Rip, forgetting his wife, children, home, and everything he ought to have remembered, turned back with his new companion along another path, through a narrow ravine, through which rolled a loud noise as of peals of thunder muffled among the rocks.

Presently the roaring was explained when they came upon a number of the queerest of queer little Dutchmen, playing nine-pins with such vim that there was no wonder that the ravine echoed with the noise made by the rolling balls.

The barrel was opened; the Dutchmen were generous; and shortly Rip was asleep.

On awakening Rip found himself on the mountain top, where he had first seen the little man with the keg. Stiff, sore, hungry and again thirsty he looked for the little men, but in vain. For his dog Schneider he called, but no answering bark came. Sad and wondering he took the path home, and when he arrived there his astonishment was great. There were none but strangers to be seen, and with such amazement did they look at him that he began to look down at himself and was astounded to find that his beard was at least twelve inches long.

The children hooting at his heels, he reached his always neglected home, which he now found an abso-

lute ruin. A poor decrepit dog, who refused to be friendly, was dragging himself about. "Could this be Schneider?" Rip asked himself.

He turned to the village street and tremblingly asked for his old friends. Nearly all had passed away years ago. He asked for himself—Rip Van Winkle. A lazy, shiftless fellow was pointed out to him—his son—as Rip remembered himself to have been. He asked for his daughter. Rip's heart warmed as he saw a bright young woman coming towards him, carrying a child, this one a rosy, active Rip. His wife had died a short time before.

Rip's one night of sleep had lasted for twenty years on a mountain haunted by Hendrick Hudson, who with his little seamen, comes once a year to see the river discovered by him and the village named after him. The story of Rip Van Winkle was written by Washington Irving.

Ruy Blas.

THE varying fortunes of Spain have been the theme of many brilliant writers. In one of his finest dramas the great master spirit of France, Victor Hugo, has depicted the glory and the grandeur of the Spanish nobility in the days of the power and splendor of Spain; and in another, *Ruy Blas,* he paints in dark and sombre colors the degradation and the corruption into which they afterwards fell, dragging the proud empire of Spain with them. No greater or more magnificent character has been created in all literature than that of Ruy Blas, and there are few things more dramatic than the story of his love for the Queen Dona Maria of Spain, wife of the mad King.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

Ruy Blas was the newly engaged lackey or servant to Don Sallust de Bazan, the president of the Council, who had been condemned to exile by the Queen for his

evil deeds. Don Sallust pretended to prepare to leave, but he concocted a plot by which he hoped to crush and conquer the Queen and make her his slave, obedient to his wishes. At this juncture Don Cesar de Bazan, his cousin, appeared in search of employment. Don Sallust offered him a hundred ducats to help him avenge himself on a woman, but Don Cesar refused, saying scornfully: "I am a wolf may be, but not a snake." Don Sallust replied that his request had only been made to test him, and he pretended to rejoice that his cousin stood the test so well; then he left the room to fetch the hundred ducats. Don Cesar and Ruy Blas, whose resemblance to each was as that of twins, were old friends, and in Don Sallust's absence Ruy Blas said he had followed Don Sallust because he was madly in love with the Queen. Night after night he left flowers on her seat in the park, and had even gone so far as to put a letter with them. This Don Sallust overheard. Entering the room he put the ducats into Don Cesar's hand and bade him depart; then he dispatched three armed attendants with instructions to follow and kill him quickly.

Don Sallust then caused Ruy Blas to dress in the costume of a nobleman of high rank, and agreed that if he would obey him in all things he would see to his advancement. This done he bade Ruy Blas write this letter: "My life is in danger. You alone can save me. Come this evening to my house. No one will recognize you if you use the side down by the corner," and signed it "Cesar," which, he said, was the name he employed in his love affairs. Don Sallust put the letter in his pocket and then presented Ruy Blas to the Queen and the nobles as his cousin, Don Cesar, Count of Garofa.

In the following six months Ruy Blas was advanced step by step until he has been created Duke of Olmeda, and it was said: "The Queen reigns over us, but he reigns over her." In the palace at Madrid in the Halls

of Government, the Privy Councillors were wrangling over the division of the taxes and monopolies, when Ruy Blas in a magnificent speech denounced them for their corrupt practices. He begged to know of them:

> "If there are any who will work with me
> In building up our country's power and fame
> On equal laws for rich and poor alike?"

When the hall was empty and Ruy Blas left alone, the Queen, radiant with joy and filled with admiration, stepped from behind a screen and asked what inspired him to speak so well; and then Don Cesar's secret was revealed. He declared it to be love for her and her alone that had inspired him to do all he had done; and he swore he would save Spain for her sake. The Queen encouraged him to go on and love her as she loved him, with a pure and honorable love, till she should be free to marry him.

Meanwhile Don Sallust was still plotting against the Queen, and Ruy Blas was aware of the fact. Late one night Don Cesar was in a room in Don Sallust's house when the door opened and the Queen entered, explaining her presence by showing him a note. It was the same he had written at Don Sallust's bidding six months before. While Don Cesar was explaining that it was a plot, Don Sallust entered and threatened that unless she abdicated he would expose the fact that he had found the Queen alone with Don Cesar at night. The Queen did not long hesitate between losing a crown or losing honor and love, and she was ready to sign her abdication. But Ruy Blas tore up the parchment, announced his real name and condition, and forced Don Sallust into an adjoining room, where he killed him like a dog. Returning he seized a glass containing poison, and drinking it in her presence, implored her to fly and save her good name.

The Lady of Lyons.

THE play, *The Lady of Lyons,* written by Lord Bulwer Lytton, was one of the most successful of his works. It has been on the stage ever since he wrote it, and the names of the hero and heroine are familiar to thousands. It finely illustrates the folly of that craving for a title to which so large a section of the human race is prone.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

Pauline, the beautiful Lady of Lyons, the daughter of a rich tradesman, M. Deschappelles, has just refused, because it carried no title, the hand of the wealthy and distinguished Monsieur Beauseant, the son of a marquis who had lost his title in the Revolution. The rejected suitor, full of wounded pride, is hastening towards his château, nourishing plans of revenge, when he stops at an inn, where he meets a colleague, Glavis, who condoles with him, as he had also been refused by the same beautiful Lady of Lyons, and for the same reason.

The man who really and truly loved Pauline was Claude Melnotte, the son of the gardener who worked for M. Deschappelles. He and Pauline had grown up together as children, but although he was highly educated and had become a successful painter, she scorned his affection, and no longer recognized him, for he, too, of course, bore no title. Beauseant and Glavis together hatch a plot to humiliate Pauline by getting Claude Melnotte to act the part of an Italian prince called Prince Como, to pay court to and marry Pauline, to bring her to his own cottage and there be his real self again. They, of course, are willing to pay for all the masquerading for the sake of witnessing the sequel. Melnotte enters into the scheme with mixed motives, but he is too true a lover not to feel ashamed of the part he is playing; he even tries to dis-

suade her from marrying a prince such as he is making himself out to be, and to persuade her that there is more beauty and honor in the life of a peasant and his wife than in that of the titled nobility.

While affairs are in progress a cousin of Pauline's, an officer in the French army, Damas by name, suspects that the Prince is not what he claims to be, and challenges him to a duel in which Melnotte as the Prince acquits himself so well that Damas declares so good a swordsman must be a gentleman, and Melnotte, in an aside, says: "Aye, I was a gentleman before I turned conspirator, for honest men are the gentlemen of nature."

Beauseant, plotting always, and anxious to see the humiliation of Pauline completed, produces a letter, warning the Prince to flee. This brings matters to a crisis. Pauline is ready to flee with him, but still Melnotte is loyal, and warns her not to marry an outcast. The mother is willing she should do so, for if he is an outcast, the bride will be a Princess, and leave in a carriage and six; but the father asks that marriage settlements be prepared. Melnotte declares that he will not have a cent come to him with his bride, and the marriage takes place, Beauseant securing the priest.

The false pretenses under which Melnotte had married Pauline are stripped off when they reach his native village. Melnotte persuades his bride to accompany him to the cottage of a kind old lady. The door is opened by his mother, who welcomes him as her son, the pride of her heart. Pauline is stupefied, and Melnotte confesses the whole diabolical plot, and suffers the anger, grief, and reproaches of his bride without a murmur, assuring her that she shall return to her house and that he will never claim a husband's rights over her. His mother tenderly leads her away to rest.

In the morning the sense of love of the mother and

son, and of her pride in him, dawned upon Pauline, and she wished he would ask her to forgive him. But Melnotte loves her too much to do that; he wishes her to be free. By the machinations of Beauseant, Melnotte and his mother are called away, and Beauseant appears to torment her, and enjoy her humiliation, and to press his own suit upon her. He is about to carry her off by violence, when her parents arrive with Damas; at the same moment Melnotte and his mother return; Melnotte's defense of himself, his avowals of his affection, his noble remorse, and his promises for the future reveal to Pauline the worth of his character, and she vows to be faithful to her husband, come what may.

But Claude Melnotte determines to qualify himself as a gentleman by army service; Damas offers him a position with the French army, where in the course of some two years or more he reaches the rank of colonel, having taken the name of Morier. He and Damas return to Lyons on a visit just in time to learn that Pauline has been persuaded to marry Beauseant; her father is on the verge of bankruptcy; she supposes Claude lost to her forever, and to save her father from imprisonment she had agreed to marry the scoundrel. The marriage contract was drawn up, and Damas with Melnotte are called on to witness its signature. Suddenly Melnotte, revealing himself, tears the contract in two, and tells them he has more than twice the needed sum to get Monsieur Deschappelles out of his difficulties.

Still longing for a titled son-in-law, Pauline's mother was obliged to accept the situation, sighing: "Well, he is a colonel and a hero, and has money; and that is something."

The Blot in the 'Scutcheon.

THIS play was written in four or five days in the year 1843 by the English poet, Robert Browning, at the request of Macready, the celebrated actor. The play was received with great applause, but was soon withdrawn from the stage. It was presented both in England and America near the close of Browning's life and after his death, and was first printed shortly after its appearance as Number Five of *Bells and Pomegranates*. Helen Faucit, afterward Lady Martin, played the part of Mildred.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

The first act is laid in a lodge in Lord Tresham's Park. Several retainers, all but old Gerard, the warrener, are crowding at the window, looking toward the entrance to the mansion, as a noble visitor was expected that day. The Earl of Mertoun and Lady Mildred Tresham, Lord Tresham's sister, were already lovers in secret, and he, to save Lady Mildred's name, was coming openly to ask for her hand in marriage.

They are rewarded by the sight of the earl's arrival, and very freely make remarks on his appearance, agreeing that although very young and not stately like their master, he is tall and shapely and has bright blue eyes. The retainers, all but Gerard, make merry, and drink to the health and happiness of the noble house.

The scene then changes to a drawing-room in the mansion. There the Earl of Mertoun is welcomed with hospitality and many compliments; Austen, brother of Lord Tresham, and his cousin Guendolen, who is betrothed to Austen, are introduced. The earl states that the object, which by their kind permission called him there is to ask the hand of his host's sister, Lady Mildred, whom he loves. His manner is so hesitating that Guendolen and Austen make remarks aside, and

Guendolen comes to the conclusion that he is a fool. Lord Tresham speaks lovingly of his sister, of whom he is proud, and asks the earl if he had seen her. The earl answers, "I have come upon her wondrous beauty unaware, and—and then—I have seen her." He proposes that a day be appointed when he may call upon her and learn his fate—"death or life."

Lord Tresham, not at all pleased with the attitude of Guendolen and Austen, but full of pride that two such noble houses are to be united, promised that if they obtain Mildred's consent to receive the earl "tomorrow" he will, in the gaiety of his heart, "give you Black Urganda to be spoiled with petting and snail-paces."

Guendolen goes up to Mildred's room, and tells her that her brother Thorold is quite bewitched by the glorious ancestry of her lover, and has given his consent, but Mildred seems to be anxious to be rid of her, and she leaves; the lamp is raised to the lattice, and a figure in cloak and slouch hat, singing, enters; but there is no joy in Mildred's heart. She says: "Sin has surprised us, so will punishment."

In the morning Gerard, who had been aware of the visits of a lover to Mildred's room, hesitatingly tells Tresham of the light in the window and last night's visit of the disguised lover. With a breaking heart Tresham sends for the young girl, who confesses that she had received a visitor, but will not betray his name. This roused Tresham's wrath, and calling in Guendolen and Austen he denounced their sister to them. In deep grief they assure her of their sorrow and love.

Earl Mertoun, coming to Mildred's lattice for the last time, is waylaid and killed by Tresham, who then seeks Mildred, and she learns the truth from his empty scabbard. The shock of it all is too terrible; Tresham poisons himself in her presence; full of love and forgiveness Mildred dies in her brother's arms with hers

around his neck; Guendolen and Austen enter, as Tresham cries:

"She threw them thus about my neck, let them stay!"
"What ails you, Thorold?" asks Guendolen, and Tresham replies:
"Something does weight down my neck beside her weight; I should fall
But for you, Austen, I believe—there, there,
'Twill pass away soon. Ah—I had forgotten:
I am dying."

And he continues:

"I said just as I drank the poison off,
The earth would be no longer earth to me . . .
You hold our 'scutcheon up, Austen, no blot on it! . . .
Should it come,
Vengeance is God's, not man's. Remember me."

Caste.

DURING the first half of the nineteenth century the English actors had fallen into a stilted, mechanical, and exaggerated style. Types were accentuated so highly that they became caricatures; for example, a sailor was never introduced on the stage unless in full nautical rig with his mouth full of sailor slang, constantly hitching up his trousers and breaking into a hornpipe on the least provocation; a soldier was always in full regimentals, and neither by any chance appeared like a natural human being in every-day life. So it was with every character—the type had become almost a caricature and obscured the real human man and woman.

All this was changed when, in 1865, T. W. Robinson, an actor and the son of an actor, brought out a play called *Society*. He and the gifted band of actors and actresses with him put on the stage a play in which people acted so simply, so naturally, and so like real life, that the whole world wondered it had not been done before, and a new school of acting and of play-

writing was founded. The play called *Society* was followed by another entitled *Caste*, and this is still being played, both in England and in Germany. The central idea of *Caste* is the simple and true one, that:

> "Kind hearts are more than Coronets
> And simple faith than Norman blood,"

and it is illustrated by a tender, true, and pathetic story, full of bright patches of sunny humor.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

Esther and Polly Eccles were the daughters of a ne'er-do-well, dissipated old workman, whom they supported by acting very minor parts on the boards of a cheap theatre. The Hon. George D'Alroy, an army officer, son of the Marquise de St. Maur, met and fell in love with Esther. Sam Gerridge, a gasfitter, was paying court to Polly. D'Alroy's intimate friend, Captain Hawtree, another army officer, tried to dissuade him from marrying beneath him, urging the inexorable law of caste, which commands like to marry like and forbids marriage outside of the social sphere in which a man or a woman is born. But George was honestly and truly in love, and married Esther. Hawtree, by the way, was in love with a lady of high rank, who after accepting his attentions for some time, heartlessly jilted him for one of higher degree. Sam Gerridge was all against the match, arguing that, "Life's a railway journey and mankind a passenger; first-class, second-class, third-class; and that no one should be allowed to ride in a class for which they have not a ticket."

After six months of happiness together, during which time George had not presented his wife to his family, George's regiment was ordered to India. One evening while he was wondering how to break the news to Esther, the Marquise, his mother, arrived to bid him good-by, and Hawtree and Polly were both there.

When the carriage arrived at the door George saw from the window who was coming, and the two girls took refuge in an adjoining room, separated only by folding doors. The Marquise was taking leave of George with words of lofty advice and noble counsel, bidding her son always remember his high lineage, and never be unworthy of it, when Esther in the next room fell in a faint, and the noise discovered them all. Explanations followed, the blue blood of the marchioness revolted at the situation; she wished to gird on his sword when the time came for him to go, but he insisted that his broken-hearted but courageous wife should do it.

A year elapsed and Esther was back in the old lodging with Polly and her father—a widow with a baby, supporting herself on the stage as before. George D'Alroy had been reported killed in India; the money he had left for his wife had been used by the drunken father, and Sam Gerridge and Polly had postponed their marriage indefinitely to help keep the home and the baby. The Marquise visited them to offer to take her grandson and rear it herself, but Esther spurned the offer, although the other grandparent was only too anxious to get the money the old lady offered. As soon as the Marquise had gone Captain Hawtree entered to see Esther and the baby, and at this juncture George appeared on the scene! After explanations, during which Esther was asleep with the baby in the next room, the baby was brought to see its father. Esther was awakened, the news gently broken to her; the happy pair were united once more, and the Marquise was reconciled to the idea of her son's marriage, saying they must make a lady of her; but George said, "She is a lady ready-made." Sam Gerridge and Polly were to be married at once; the old man Eccles was pensioned off, and the whole matter was summed up by George, who said: "Caste is a good thing, if it is not carried too far. It shuts the door on the pre-

tentious and vulgar; but it should open the door very wide for exceptional merit. Let brains break through its barriers, and what brains can break through love can leap over."

The Meister-Singer.

A MEISTER-SINGER was a member of one of the singing guilds which were popular in some of the German cities for the cultivation of poetry about the years 1300-1500; they were composed chiefly of workmen, who by a series of trials in the singing of their own songs were marked by one of their members, termed a marksman, until they were successively promoted through the four stages of scholar, school-friend, poet, and singer. The song was usually full of technicalities, which were very strictly judged, and in this opera, *The Meister-singer,* the great German composer, Richard Wagner, satirized their pedantry in marking and judging the songs of the contestants.

THE STORY OF THE OPERA.

Nuremberg is nearly ready for the grand contest of the master-singers. The goldsmith, Pogner, has offered his beautiful young daughter, Eve, or as usually called by all who knew her, Evechen, for the one who shall select the winner, and has declared that upon this one of her choice she shall also bestow her heart and hand.

A day or two before the contest, the poet Walther von der Vogelweid comes to Nuremberg, and straightway falls in love with Evechen. The day after Walther followed Evechen and her nurse, Magdalene, to vespers, and lingering behind on coming out, he manages to ask Evechen if she is betrothed. He learns from her of the contest for the next day, and that his only hope of success is to attend the song-trial. He

rapidly improvises a song full of the fervor of his love. The master-singers of the guild, bound by set rules of form and stanza, find nothing to approve in it, and treat him with derision.

The goldsmith, Pogner, however, admires the poet, and would not object to have him for a son-in-law. He begins to doubt the wisdom of his willingness to have his daughter choose a master-singer. And Hans Sachs, the poet shoemaker of Nuremberg, the greatest lover of true art in the guild, is also enthusiastic in his admiration of Walther, and declares: "He is a knight and a poet as well," and feels inclined to have less respect for the rules of poetry and more for the inspiration of the poet.

That evening Evechen learns of Walther's failure, and goes to the shop of her faithful counselor, Hans Sachs, to learn all about the contest. With loving coquetry she pretends that she expects Sachs to be her choice, and then gains an account of the trial and Walther's vain effort; but when Hans Sachs expresses his own indignation of the treatment awarded him, Evechen loses control of herself and leaves him. This opens Hans Sachs's eyes to the true situation, and as he closes the door upon her the great-hearted artist murmurs: "The question is now what will be the wise course to pursue."

As Evechen rushes out she sees Walther coming down the street. They fall into each other's arms, and determine to flee. Eve dresses as the nurse, who in turn dresses as Eve, who is to be serenaded by the guild marker, Beckmesser. Sachs listening with his ear to the door hears all, and sets a huge light in his window to prevent their escape. Meantime Beckmesser appears, and they hide on a bench beneath the trees until he goes. Sachs, loving a joke, now places his work bench with a light in the doorway, where he works noisily on a pair of shoes promised to Beckmesser, who now vainly tries to make him work more

quietly. The commotion gathers a crowd, who finally pelt Beckmesser away. The crafty shoemaker, with his eyes on the concealed lovers, removes his bench and light, as Walther, protecting Eve with his sword, attempts to make way through the crowd. Sachs lands them both in his shop and delivers Eve to her father, who is looking for the nurse, and makes a captive of Walther. Then his great idea comes to him, and in the morning he drills Walther on a proper Master song which the lover has composed, sees that he dresses in clothes according to his rank, and when Eve comes to show her devoted Hans Sachs her bridal gown she hears the song and weeps on her lover's shoulder.

Beckmesser, meantime, coming to the shop, steals the song and attempts to learn it and sing it at the contest himself.

Hans Sachs is the spokesman at the contest. Loyally, cleverly, and audaciously he announces that a lovely girl and a rich inheritance shall be the portion of the singer, who, before the assembled people, shall carry off the prize.

The attempt on Beckmesser's part to sing the knight's song ends in ridicule, and the angry contestant dashes the manuscript at the feet of Hans Sachs, cursing him as the author. The people are astonished, and Hans Sachs says that if he is accused he must call a witness to defend himself. Proudly the knight advances, and sings the self-same song with such art and feeling that the populace cry: "Give him the wreath! There is no lover and no singer like him!" As Walther kneels before Evechen, Hans Sachs places over his bowed head the collar of the guild, and Eve, with loyal simplicity, removes the crown to the honored silvered head of their master, while the populace shouts, "Hail, Hans Sachs! Hail, Hans Sachs! Hail, Nuremberg's beloved Hans Sachs!"

Hansel and Gretel.

HANSEL AND GRETEL is the opera which made the great German composer, Engelbert Humperdinck, famous. It was first produced in 1893.

THE STORY OF THE OPERA.

A broom maker and his wife left their two little children, Hansel and Gretel, at home to work, Hansel to bind brooms, and Gretel to knit. Merry Gretel was happily singing over her work when Hansel became hungry and cried. She found some milk for him and exclaimed that she was sure they would have rice-pudding for supper. At this good news they danced for joy, and forgot their work.

When the mother returned she was angry to find them idle. Rushing to catch them she upset the milk and broke the jug, and as there was nothing for supper she sent the children into the forest to gather strawberries. Worn out with fatigue and hunger, she herself fell fast asleep.

The father, gay after a visit to the tavern, presently returned, bringing bread, butter, eggs, and coffee. He wakened his wife, who was so glad to see something to eat that for once she forgot to scold. Her husband cared nothing about the broken jug, or the lost milk, but was worried because the children did not return; he feared that they had gone near that part of the forest where lived the terrible fairy who was kind to children only to bake and to eat them, and so they both set out to search for their lost children.

Meantime the children were happy in the forest; Hansel soon filled the basket with strawberries; he crowned Gretel with a wreath of rose-hips which she had made, and filled her hands with wild flowers which he had gathered, both singing the while. Happy as a queen, Gretel fed the strawberries heedlessly into Hansel's mouth, until suddenly she realized to her great

sorrow that the basket was empty. It was now too late to gather more, and too dark to go home. Gretel wept for her father and mother, but Hansel comforted her, and feeling sleepy, they said their evening prayer, asking the angels to guard them, and fell fast asleep. As they slept fourteen bright and beautiful angels came down a ladder to guard them through the night.

When the beautiful morning came Gretel awoke Hansel with a song, and they began to look around them. All at once they spied a little house; it was made of cake and sugar. So hungry were they that they began to break off pieces of the house and eat them. Soon a voice inside called, "Tip tap, tip tap, who raps at my house." The children continued to eat, replying, "The wind, the heavenly wind." But a witch came out of the house and threw a rope around Hansel's neck. She spoke kindly, said her name was Rosina Sweettooth, and that if they would come in she would give them all they could eat. In spite of this the children did not like her, and they tried to get away, but she raised her wand, and by her charm prevented them. With pleasant words she put Hansel in a cage with a supply of almonds and currants to fatten him; and over Gretel she raised a juniper bough, muttering words, but loud enough so that Gretel happened to hear them, and thus was broken the charm over Gretel. The witch tried to make her help in the work of feeding Hansel, but her eyes were not good enough to see how Hansel was fattening, so when she told him to stick out his finger that she might feel, he put out a piece of wood, and the witch thought him still so thin that she must go for more food; meanwhile Gretel snatched up the juniper bough, held it over Hansel's head, and murmured the words which broke the witch's charm.

Presently the witch called Gretel to go to the oven to see if the honey cakes were baked. Gretel said she didn't know how to get in, and when the witch stooped

to show her how to do so, Hansel and Gretel shoved her into the oven, quickly shut the door, and left her to bake.

At last the oven fell apart, and the honey cakes are seen to be a row of children, all stiff and stark, upon whom the witch had worked her charms. Hansel soon broke the charm with the juniper bough. While they were hunting through the house Hansel heard the voices of their parents, who were overjoyed to find their children once more.

They showed them where the witch was burned, but the oven was turned into a huge honey cake, and Hansel and Gretel and their parents thanked the fourteen angels for guarding them from the wicked fairy, and helping them to destroy her.

The Blue Bird.

THIS is a fairy play by the famous Belgian author, Maurice Maeterlink, full of gorgeous and wonderful scenes when put upon the stage, and full of wonderful imagination and symbolism in the story.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

It tells how two little children, Tyltyl and Mytyl, endowed by the Fairy Berylune with the power to see into the past and the future and to see the souls of animals and things, set out to find a Blue Bird—the Blue Bird of Happiness—to give to a little sick girl, the daughter of their neighbor. They are enabled to do all the wonderful things that are related of them by virtue of a diamond pin in a little green cap, given to Tyltyl by the Fairy Berylune, and which on being turned from right to left produces the magic effects described. The first effect of turning the pin when Tyltyl put the cap on was to transform their room into

a scene of beauty, and to endow everything inanimate in it with life and the animals with the power of speech. Then it is decided that the soul of the Cat, the Dog, the Bread, the Sugar, the Milk, the Fire, the Water, and the Light shall go with them on their search for the Blue Bird. First they stop at the Palace of the Fairy, where they all find suitable dresses in which to travel.

The children go alone to the land of Memory to visit their dead grandparents and brothers and sisters, who can see and talk with those on earth whenever they are remembered. Grandfather Tyltyl gives them a bird which appears to be blue, but as they leave the land of Memory the bird turns black.

The Cat not in sympathy with the search goes in the meantime to the Palace of Night to warn the Queen that Light is sending Tyltyl to demand the Blue Bird. The children arrive with the Faithful Dog and the rest of the company. Night says she knows nothing of the Blue Bird, but Tyltyl insists upon having her keys and manfully begins to open the closed doors of the Secrets of Nature. When the first door is opened ghosts escape, but no bird. The next door was that of the abode of Sicknesses; since the discovery of Microbes and Man's war against them the Sicknesses have lost spirit, and only Cold-in-the-Head, the most neglected of all, runs out sneezing. Behind the third door were Wars, too terrible for even Tyltyl to release. Still he must see everything, because Light says so. Behind the next two doors are Terrors, and Shades, and Silence; but the next was not so terrible; when it was opened there escaped sweet Stars, Perfumes, Glimmers, Will-o'-the-Wisps, Glow-worms, and Fireflies, also the Dew and the Song of the Nightingales. The children thought surely the Blue Bird must be here, but they found it not.

The great middle door is left till the last. Night urges Tyltyl not to open it; all the Souls fled in terror, carrying Mytyl with them; the Dog alone is true to

his little god. Tyltyl pats him and says, "That's right! Kiss me! You and I are two, and now, steady." When he opens the door there is revealed a glorious, wonderful fairyland, a garden all in blue, full of blue birds. Mytyl and all the Souls rush in and capture some of the birds in their arms, but on taking them out they fall dead; they symbolize the pleasures of life; and poor, tired, excited Tyltyl hides his head and sobs.

On their journey they pass through a forest, and here greater trouble comes to them, for the Cat has told them to slip off without Light, and has set all the trees and animals upon the children because they have come after the secret of happiness; if it had not been for the Dog they would have been killed, and Light only comes in time with the daybreak, to remind Tyltyl to turn his diamond and banish them.

Light says they must look among the dead in the churchyard where they rise at midnight; one of them may be hiding the Blue Bird in his tomb. Bravely the brother protects his sister and waits for the midnight hour to strike when the graves open and all the dead come forth. But the cemetery is transformed into a beautiful garden of lilies as the clock strikes twelve; but no Blue Bird is there. "There are no dead!" exclaims Tyltyl happily, with his arms around his little sister.

Light now takes them alone to the Kingdom of the Future, where hosts of little children in blue are waiting to be born on the earth. They see a child who is to come and live with them later, and others to be born that day, carried to earth in a wonderful blue ship. Here at last they find the Blue Bird, which Light carries away under her cloak; it, however, turns pink as soon as it is caged.

At the break of day they all return to their garden gate, where the children say good-by to the souls of the things which had accompanied them, and which

lose their power of speech and become inanimate things again.

Now it is morning, and the children's mother comes to wake them—for it is all a dream. They can talk of nothing but the wonders they have seen. They imagine they have been away a year and their talk puzzles their parents. Presently Madame Berlingot, the neighbor, who is the mother of the little sick girl, and who looks to the children very much like the Fairy Berylune, comes in and asks for Tyltyl's turtle dove for her little sick girl. Tyltyl notices that the bird is blue, or almost blue, and he gives it to her, saying it will soon be quite blue. Very soon after a beautiful little girl in perfect health comes running in with the Blue Bird in her arms, and Tyltyl is trying to show the little girl how to feed it when it flies away. The little girl is heart-broken, but Tyltyl consoles her, and then turning to the audience says: "If any of you should find the Blue Bird would you be so very kind as to give him back to us? We need him for our happiness later on." So the play ends and the author leaves the audience to guess what the Blue Bird really signifies.

Die Königskinder.

DIE KÖNIGSKINDER, or the Kingly Children, is a beautiful child opera adapted from the story told by "Ernst Rosmir," otherwise known as Frau Elsa Bernstein, of Munich, and is by the great composer, Humperdinck. The story has all the characteristics of a folk-lore tale.

THE STORY OF THE OPERA.

The son of a King, longing for adventure, wandered away from the city into the country and came upon a beautiful girl, faithfully tending her flock of geese, outside the town of Hellabrun, and straightway

fell in love with her; she, innocent of men, for this is the first one she thinks she has ever seen, knew not how to return his affection, and he, disheartened, went on into the town of Hellabrun. Now the council of Hellabrun, not recognizing anything courtly in the King's son, put him to work as a swineherd.

It happened that the people of Hellabrun desired a ruler, and not knowing whom to choose they asked the advice of a witch, who told them that whoever entered the gate of the city at noon the next day should be their King. On the morrow, therefore, all the people of the city, the King's son among them, were eagerly and anxiously watching the city gate as the clock is ready to strike twelve.

The goose-girl, who had been under the spell of the witch, has been suddenly freed from it by a shooting star, and on her way home with her flock she arrived at the city gate just as the clock was striking the noon hour.

As the gates roll back while the clock strikes twelve, the expectant people see only the goose-girl with her flock of geese. The King's son, alone, went forth to meet her, still true to his love, but the people would not accept the goose-girl as a ruler, and rudely and cruelly drove her with the King's son out of the city beyond the gates and into the wintry woods. Then the children of the city set forth to find them. Meanwhile the swineherd, and the goose-girl who had accepted his love, had starved and suffered until they finally ate a cake poisoned by the Old Witch, and together they fell asleep in death on a snowy bank.

The band of children searchers found them there, with the snow gathering on their bodies, and bore the royal lovers back to the people of the city who had been so unjust and so cruelly blind as not to know a King's son and a Queen when they saw them, even though they were disguised as a swineherd and a goose-girl.

The Rivals.

THIS play, written by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, is almost, if not quite, as popular as the same author's "School for Scandal." When Sheridan was a young man he fought two duels for the sake of his sweetheart, Elizabeth Linley, a beautiful and famous singer of her day, so that he was able by experience to describe some of the sensations of a duelist, which he does so graphically in the famous duel scene. Mrs. Malaprop's amusing blunders in English have become household words.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

Fag, Captain Absolute's servant, meets Sir Anthony Absolute's coachman, from whom he hears that his master and household have just arrived, and tells him that the Captain is posing as Ensign Beverley, in order to secure his wealthy lady-love, Miss Lydia Languish. Lydia is at her aunt's lodgings, and Lucy, the maid, has just brought her some sensational novels when Julia Melville, Sir Anthony's ward, arrives. Lydia tells Julia that her aunt has intercepted her correspondence with Beverley, and has fallen in love with an Irish baronet; also that Bob Acres, a country squire who is in love with herself, but whom she detests, is expected, and that she has quarreled with her lover, Beverley. Julia replies that she is capricious, but defends Faulkland, who is in love with her and who has saved her from drowning, from a similar reproach. Their conversation is interrupted by the entry of Sir Anthony Absolute with Mrs. Malaprop, the aunt, who makes use of absurdly inappropriate words and phrases, and reproaches her niece for refusing to give up Beverley. Sir Anthony declares it is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read, and elicits the old lady's ideas of what a young woman should know. The object of his visit, however, is to propose his son

as a husband for Lydia, and Mrs. Malaprop undertakes to give Mr. Acres his discharge and prepare her niece to receive the Captain. As soon as Sir Anthony leaves Mrs. Malaprop retires to write to Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and Lucy, whom she warns against being imposed upon, reads to herself a list of the presents she has received for helping Miss Lydia and the ensign, betraying them to the old lady, carrying letters to Mr. Acres and Sir Lucius, and leading the latter to believe that he is corresponding with the niece instead of the aunt.

The Captain is informed by Fag of his father's astonishment on hearing he is in Bath, the reason for which he has concealed by consistent lying; and he receives a visit from Faulkland, to whom he imparts his fear that, although Lydia is willing to sacrifice her fortune and to elope with him as Beverley, she would not agree to a formal wedding, and the reversion of a fortune on his side. His friend confesses the apprehensions he has suffered during his absence from Julia, but professes to be cheered with the news that she has arrived with her guardian, and is in perfect health and spirits. Acres is announced, who, the Captain tells Faulkland, is a rival of his own without knowing it, and how ridiculous it is to hear him abuse Beverley. Bob's account of having met Julia in Devonshire, and of her cheerfulness in society away from her lover, quite upset Faulkland; and when he leaves, Acres describes his efforts to improve his personal appearance to please Lydia, and a genteel method of swearing which he learned from a militia major. Sir Anthony Absolute is his son's next visitor, and comes to announce that he has resolved to fix him in a noble independence, but that the fortune is saddled with a wife. He refuses to give the lady's name, and failing to obtain the Captain's promise to marry her, vows that he will disown and disinherit him. Lucy meets Sir Lucius on the parade, and gives him Mrs. Malaprop's letter, signed Delia, intimating her own doubts as to his

means, to which he replies he is so poor that he cannot afford to do a dirty action. Lucy then has a talk with Fag, telling him whom the letter was from, and of having overheard the conversation between Sir Anthony and the Captain. Father and son encounter each other in the street, and the Captain, with assumed penitence, confesses that he is ready to submit to his father's will, pretending, when informed who the lady is, not to remember her, and to be unmoved at his description of her attractions, which greatly irritates the old gentleman, who declares that if his son is not mad with rapture on seeing her he will marry the girl himself. Julia has a conversation with Faulkland, who upbraids her with inconstancy for having been mirthful in his absence, and she leaves him in tears. The Captain calls on Mrs. Malaprop, who shows him a letter she has intercepted from the beggarly ensign, in which he speaks of her as the old she-dragon; and she consents to his proposal that her niece shall be allowed to plot an elopement, when he will contrive to carry her off. The old lady goes to prepare Lydia for an interview with him, and Lydia is astonished at being confronted by Beverley instead of his rival. Pretending that he has deceived her aunt, he is conjuring her to fix the time when he may rescue her, and she is persuaded how charming poverty will be with him, when they perceive Mrs. Malaprop listening, and Lydia declares that Beverley is her choice, upon which her aunt comes forward to apologize for her rudeness and leads her away. Acres has just completed his toilet, and David, the servant, agrees that dress is all in all, while he complains that the new fashionable dances are as bad as algebra to country gentlemen. Sir Lucius is announced, and on hearing from Acres that he has a rival insists that he must fight him, and dictates the wording of the challenge, intimating that he is expecting a similar affair with a gay captain, who has put a jest on him.

David endeavors to persuade his master not to fight, but Acres replies that he cannot risk the loss of his honor or disgrace his ancestors, and that he will not be made afraid. The Captain, for whom he has sent, arrives and undertakes to deliver the challenge to Beverley, but declines acting as second. He promises, however, to tell the ensign that his challenger is known as "Fighting Bob," which, Acres remarks, may prevent mischief, as he does not want to kill him. Mrs. Malaprop asks Lydia whether Captain Absolute is not a handsome man, to which Lydia replies, "So is Beverley." But her aunt objects to comparisons, and is dilating on the Captain's perfections in her peculiar phraseology, when Sir Anthony and his son are shown in. Lydia sits with her back to them, and the Captain pretends his modesty prevents him from speaking to her. When he whispers, however, she maintains he is Beverley, and Sir Anthony and her aunt agree she must be mad, until her lover explains matters, upon which she sullenly remarks, "Then there will be no elopement." His father is propitiated, but the old lady remembers the comments upon her in the letter. Sir Anthony tells her they must forgive and forget and leads her away. Left alone with her lover Lydia resents the trick he has played her, and when the old people return she renounces the Captain, but Sir Anthony tells Mrs. Malaprop she must make peace for his son, and they disperse. The Captain is muttering that he was never in a worse humor when he meets Sir Lucius, who recalls to his memory the affront that was offered him, and they appoint a meeting at King's Mead Fields. Faulkland overtakes his friend, who secures his services as a second, and learns that Faulkland has quarreled with Julia. A servant brings him a letter from her, begging for a reconciliation; but he remarks fretfully that woman's pardon, like her love, should not unsought be won. He leads her to believe he has been drawn into a quarrel which compels him to fly the

kingdom, and she offers to accompany him; but when he confesses it is merely a device, suggested by his mistrust of her love, she tells him she will never be his wife. Lydia declares to Julia that she shall die with disappointment at the prospect of a fashionable wedding instead of a sentimental elopement, but is urged not to inflict unhappiness on a sincere lover by a foolish caprice. Mrs. Malaprop and David enter with the news that Acres, the Captain, and Faulkland have arranged a duel, and when Mrs. Malaprop learns that Sir Lucius is with them she hurries away to prevent mischief, with her niece and Julia, with David as their guide. Sir Lucius is pacing the distance, which Acres begs may be increased, and when asked if he has any commissions in case of an accident, admits that his valor is oozing out and wishes he were safe at home. The Captain arrives with Faulkland, whom Sir Lucius mistakes for Beverley, and on matters being explained, suggests that Acres shall fight his real rival, which he declines, but offers to be his second. Sir Lucius disdains him as a coward, and has drawn his sword to fight the Captain when the ladies arrive with Sir Anthony. Mrs. Malaprop calls the Captain to Lydia, but Sir Lucius interposes, addressing her as Delia; she, however, solicits the return of her lover's affections, and Acres declares that if he cannot get a wife without fighting for her he will remain a bachelor. Sir Lucius produces Mrs. Malaprop's letters to him, and she owns the soft impeachment; but he declines the honor, and being refused also by Acres, she declares that men are all barbarians. Julia then forgives her lover, Sir Anthony telling her he will mend surprisingly; Acres invites them all to a dance; Faulkland and the Captain agree that they have tasted the bitters as well as the sweets of love, and Julia indulges in a flowery moral as they retire.

Cato.

THE great Roman philosopher, Marcus Porcius Cato, lived in the century before Christ. After serving some time with the military he entered the civil service, in which he did much good work. His whole life-work was for the freedom of the state. He was looked upon as the saint and patron of the school of the Stoics. He conceived that he was placed to act a certain part in the world, and when he found himself unable to carry out his views he deliberately removed himself from it. With the end of the existence of the free state he put an end to his own. His character and career have been much discussed. In the play, the author, Joseph Addison, leaves the reader to form his own opinion.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

Cato, the Roman senator, was a strenuous opponent of Cæsar's designs against the republic, and after the death of Pompey had gone to Africa and urged the Romans at Utica to resist the approaching conqueror. The scene of the play is Utica; the capital of a Roman province in Africa. The sons of Cato, Porcius and Marcus, discuss the situation, and Porcius reproaches Marcus for thinking of Lucia, whom he also loves, unknown to his brother, at such a time, bidding him behold young Juba, a Numidian prince and their sister's lover, whose desire of fame enables him to control his passion. The Roman general, Sempronius, joins them, and, dissembling his real feelings, professes admiration for Cato, and is rebuked by Porcius for talking of his yearning for the hand of Cato's daughter, Marcia, while her father's life is in danger. Cursing his monitor, who goes to animate the soldiers' drooping courage, he plots with Syphax, a Numidian general, and urges him to secure the coöperation of Juba, his prince, while he inflames the troops under his command against Cato. Juba enters, and Syphax endeavors to

lessen his opinion of the Romans, but the young Numidian dilates on their virtues, and refusing to abandon Cato, commands Syphax to desist. Marcia approaches with Lucia, and Juba hails her with joy, but she bids him think rather of the impending struggle and of her prayers and wishes for the cause of liberty. He goes, declaring that in the shock of charging hosts she will be in his thoughts; and Lucia marvels how Marcia could chide Juba so sternly, confessing that Porcius has stolen her heart and that she dreads the vehemence of Marcus.

Sempronius and Lucius, another Roman senator, the father of Lucia, are in the senate house, and Cato enters with his sons. He dwells upon Cæsar's successes, and inquires whether they are for still holding out or for submission. Sempronius declares for war, but Cato warns him against zeal beyond the bounds of reason. Lucius thinks their country's cause, that drew their swords, now wrests them from their hands, to which Cato replies: "No, let us spin Rome's term of freedom out."

Junius announces the arrival from Cæsar's camp of the knight Decius, and reënters with him and Titus. The old knight asks the price of Cato's friendship for the conqueror, and is told that he must disband his legions and stand the judgment of a Roman senate. Decius reminds Cato he has not now all the mouths of Rome to second him, but Cato sends a defiant message as regards himself, and commends his friends to Cæsar's care. His brother senators thank him, but Sempronius sneers at the lukewarm patriotism of Lucius. Cato interposes and the senators retire, leaving Cato with Juba. He informs the young prince of the decision to keep the sword unsheathed, and is urged by him to quit Utica and court the assistance of the neighboring Numidian kings. Juba, however, is told that valor soars above misfortunes, which often give mankind occasion to practice virtues that lie concealed in

the calm of life. Juba replies that all his heart aspires to depends on Cato, and that Marcia inherits all her father's virtues; but he is silenced with the reproof that it is no time to talk of aught but liberty or death. Syphax finds Juba covered with confusion, and recalling the days when he hunted lions and tigers, suggests that his Numidian troops shall secure Marcia for him by carrying her off. The young prince scorns the idea as dishonorable, and finding he has gone too far, Syphax pleads his devotion to sire and son, and they mutually agree to forget the warmth of youth and forwardness of age. The old traitor is soliloquizing on the affront he has suffered, when Sempronius comes to tell him he has tampered with Decius and sent word to Cæsar of their adhesion to him. Their plans for a mutiny against Cato are also arranged, Syphax undertaking to hold his Numidian troops in readiness.

Marcus entreats his brother to plead his cause with Lucia and retires in great agitation as she approaches. The lovers are unhappy at the thought that the grief of Marcus at their union might kill him, and Lucia vows she will never marry while such a cloud hangs over them. Porcius begs her to recall the words, but she persists in bidding him farewell, and Marcus reënters to learn his fate. He reads it in his brother's looks, and disdaining Lucia's pity, exclaims: "What is compassion when it is devoid of love!" Trumpets sound, and as they hurry away he longs to fall in battle for some glorious cause. Several of the mutineers assemble in the square before the palace, and Sempronius, having addressed them, retires in order that he may reënter with Cato, his sons, and the other senators. Cato bares his bosom to the soldiers, but remorse moves them to tears, and he orders them to give up their leaders, whom Sempronius is charged to have put to death. Cato then exhorts his followers to remember the rights secured by their forefathers' blood, and invoking the spirit of liberty, retires. Sempronius re-

viles the mutineers as faint-hearted traitors, and orders the guards, who come to take them away for execution, to pluck out their tongues. Syphax enters to propose that his Numidian troops shall force the gate which Marcus guards and clear their way to Cæsar's camp, promising to assist Sempronius in obtaining forcible possession of Marcia. She and Lucia discuss their griefs and retire on hearing footsteps. Sempronius enters, dressed like Juba, with Numidian guards, whom he instructs to seize their prey on his giving the word. Then the young prince appears with his guards, and challenging the impostor, kills him. Marcia reënters with Lucia, and mistaking the muffled body for her lover, passionately bemoans him. Juba comes forward to amaze and embrace her, and she is led away by her friend, blushing at having confessed her love, while he, almost fearing it is a dream, exclaims, "Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine!"

Lucius expresses his astonishment to Cato at the falseness of Sempronius, and as he replies that he is surprised at nothing and is sick of the world, Porcius brings news of the flight of Syphax and is sent to see that his brother acts a Roman's part. Cato declares the torrent bears too hard upon him and reproaches Lucius for urging him to submit to Cæsar and be reconciled to life. Juba comes to blush for his countryman's treachery, but is cheered by Cato's commendation of his virtue. Porcius returns with the dead body of Marcus, who has fallen nobly, and ere he died pierced the false heart of Syphax. His father is sustained by the reflection that he did his duty, and remarks as he bends over the bier, "How beautiful is death when earned by virtue!" He adds that Cæsar shall never say he conquered Cato, and begs his followers to tell the usurper whatever was done against him Cato did it. Turning to Juba, he says it will be no crime at Rome to have been Cato's friend. Then he advises his son to withdraw betimes to their ancestral Sabine seat;

and warning his friends generally that the conqueror is at hand, he informs them that ships are ready to convey those who dare not trust the victor's clemency to any wished-for port.

Alone in his chamber, Cato is reading Plato's book on the *Immortality of the Soul,* and concurs with him that, " 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter." Then, taking his sword, he assures himself that death and life are both before him and contemplates the change unmoved by guilt or fear. Porcius enters and is forbidden to touch the weapon; but his father blesses him and retires to sleep. On his way to see their friends embark Porcius allays Marcia's fears, and as she and Lucia talk of Cato, Lucius comes to tell them he seems to be dreaming pleasantly. Juba brings word that their foes are within an hour's march, and Porcius returns with the news that Pompey's son is heading a rising against Cæsar in Spain; but groans are heard, and Cato has fallen on his sword. He is brought in on a chair, and asking from Lucius the hand of his daughter for Porcius, and giving Marcia to Juba, he dies.

Dr. Faustus.

AROUND the name of *Faust* a number of tales of supernatural powers have crystallized. There was undoubtedly a Dr. Faustus who lived in the sixteenth century, and in 1587 the first collection of the strange stories attributed to him was published. The book fell into the hands of Christopher Marlowe, an English play-writer, who dramatized it about two years later, and English actors played it in Europe. This story of Dr. Faustus is condensed from the play by Christopher Marlowe. Goethe wrote a drama on the same subject and operas by Berlioz and Gounod are played every year. Probably few legends have excited more interest and discussion than this one, the books written about it numbering over four thousand.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

The chorus introduces Faustus, who, as a doctor of divinity, excels in theological disputes, but having become glutted with learning, is now surfeiting in cursed necromancy. The scene is supposed to be in Germany about the year 1510. He is discovered sitting in his study, bidding adieu to the subjects which have hitherto interested him, and declaring that the metaphysics of magicians are heavenly. He sends his servant for his friends, Valdez and Cornelius; but before they arrive the Good and Evil Angels appear, the one urging him to lay aside his necromantic books and the other to go forward in the art wherein all Nature's treasure is contained. His friends find him considering how spirits shall perform his will, and they encourage him to be resolute, recommending his perusal of some works on magic and promising to instruct him in the rudiments of the art. Wagner, the steward of Dr. Faustus, meets two scholars, who question him respecting his master's companions and hurry off to inform the rector, in order that he may reclaim him.

Faustus is seen in a grove reciting a Latin incantation, and when Mephistopheles appears he commands him to change his shape and return as a friar. He obeys, and is charged with a message to Lucifer, the commander of all spirits, that Faustus surrenders to him his soul if he will spare him four-and-twenty years to live in voluptuousness, with Mephistopheles to attend on him and always obedient to his will. After an interlude between Wagner and a clown, Faustus is again visited by the Good and Evil Angels, who suggest, in turn, repentance and the pursuit of honor and wealth, and at his invocation Mephistopheles enters with Lucifer's reply. His request is complied with, but he must bequeath his soul by a deed of gift written with his blood.

Having executed it, devils bring him crowns and rich apparel; and on requesting a wife, Mephistopheles

fetches a devil dressed like a woman and gives him a book containing directions for raising spirits ready to execute whatever he desires. In the following scene Faustus is inclined to renounce magic, and the Good and the Evil Angels whisper encouragement and discouragement. He resolves not to repent, and argues with Mephistopheles respecting the solar system and how the world was created. The Angels reënter, uttering the words, "Too late," and "Never too late to repent," and he prays. Mephistopheles now introduces Lucifer and Beelzebub, and the Seven Deadly Sins appear, namely, Pride, Covetousness, Wrath, Envy, Gluttony, Sloth, and Lechery. Faustus questions them, and Lucifer promises that he shall visit hell. The chorus announces that Faustus is on his way to see the Pope, and he enters the privy chamber with Mephistopheles and becomes invisible. His Holiness and a cardinal, attended by friars, are seen at supper. Faustus snatches at the Pope's dishes and cup, and when he crosses himself boxes his ear, upon which they run away. The friars return, singing a dirge and cursing the supposed ghost, while Faustus and Mephistopheles fling fireworks and beat them as they retire. The chorus relates that the fame of Faustus as an astrologer has spread into every land, and that he is feasted by the Emperor Charles V. The Emperor, with a knight and attendants, desiring some proof of the doctor's skill, calls upon him to raise the forms of Alexander the Great and his beautiful paramour, and having despatched Mephistopheles to fetch them, they appear. He then causes horns to protrude from the head of the knight, who had doubted his powers, but removes them at the intercession of the Emperor, who bids him expect a bounteous reward.

Traveling with Mephistopheles, Faustus meets a horse-dealer, whom he advises not to ride a horse he has sold him into the water, but he does so, and the horse vanishes away. Wagner now enters, with an

invitation from the Duke of Vanholt, and Faustus astonishes the duchess by producing a dish of ripe grapes at her bidding. In the next scene he causes Helen of Greece to appear to some scholars with whom he is conversing, and an old man exhorts him to repent; but he hesitates, and begs Mephistopheles to recall Helen that she may dispel the thoughts which dissuade him from his vow. In the last scene Faustus opens his heart to his scholar friends, telling them of his compact with Lucifer, and that the time has come when he must die eternally. They leave him, and he has one bare hour to live, during which he anticipates his terrible fate, and as the clock strikes twelve, devils enter and carry him away. The chorus exhorts the wise:

> Only to wonder at unlawful things,
> Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
> To practice more than heavenly power permits.

The Parliament of Bees.

JOHN DAY, the English dramatist, was born about 1574 and died in 1640. Though he wrote much, the "Parliament of Bees" is the work on which his reputation chiefly rests. The play is rather a masque than a drama, and is occupied entirely by "the doings, the births, the wars, and the wooings" of the bees, expressed in language that is charming and original.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

A parliament is held to keep the commonwealth of bees in awe, and Prorex, as Master Bee, by the warrant of Oberon, who has given them their pasture of flowers, nominates the office-bearers and calls upon the Speaker to inform them of the work of the session. He prefers bills against the Humble Bee, who robs the laborers as they fly home; the Wasp, who pretends to buy, but never pays; the Hornet, who rifles their merchants' packs, and the Drone, who plays the thief at night, pil-

laging their hives and killing the inmates. The officers are instructed to deal with these outlaws, and the court breaks up, each one to his toil.

The Hospitable Bee tells his guest that on Mondays he bestows alms on those whose fortunes are sunk low by generous housekeeping; on Tuesdays on such as have all their lifetime wrought their country's freedom; on Wednesdays, such as have dived for knowledge in the Sacred Writ; on Thursdays, such as have been unfortunate in high offices of state; on Fridays, such as for conscience' sake are kept in bonds; on Saturdays he feasts the poor who are past labor, and on Sundays his tenants and servants. Asked why he does not take a wife, he replies his sound affections might be put out of frame, and that his heirs shall be the poor, whose succession nought can ruin.

The Plush Bee, a vainglorious reveler, declares he will build a hive like Jove's palace, with a hanging roof, that men may crown his fame for turning the world upside down. He will entertain no ragged rabble, and bids his servants lash them if they approach his gate. His ambition is gold, and he would there were ten worlds to sell for hills of silver, that at one feast he might draw all that treasure dry.

The Field Bee seeks an interview with Prorex, and calls his servant an illiterate daw, whom he would teach to read canon law. Taxed with being a suitor, he tells him he ought to know a true-born gentleman, however poorly attired, and wonders that such whalebone rascals should be able to tickle their employers' ears. The Master Bee welcomes him, and listening to his boast of honesty and bravery, acknowledges his timely aid when fighting against the Wasp, and in reward for his bold chivalry makes him commander of a colony.

The Poetical Bee visits his patron to beg a dinner and presents him with a book dedicated to the most honored dame, which he bids his servants burn. The poet deprecates such martyrdom, and is told to write

a satire on the Master Bee. He hesitates, as a royal subject; but is taunted with being ready to whip poor bees to death and to flatter great drones' vices instead of holding his reputation too dear to temporize even with kings. He retorts that poesy is but a feigning, and tells how Perseus taught his pupils, and his own ideas of the difference between great and small poets. The patron declares that verses are bought and sold, and the makers who merit gold are fed with husks, because opinion gives their reward.

Arethusa inquires of her companion Ulania news of Meletus, who, she believes, dwells in her father's hive; and then it transpires that they are both in love with him. Ulania boasts how other bees have sued her, but she can only love this stranger. Arethusa asks how he spends his time, and is told that he labors and toils, and is always ready to help any poor or disabled bee. Also that, vowing her name, which he engraves on every bough, he prevailed against a whole swarm of wasps, and that he writes verses in her praise, causing Ulania to weep and sigh. Wondering who Arethusa is, she begs her companion to tell Meletus, if she knows him, that he shall be her saint; and when he grows weak and faint she will do his labor and her own, making the earth fruitful with a shower of tears. Arethusa reproaches herself for having been cruel to him, and vows that all amorous bees shall wonder at the change which his love has wrought in her.

The Gathering Bee derides his kinsman for his prodigality and pride, who replies that he will do more than wear but one man's portion, and threatens that when all his trees are felled he will warm himself with his relatives' bones. What is it to him if he spends millions? He would waste the Indies in feasting his friends; and when all his treasure is gone he will turn pirate. Meanwhile the vanity of all mankind is his. He is warned, however, that:

> "Who spends all young, ere age comes all shall lack."

Chariolus, the Master Bee's son, soliloquizes on Arethusa's perfections of form and brain, but knows her not when she comes to announce that his lady-love is dead and has bequeathed him her troth. He receives the news so calmly that she repents and tells him she lives; but no, "With a sigh she died," and he will have that sigh drawn on a chariot in a gorgeous procession, with mottoes of his misery and symbols of her virtues. Arethusa suggests he had better forget her and entertain another. "Never!" he declares,—

> "A sigh shall bear my soul up to my love."

The Quacksalver sues to be household apothecary to an elderly bee, who says that he is healthful in body and wits and needs only his kitchen and his garden, adding:

> "Man was made sound at first; if he grows ill,
> 'Tis not by course of nature, but free will."

The quack demands a fee, reminding the steward he has accepted a bribe, which the master overhears, and remarks, "If this be true, he is bought and sold by his servant." Next the doctor buys and bequeaths him to a surgeon, and lastly he is dieted in a hospital and a scrivener makes his will; he, however, pays the fellow handsomely, but resolves that of such artless empirics he'll beware.

Suitors appeal to the Advocate Bee for despatch of business, and he orders them to be well treated. The Usurer begs for pecuniary help because his hive is burnt, and is told that, although his face shows a page of close dissembling, the money he asks is bestowed in charity; but if he is cheating it will not benefit him. A one-legged suitor whom the Usurer has swindled denounces him as sucking honey from the bloom of sin and using his starved debtors' bones as timber. The Usurer cannot deny the charge, and his victim craves he may be flogged. The Advocate sentences him to a hundred strokes or to hand over the gold he has ob-

tained to his accuser, who would like to see all dishonest brokers thus made to disburse.

Oberon presides in session, and his winged tenants bring their tribute. Agricola, who has invented the tillage of the earth, is made bailiff; Pastoralis is confirmed as a shepherd, and Vintager does homage as steward of the wines. Flora, who has charge of the herbs and flowers, is commended to the love of Phœbus, and all, retaining their places, solemnize the holy day.

Fairies summon the Master Bee and all his swarm, and Oberon sits in his star chamber. Three conspirators—the Wasp, the Drone, and the Humble Bee—are arraigned by Prorex, who is told that justice wins more honor by supporting great than hanging poor ones; but the delinquents are nevertheless condemned to perpetual banishment,—

> "Underneath two hanging rocks,
> Where babbling echo sits and mocks."

They cry mercy, but are told 'tis too late, and fairies thrust them to their fate. Oberon then warns the Master Bee to make his subjects so his own as he for them may answer; and having bestowed upon him in marriage the chaste Latris, who will teach him how to be himself, rejoins the fairies.

PART IV.

The World's Great Men and Women.

Socrates.

THE life and sayings of the greatest of the seekers after truth, and the wisest man of Pagan times, is full of interest and instruction. Socrates was a Greek, born about 470 B.C. He was the son of a sculptor, from whom he learned the art of making statuary by which he gained a living, devoting his leisure to the study of philosophy and the acquisition of useful knowledge. It was said of him that "he brought down philosophy from heaven to earth," and he was the first to teach that "the proper study of mankind is man." He was grotesque in face and figure, not to say ugly; he was hardy, frugal in his habits, commonly went barefooted, wore the same garments summer and winter, and had great power of endurance. He had a wife who was a great scold, called Xantippe, a name which has been used to denote a scold down to the present time. He was a good citizen, and when called upon to take arms, did so, and acquitted himself well. He became a member of the Senate, and made himself famous for his defiance of the powers that were acting in a tyrannical manner, and for his attacks on anything like shams or pretenses. He

> "Firmly good in a corrupted state,
> Against the rage of tyrants, single stood,
> Invincible."

In his search for truth and wisdom, which he felt it was his mission to discover, and then to impart it to men, he was untiring; he was also never tired of an

argument; he called himself "the midwife of men's thoughts." From him we derive the phrase, "the Socratic method of argument," which consisted in a catechizing, or cross-examining, so skilfully conducted as to make a person bring out exactly what he wished him to say, and to convince his opponent out of his own mouth.

He was charged with not believing in the gods which the state worshipped, and with corrupting the minds of youth, and was condemned to death by drinking a cup of poison. In his last hours he assembled his friends about him, and his last conversation with them was on the immortality of the soul; when he had finished he drank the poison with perfect composure, and lay down to die, in the seventieth year of his age.

His life was spent in doing good by rousing men to reflection, and leading them to know themselves. By his religious spirit, his belief in God, his aim to reunite religion and morality, and his own noble and beautiful life—the mirror of the truths he taught—he exerted so strong and so wholesome an influence that he has been compared to John the Baptist as a "forerunner of Christ."

Saint Augustine.

THERE are two different historic personages who have the name of St. Augustine, and they are often confused. One is known as The Apostle of the English, and flourished at the close of the sixth century. He was sent by Pope Gregory I with forty monks to introduce Christianity into England, where Ethelbert, King of Kent, gladly received them; it is said that in one day ten thousand were converted to the Christian religion and baptized.

The other is the St. Augustine known as one of the Fathers of the Christian Church, who preceded the

first mentioned by some two hundred and fifty years. It is of him that we wish to speak, first, because of the lovely picture we have of his mother; second, because he had a large influence in the early Church; and third, because he wrote one of the most famous books in the world, called his *Confessions*.

The mother of St. Augustine, Monica by name, was a Christian woman of tender and devoted piety, whose beautiful faith, enthusiasm, and patient prayers for the conversion of both her husband and her son (later on crowned with success), have made her the most famous of saintly women. She gave her boy the best education the age could afford, and brought him up in the faith and love of Jesus Christ, and it was thought he was permanently wedded to it. But the gay world had too strong an attraction for him, and he flung himself into the giddy vortex of dissipation and fast living, gratifying to the full the passionate nature which he had inherited from his father. After some years he sobered down, and took up the study of philosophy and metaphysics, became acquainted with Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, and was subsequently converted to Christianity in his thirty-third year, his mother living long enough to witness his baptism, and thus to see her prayers answered. The rest of his life was devoted to the service of the Church, and his writings are considered to have great doctrinal value.

A scholar was needed at that time to vindicate the claims of the Christian Church to the world; St. Augustine was the man who came forward at the crisis, and with his scholarly exposition sent all his opponents out of the field. His book entitled *The City of God* is one of the most famous pieces of work of this kind ever done; it shows the Christian Church rising as a new order out of the crumbling ruins of the Roman Empire; but nothing in all literature can compare to his *Confessions*—a monument of his living piety and Christian experiences. They trace his early career

ST. AUGUSTINE.—With his mother, Saint Monica.

with much vividness, and reveal the inner workings of his heart and mind with such frankness that the fascinated and startled reader fancies he is trespassing in some sacred spot. "To the devout utterances and aspirations of a great soul," says Dr. Krieger, the great church historian, "they add the charm of personal disclosure, and have never ceased to excite admiration in all spirits of kindred piety."

Alfred the Great.

ALFRED THE GREAT was the real founder of the British monarchy. He lived more than one thousand years ago. There were other English kings before him, but they did little for their country, while Alfred spent his life in laying the foundations on which the British Empire has since been built. He was an honest, conscientious, disinterested, and far-seeing statesman. At the time Alfred ascended the throne his kingdom was in a very bad condition, owing to the invasions of the Danes. It was in a battle with these Danes that Alfred's brother and predecessor, Ethelred, had been killed. The manner in which the young King acted in this emergency, rescuing his country from its perils, and laying the foundations for all its future splendors and triumphs, has made his name famous for all time.

The father of Alfred the Great was Ethelwolf, a younger son; he was educated in a monastery (all education was imparted by the monks in those days); later he took the vows of a monk, but afterwards, when there arose a possibility of his succeeding to the throne of his father, the Pope released him from his vows. He then married a lady whose gentle, serious character corresponded with his own. Alfred, the youngest and the favorite child of this union, was born 849 A.D. He was the constant companion of his

father and mother until the death of the latter, which took place when he was still quite young. When Alfred was seven years of age he accompanied his father on a journey to Rome. They stopped at the court of King Charles of France. Ethelwolf, though advanced in years, fell deeply in love with Charles's daughter Judith, who was only a young girl. On his return from Rome Ethelwolf asked and received the hand of the Princess Judith in marriage. The new Queen made an excellent mother to the young Alfred; she talked with him, encouraged his inquiries, explained to him what he did not understand, and endeavored in every way to strengthen his mental powers. Alfred was considerate, quiet, and reflective, and he improved the privileges which he enjoyed, and did not abuse the kindness and the favors which everyone showered upon him.

When Alfred was twelve years of age he had a very good general knowledge of the world and its history; yet he could not read. But reading then was not an essential attainment for all; it was considered a sort of technical art, and was learned only by those who expected to make some professional use of the knowledge. Monks and clerks could always read, but kings, generals, and gentlemen very seldom. There were no printed books, for printing had not yet been invented. All records were kept in manuscripts, which were written with great care and labor. Usually they were on parchment with the headings and initials splendidly illuminated and adorned by gilded miniatures of heads, figures, or landscapes. Judith had such a manuscript of some Saxon poems. One day Alfred and his older brothers were looking at it, and admiring it. Judith said that either of them might have the book, who would first learn to read it. Alfred immediately sought and found someone to teach him, and before long he read the volume to Judith and claimed it as his own.

When Ethelwolf died his son Ethelred succeeded

him. This was in 866 A.D., and Ethelred had reigned for five years when he was slain in a battle with the Danes, who had invaded England. At this battle Alfred, now a young man of twenty-two years, fought by his brother's side. Alfred was very unwilling to become King, but when the nobles and chieftains united to urge him to take it, he did so. As soon as the ceremony of coronation was performed Alfred collected his forces and went forth to meet the Danes again.

The country was in a most deplorable condition. The Danes had possession of many of the towns, had plundered castles and abbeys, and worse than all, had seized lands and were beginning to settle upon them as if they intended to possess Alfred's kingdom for their permanent home. On the other hand, the Saxon forces were scattered and discouraged. If they were defeated, their conquerors showed no mercy in their victory; if they conquered, it was only to suppress for a moment one horde with a certainty that another, more recently landed, more determined, and more relentless, would attack them immediately. Alfred, by the force of his personal character and active exertions, succeeded in concentrating what forces remained, and prepared them for a renewal of the contest. The first great battle was fought at Wilton. At first Alfred's forces were victorious, but in the end the Danes won the day. However, the latter suffered such severe losses that their leader was very glad to make a treaty with Alfred in which he agreed not to attempt to conquer Alfred's kingdom, provided Alfred would not aid the neighboring kings against him. At this time there were four kingdoms in the territory now known as England: Wessex, which was Alfred's kingdom, and Essex, Mercia, and Northumberland. Alfred agreed to these conditions. Some historians censure Alfred very much for thus deserting his natural allies, but Alfred believed that his first duty was toward his own kingdom. The leader of the Danes with

whom Alfred made the treaty kept to his agreement, but before very long another horde of Danes, under another leader, invaded Wessex. This leader claimed that he was not bound by any agreements which the first Danish leader had made. Thus Alfred was obliged to go to war again. There followed a series of contests and truces, neither party on the whole gaining any decided victory. Among the other measures to which Alfred resorted at this time was an attempt to encounter the Danes upon their own element, by building and equipping a fleet of ships in order to meet and attack upon the water certain new bodies of Danes who were on their way to join their countrymen who were already in Britain. These attempts of Alfred were the first rude beginnings of the present vast naval power of Great Britain. Alfred was successful in the first enterprises which he undertook with his ships. He encountered a Danish fleet in the English Channel and defeated them.

In the eighth year of Alfred's reign a new band of Danes, more numerous and more ferocious than any who had come before them, came like an inundation over Wessex. The Saxon army was broken up. The chieftains and nobles fled. Some left the country altogether; others hid themselves in the best retreats and fastnesses they could find. Alfred was obliged to follow their example. At first a few attendants followed him, but gradually they deserted him. The King wandered to the remote western frontiers of his kingdom, where he took refuge in the hut of a cowherd, telling the latter that he was one of the Saxon chieftains, and begging for shelter against the Danes. The cowherd gave him food and shelter, and Alfred remained his guest for some time.

Historians say that, in the first years of Alfred's reign, his elevation to a position of honor and power had made him proud, haughty, and domineering. His suffering now made him humble, docile, and consid-

erate, for affliction always brings out the true character of the sufferer.

One day some of Alfred's former friends came near his hiding-place. The former King heard of it and made his presence known to them. They were rejoiced to find their old commander once more. There were no Danes in this particular part of the country, and gradually the fugitives gathered here, making the herdsman's little farm their headquarters. Alfred threw off his disguise, and assumed his true character again. Plans were made for recovering the country from the hands of the enemy. Just at this time a decided victory gained over a band of Danes by one of the Saxon chieftains instilled courage and renewed hope in the despairing Saxons, and they were ready to take up arms again under the guidance of their King. Forces were marshalled without delay, and a great victory was won at Ethandun. Guthrum, the leader of the Danes, fled from the field, and took refuge in a castle. Fourteen days later he surrendered. Alfred was once more in possession of his kingdom.

The policy which Alfred determined to adopt toward the conquered was this: To expel the armed forces from his own dominions, and to allow those Danes who were peacefully disposed to remain in undisturbed possession of such lands as they already occupied. In the treaty Alfred agreed that Guthrum should rule over the part of England occupied by the Danes, but instead of permitting Guthrum to make the laws for his own kingdom, Alfred settled the fundamental laws of both kingdoms, making them the same for both, as if he forsaw the union which was ultimately to take place, and wished to facilitate its accomplishment.

As the years of Alfred's life passed away his kingdom advanced all the time in good government, wealth, and prosperity. Disorders continually broke out among the Danes who had settled in the land, and

some new hordes attempted invasions, but these were easily subdued. At last, however, a famous Northman leader, named Hastings, landed in England at the head of a large force, and before he was expelled made a great deal of trouble. It was in the years 893 to 897 that Hastings and his followers infested the island. Only four years more of life were left to Alfred, and these he spent in the same earnest and devoted efforts to promote the welfare and prosperity of his kingdom that he had exhibited before this last war. The good considered him their champion, the indifferent caught a portion of his spirit and wished him success, while the wicked were silenced if they were not changed.

Alfred was fifty-two years old when he died. His death was universally lamented. The kingdom passed peacefully and prosperously to his son, Edward. This son emulated his father's virtues, and the arrangements which Alfred had spent his life in framing soon began to work out their happy results.

William Caxton.

IT is hard for us who live now-a-days to realize the conditions that existed before there were printed books, newspapers and magazines. In those days a person's knowledge was limited to the events happening in his immediate neighborhood, and to the stories which were told by the professional bards and story-tellers. All books were written by hand and consequently were very costly, and very few in number. To the invention of printing we owe mainly the advancement of learning and the present state of civilization in which we live. As early as the fourteenth century playing-cards were known and used in Germany; at first they were painted, but toward the close of the century a method was discovered of

CAXTON SHOWING A PROOF-SHEET TO EDWARD IV.—William Caxton was the first English printer. He was born about 1412. In 1476 he set up a printing-press at Westminster, London, and printed many books. He was ninety years old when he died.

printing from blocks, a method which had been used in China for hundreds of years before. This was the beginning of printing in Europe, but it was not until about the year 1438 that Johann Gutenburg, of Mayence, first discovered and practised the art of printing with movable types, a further account of which will be found in the article on "Printing" in Volume X.

The first book printed by Gutenburg was a copy of the Bible. This was probably in 1455. In the following year he printed and published an almanac. In 1462 Mayence was the scene of a war, and Gutenburg's workmen scattered all over Europe, carrying with them the knowledge of the art of printing.

The person who introduced this knowledge into England was William Caxton. He was born in the Weald of Kent probably in the year 1412. Of his parents we know nothing, except that they understood the value of an education, and sent their son to school. At the age of fifteen or sixteen he was apprenticed to a merchant in London. During the time of his service he conducted himself so well that when his master died, in 1441, he left him a legacy. With this money he went to the Netherlands in 1442, where he remained for some time, and in 1464 he was appointed an ambassador to continue and confirm a treaty of commerce with Philip, Duke of Burgundy. Four years later the son of Philip married the sister of England's King, and Caxton was appointed to a permanent position at her court. In the next few years he learned the art of printing, but by what means cannot be found out. Neither has any precise information been discovered as to the date of his return to England. In 1477 he had undoubtedly left the continent, and taken up his residence in the neighborhood of Westminster Abbey. Here he established his printing business. He enjoyed royal patronage, and some of the nobility also encouraged him. Caxton was

indefatigable in cultivating and perfecting this new art, and although he was in the declining years of his life, he labored with unwearied diligence and printed in all ninety-nine romances of chivalry, religious books, and translations, in black letter, all of which he edited himself. Besides the labor of superintending his press, he made most of the translations from French into English. *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers,* published in 1477, is believed to have been the first book actually printed in English. He printed Malory's *King Arthur* and an edition of Chaucer's works. By his persistence amid all the difficulties in his path he well earned the title of "Father of Printing."

He died in 1491, and was buried in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. To him belong the high praise and merit of having at his own charge, and on his own responsibility undertaken so great an enterprise, thus conferring on his fellow countrymen an incalculable benefit.

Joan of Arc.

ONE of the greatest blots on human history and one of its most curious enigmas is the story of Joan of Arc. Her murder is a disgrace to the English who permitted it, and to the French who made no attempt to rescue her. The question of whether she was divinely inspired, or was a skillful imposter will probably never be settled to everyone's satisfaction.

She was born in the year 1410 in the village of Domremy, in Lorraine, France. She was piously brought up by her mother, and was accustomed to nurse the sick, to assist in receiving travelers, and in aiding the poor. She also took care of her father's sheep and helped in the spinning and sewing. A great deal of her time was spent in a shady chestnut

grove near her father's cottage, where she meditated and prayed; even as a child she was noted for the gentleness and devoutness of her nature.

At the time Joan appeared in history all of France north of the Loire was in the possession of the English, and the Queen-Mother Isabella supported the claims of her grandson, Henry VI of England, to the throne of France against those of her son, Charles VII of France. Years before there had been a prophesy made that "France, lost by a woman (Isabel of Bavaria), should be saved by a virgin from the frontiers of Lorraine." Joan believing that this prophesy referred to her, went to the French army headquarters and eventually gained an audience with Charles. He and his advisers investigated her claims as best they could, and finally intrusted her with the command of the army, which she assumed, dressing in male attire. In addition to believing that she was the deliverer of France foretold in the prophesy, she claimed that voices had been heard by her from time to time since her thirteenth year, five years before, commanding her to go to the aid of Charles against the English. After the uncrowned King had consented to accept her aid she succeeded in raising the siege of Orleans May 8, 1429, and in winning a great battle at Patay on June 18, 1429. The result of these two victories was that Charles was crowned and anointed with the sacred oil at Rheims, where the kings of France were accustomed to hold the coronation ceremonies.

After the coronation the Maid of Orleans, as she was called for her victory at that city, held a regular command in the army. On May 23, 1430, she was captured by the Burgundians, who were allies of the English, conducted to Rouen, and there tried and convicted of heresy. She was condemned to be burned at the stake unless she would acknowledge that her visions had been false, and foreswear the use of male habits and arms. Every means were used to make her sub-

mit, but in vain. At length she was brought forth on a public scaffold in Rouen. The bishop of Beauvais read the sentence of condemnation, which was to be followed by burning at the stake. For once Joan's courage failed; she spoke words of contrition and expressed her willingness to submit to the Church. A written form of confession was immediately produced, which Joan, not knowing how to write, signed with a cross. Her sentence was then commuted to perpetual imprisonment, and she was borne back to her cell. Joan submitted to all that was required of her. But when two days had passed she was filled with remorse and shame for her weakness. Her religious enthusiasm returned and she again heard the voices. Her beliefs had never left her, and she resolved no longer to belie the powerful impulses under which she had acted. The ecclesiastics who had tried her then determined that she should die. Accordingly a pile of wood was prepared in the market-place of Rouen, and on the last day of May, 1431, Joan was fastened to the stake, and the fire soon consumed her. Her ashes were gathered and thrown into the Seine.

Madame Roland.

MARIE JEANNE ROLAND was one of those brave French heroines who suffered for her principles in the French Revolution. She was born in 1754, and was the daughter of an engraver of considerable talent, named Philipon. Her mother was a woman of unusual character. The little Marie was naturally reserved, but she was animated and eager and needed constant occupation. By the time she was four years of age she could read, and to complete her education it was only necessary to keep her supplied with books. At five o'clock in the morning the child

would steal from her bed, half dressed, to begin her studies. Flowers only would divert her from reading, except when her mother required her to leave her books to learn housewifely tasks.

In the latter half of the eighteenth century the doctrines of equality and brotherhood were spreading through France, and Mademoiselle Philipon, not being indifferent to the welfare of her country, enthusiastically adopted them. She was not insensible to the charms of pomp and splendor, but she was indignant that their chief use should be to elevate persons who were already too powerful, and who had nothing commendable in themselves. Her republican sentiments increased her natural seriousness, and she looked upon life as a struggle and a duty. Her beauty attracted many admirers, but she refused all offers of marriage until she met M. Roland in 1784. They corresponded for five years and were married in 1789.

When the French Revolution began she was drawn from the retirement of private life. Her husband, who was a manufacturer of Lyons, was sent by that city to Paris as its representative. Her beauty, enthusiasm, and eloquence exercised a powerful fascination over her husband's friends, and Robespierre and others of the leaders of the revolutionary party met constantly at her house, where she was an interested listener to all that went on. Without planning it, she soon found herself the center of a large and powerful political party. Madame Roland had very little faith in a constitutional monarchy. She desired a republic, pure and free. All who came in touch with her were imbued with her fervent spirit of patriotism. She imparted her enthusiasm to her husband, and the prominent part which he took in the politics of the period may be attributed to her influence. When the Girondist ministry was formed, and M. Roland was made the secretary of the interior, she not only swayed him, but also the entire Girondist party.

But her triumph was short-lived. Machinery had been set in motion that could not be stopped. Madame Roland and her husband opposed the Reign of Terror, and they became its victims. Their lives were openly threatened. Roland was concealed by a friend and escaped, but Madame Roland was arrested and thrown into prison. At her trial she was closely questioned not only about herself, but also about her husband. She refused to say anything that might incriminate him or might disclose his hiding-place. She was condemned to death, and on November 10, 1793, when she ascended the cart which was to carry her to the scaffold, was dressed all in white as an emblem of her purity of mind. In the crowd that followed the cart were some who shouted, "To the guillotine! To the guillotine!" "I shall soon be there," said Madame Roland, "but those who send me there will follow before long. I go there innocent, but they will go as criminals; and you who applaud now will also applaud then." And this prophesy was actually fulfilled very shortly after. As she came to the statue of Liberty she bowed her head and exclaimed, "O Liberty, how thou hast been tricked!" In the wagon with Madame Roland was an old and timid man. She tried to encourage him on the way, and as they reached the foot of the scaffold she said to him, "Go first; I can at least spare you the pain of seeing my blood flow."

Madame Roland had predicted that her husband would not survive her. Five days after her death his body was found seated under a tree near Rouen, stabbed to the heart. On his dress was fastened a paper on which was written a few lines, saying that "upon learning of the death of his wife he could no longer stay in a world so stained with crime."

Marie Antoinette.

MARIE ANTOINETTE, Archduchess of Austria and Queen of France, was born at Vienna, November 2, 1755, on the same day that Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, was destroyed by an earthquake. She was one of the sixteen children of Maria Theresa and Francis I, Empre s and Emperor of Austria. She possessed unusual grace and beauty and was carefully educated. In 1770, before her fifteenth birthday, she was married to the grandson of Louis XV, King of France. Her husband ascended the throne of France in 1774 as Louis XVI; four years later their first child was born, and three more children followed.

When Marie Antoinette first went to Paris she was very popular and all the people loved her. After her second son was born in 1785 and she was on her way to the church to return thanks, according to custom, the people wished to take the horses from her carriage and drag it along themselves. When the Queen alighted and walked with them their delight knew no bounds.

But the great French Revolution was brewing, and by 1789 all the kindness and benevolence which the Queen had exhibited, her claims upon the nation as a woman and a foreigner, her grace and her beauty were forgotten. The feeling of unrest in France, caused by remote circumstances, was bringing about a terrible state of affairs. The Queen could no longer do with impunity things which had been done by her predecessors. The extravagance and thoughtlessness of youth and a neglect of the strict formalities of court procedure brought censure upon her. Finally she became an object of hatred to the people, and they accused her of the most improbable crimes. In October, 1789, the populace went to the palace at Versailles, broke in, murdered several of the body-guard, and forced their way to the Queen's apartments.

By 1791 the Revolution was in full swing and in

that year she accompanied the King in his flight to Varennes. She was his companion throughout his imprisonment in the Tuileries and the Temple. With unexampled fortitude she endured the insults and the privations which were the lot of the royal family at this time. On January 21, 1793, Louis XVI perished on the scaffold. Marie Antoinette's trial was begun on October 14th of that year, and lasted for seventy-three hours. During all those hours she preserved her dignity and composure. Her replies to the infamous charges made against her were simple, noble, and laconic. When all the accusations had been heard she was asked if she had anything to say. She answered, "I was a queen, and you took away my crown; a wife, and you killed my husband; a mother, and you deprived me of my children. My blood alone remains; take it, but do not make me suffer long." At four o'clock on the morning of the sixteenth she was condemned to death, and listened to her sentence with dignity and self-possession. At half-past twelve of the same day she ascended the scaffold. She knelt and prayed in a low tone for a few minutes and then delivered herself to the executioner. At the time of her death Marie Antoinette was but thirty-five years of age. Scarcely any traces remained of the beauty that had dazzled the court of France twenty years before. Her hair had whitened with the suffering she had passed through, and her eyes were almost sightless from continued weeping.

The eldest of their children, born in 1778, was Marie Therese Charlotte; she was the companion of her parents in their captivity, and afterwards married the eldest son of Charles X of France. There were two sons, Louis, born in 1781 and living only eight years, and Charles Louis, born in 1785. The latter shared for a time his parents' imprisonment, and was then forcibly taken from them and given in charge to a cobbler named Simon, who terrorized the child until he died

in 1795, a victim of ill-treatment. There was also a daughter who died in infancy.

Thomas À Kempis.

OF the life of this famous man there is little to tell. He was born in 1380 and died in 1471; and practically lived in a monastery all his life, occupied in teaching. He was famous for his piety and for his success in teaching young men, for whom he evolved a treatise on *The Imitation of Christ,* which, because of its utter simplicity, its directness, and its great knowledge of all the ways of the human heart, and of human feelings, has proved to be one of the most vital books ever written. For more than four centuries men and women have found help, comfort, and consolation in it, even when they could not get it out of the sacred writings themselves. It has moved and stirred the hearts of men and women of all nations, in all walks of life, and in all the varying circumstances in which they have found themselves. It is full of maxims, pithy and clear, which easily sink into the mind and heart, and stay there.

The good old bishop lived a most uneventful life far outside of the great world; but he knew the heart of men, and he learned much of its ways and its needs from those who came to him for instruction and aid. Hence he was able to write this wonderful book, which has been translated into more languages than any other, except the Bible.

Lady Jane Grey.

IT will be remembered that Henry VIII of England was married several times. When he died he left three children by as many different wives. The succession fell upon Edward, the issue of the third mar-

riage. He did not long survive, and upon his death the question of his successor was a grave one. Some persons claimed that Mary, the daughter of Henry VIII by his first marriage, was the legal heir to the throne; others that Edward's cousin, Lady Jane Grey, was the only rightful successor. The latter, compelled by her father and husband, who were both ambitious, ascended the throne. Nine days only did she wear the crown. The nation recognized Mary as queen, and Lady Jane and her husband were sent to the Tower. They had committed a crime against the state, and in February, 1554, both were brought to the block.

Lady Jane was born in 1537, and at a very early age gave astonishing proofs of her talents. She was skilled in womanly accomplishments. She spoke and wrote not only her own language, but French, Italian, Latin, and Greek. Her quickness of apprehension and soundness of judgment enabled her to understand the sciences, which generally were known only to men. With all these accomplishments she had the graces of mildness, humility, and modesty.

In 1553 she was married to Lord Guilford Dudley, and shortly after her marriage accepted the diadem which was so soon to be the cause of her death. During her confinement Mary sent her most learned priests to attempt to change Lady Jane's faith. She defended her opinions with great skill and was not persuaded by the priests. She also wrote several letters, one to her sister, in Greek, exhorting her to maintain in every trial that fortitude and perseverance of which she hoped to give her an example. She refused to see her husband for a last farewell, saying that an interview would only serve to break down their fortitude, and that they would soon meet where there would be no parting. She saw him from her prison cell as he was led past her window to his execution, and as she was on her way to the block she met the cart with his dead body on it. The sight of this brought tears, but they

were quickly dried when she was told of his courage and constancy. On the scaffold she attested her innocence of any intentional wrong-doing, made a solemn profession of her faith, and repeated a psalm. Then she knelt, and saying, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit," she meekly submitted to her fate.

Geoffrey Chaucer.

THE name of Chaucer is from the French *chausseur,* a shoemaker, and in the thirteenth century there were many persons of that name living in Cordwainer Street, London, which was the shoemakers' quarter. The great English poet, the father of English poetry, belonged, however, to a rich family of wine merchants. He was born about 1340, and died in 1400. All his life he was accustomed to the atmosphere of the courts. He was, when quite young, employed in the service of the Countess of Ulster. He went to the war in France in 1359, in the service of King Edward of England, and was taken prisoner. Afterwards he married the sister of the wife of the famous John of Gaunt, a son of Edward III, one of the most powerful statesmen of the reign of King Richard II.

When his wife's sister died in 1369 he wrote a poem in her honor, entitled, "The Book of the Duchess." He continued in the service of King Richard II and King Henry IV until he died in 1400. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and his tomb was the nucleus of what is now known as "The Poets' Corner," where lie the remains of so many of England's greatest men. His life was a busy one, and for years he was engaged on important diplomatic missions, which took him to most of the principal cities of Europe, and gave him the wide experience and knowledge of men, manners, and affairs, which are reflected in his writings. He was thoroughly familiar with French literature, and trans-

lated the famous *Roman de la Rose,* "Romance of the Rose," from French into English.

Just when, in all his busy life, he found time to write the works that have made him forever famous is not known. Besides *The Canterbury Tales* and *The Book of the Duchess,* he wrote *The Parliament of Fowls, Troilus and Cressida, The Legend of Good Women, The House of Fame,* and several other works of minor importance.

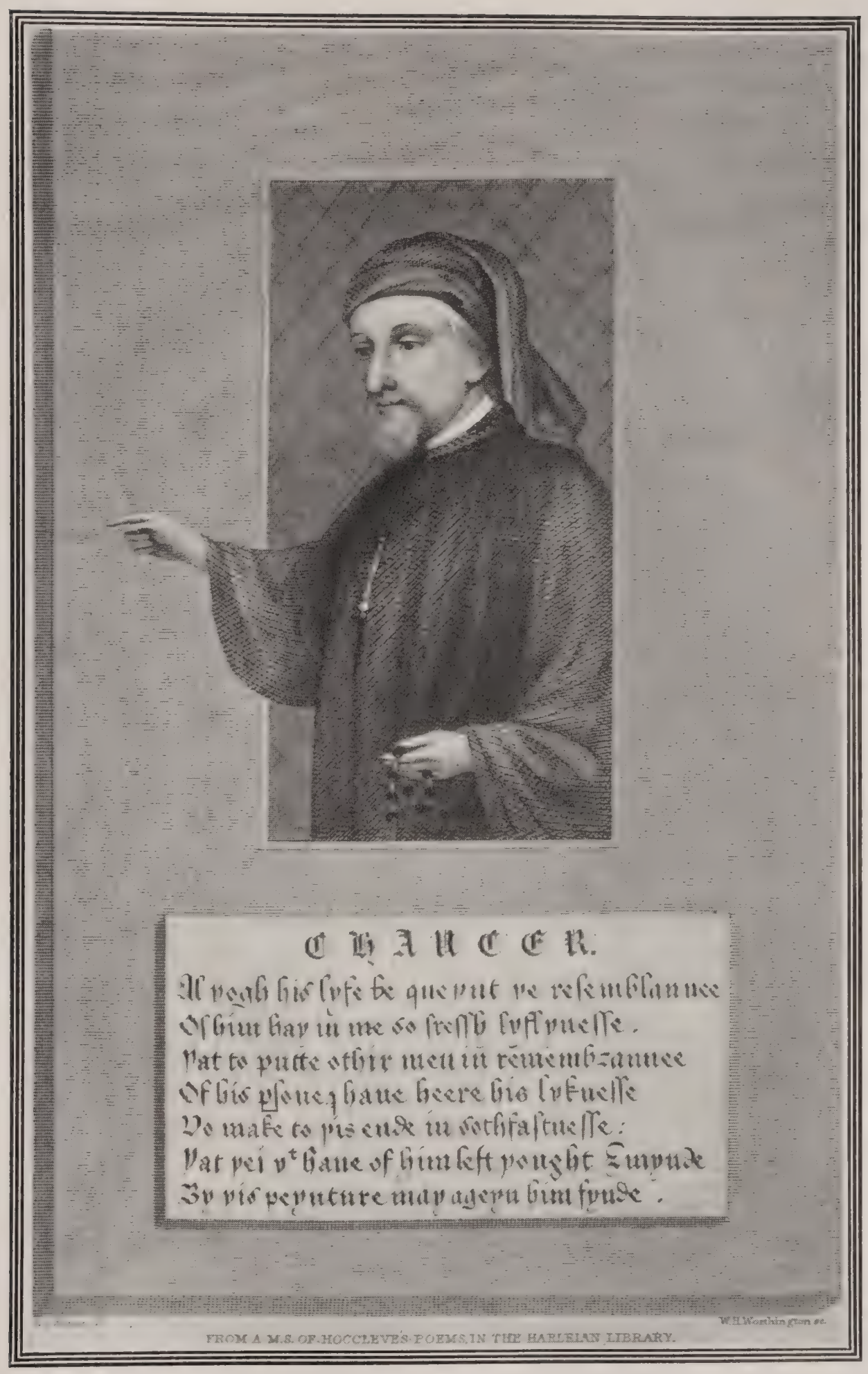
It is not often that we are enabled to know exactly what a man looked like who lived so long ago as Chaucer's day. Fortunately one Thomas Hoccleve, an English poet, who lived in the time of Chaucer, and was a great admirer and friend of his, who confessed that:

> Father Chaucer fain would have me taught,
> But I was dull, and learned almost naught,

caused his portrait to be painted in one of his manuscripts, entitled, *The Regiment of Princes,* which is now in the Harleian collection in the British Museum, London. He is shown as an old man with white hair, a fresh complexion, gray eyes, a straight nose, a gray mustache, and a small double-pointed beard. His dress and hood are black, and he has a small string of beads in his hand.

Edmund Spenser.

IN the pageant of Elizabethan poetry there is none that makes so brave a show as Edmund Spenser and his works, Shakespeare, of course, excepted. But little is known of his early career; he came of good family and was educated at Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1576. Three years later he published *The Shepherd's Calendar,* full of old words and old phrases, thoroughly rustic in character, sentiment, and expression. Queen Elizabeth early recognized his



CHAUCER; FROM THE HOCCLEVE MANUSCRIPT.—The tablet reads:

"Although his lyfe be queynt[1], the resemblaunce
Of him hath in me so fresshe lyfelyness,[2]
That to putte other men in remembraunce
Of his persone I have heere his lyknesse
Do make. to this ende in sothfastnesse,
That thei that have of him lest thought and mynde
By this peynture[3] may ageyn him fynde."

[1]Quenched; [2]Liveliness; [3]Picture.

merit; she made him her Poet Laureate, and posterity has endorsed her approval. He was a friend of the famous Sir Philip Sidney, whose uncle, the all powerful Earl of Leicester, befriended him. In 1580 he went to Ireland as secretary to the Viceroy Earl Grey, where he grew rich and acquired a beautiful estate, on which he lived for several years. He wrote a valuable book on *The State of Ireland,* which is often referred to and quoted to-day. His castle at Kilcolan was burned during the rebellion of Tyrone in 1598, and his infant child was burned to death. He and his wife escaped to London, where he died the following year. He was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, most appropriately by the side of his great predecessor, Geoffrey Chaucer.

Someone has said of him that he "belonged partly to the old, partly to the new time; the last of one age, the first of another; he stretches out one hand to Chaucer, the other rests on the shoulder of Milton." The two poems which have made him famous, though he wrote many which have lived and will live, are his *Epithalamium,* in which he celebrates his beautiful wife, the most beautiful of all bridal songs, except the *Song of Solomon;* and *The Fœrie Queene,* which for pure beauty, whether as regards the subjects and their description or the rich harmony of the language, has never been surpassed. For further description of *The Fœrie Queene* the reader should turn to the chapter on "English Literature" in Volume VI. It is written in a form of verse which Spenser especially designed for it. It is an allegory in six books and is perfect of its kind; in it the virtues are personified, the story of chivalry is told, and the history of the Christian church unfolded. Unlike the allegory of John Bunyan, which tells of the misery of man, *The Fœrie Queene* tells more of the dignity and the magnanimity of man, "which virtue is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all."

Elizabeth, Queen of England.

ELIZABETH, Queen of England, should be judged as a sovereign rather than as a woman. She denied herself those joys of a domestic life which are so dear to every good woman in order that she might not be distracted from her duties toward her subjects and the national interests. She said once that the ceremony of her inauguration married her to her people, and that her subjects were to her what husband or children were to other women. In the course of her reign she was obliged to do or to consent to many things which wrung her heartstrings, and yet she had strength of character enough to lay aside her personal feelings and do what she thought was her duty.

Elizabeth was the daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, his second wife; she was born September 7, 1533. After her mother's death and Henry's third marriage she was declared illegitimate, and the succession to the throne was entailed on the issue of Henry's third marriage. Elizabeth, therefore, was brought up in retirement and not for a queenly career. In March, 1557, she was committed to the Tower on suspicion of being concerned in the conspiracy to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne of England. She came near to losing her life, but Philip of Spain, who was her half-sister Mary's husband, successfully interceded for her. In 1558, at the age of twenty-five, she began to reign. She was a very highly accomplished woman; her talents had been enlarged and cultivated by education, if she had not been trained for statecraft. In person she was graceful, her carriage noble and majestic, and she had an intelligent, animated expression.

One of the first acts of her reign was the restoration of the Protestant faith. England had been Catholic under the reign of Mary, her predecessor. She was the real founder of the English Episcopal Church as it

QUEEN ELIZABETH KNIGHTING JOHN DRAKE.—On board the "Golden Hind," April 4, 1581.

stands to-day. The Puritans gave her some trouble, but she handled the situation so diplomatically that she retained the confidence and affection of the great majority of her people.

Not only did Elizabeth keep peace at home among her subjects, but she was so sure of her resources and of the support of her subjects that she defied Spain, entered into treaty with the revolted provinces of the Netherlands, attacked and defeated the so-called Invincible Armada sent against England by Spain, and assisted Henry of Navarre to obtain possession of the throne of France.

The two acts of her reign for which she has been much criticized were the executions of Mary Queen of Scots and of the Earl of Essex. It was with great reluctance that she signed the death-warrants of each of these persons, but it is only charitable to think that she believed she was doing right. Grief over the death of the Earl of Essex was the real cause of her death on March 24, 1602.

Elizabeth was very fond of learning and was a strong believer in the doctrine of progress. Her reign is sometimes called the Golden Age of English Literature, for Spenser, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Raleigh, and Bacon flourished and the Elizabethan period was one of the most glorious in English history.

William Shakespeare.

THE greatest of all writers the world has seen was William Shakespeare, the English poet and playwright. To him the world is indebted for the eternally famous *Hamlet, Othello, A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Tempest, Romeo and Juliet, King Lear, Macbeth,* and that wonderful group of historical plays which have done more to give English people a knowledge of the doings of past times in their native land than all the schoolbooks put together. Descriptions

of some of the greatest of his plays are given in this volume, Part III, and in "English Literature," Volume VI. Every phase of human life, character, and emotion was thoroughly understood by Shakespeare; the noblest of woman's ideals and the basest of man's passions, the most self-sacrificing heroism of men, the smallest of women's jealousies he faithfully portrayed. He pictured the pride of the father, of the king in his palace, of the soldier at the head of his troop, the loyalty of the priest administering to the sick in soul and body, of the servant waiting on his master and mistress, and the shepherd watching and caring for his flock. He entered into and expressed the feelings of the innocent man driven from his home and family, the political outlaw, the conscience-stricken criminal, and the usurper and the tyrant. In a word, all things that men say, or do, or think, or dream were understood by the poet, and each is expressed in his writings as if he had had the profoundest experience in the phase of life he describes.

Where did William Shakespeare learn so much of life and human nature? From that greatest of books, that one which is as old as the world, and yet is as new as to-day—the book of Nature and the exercise of the power of observation. His parents were both illiterate, but they knew the value of learning; it was probably in 1568, when the little William was about four years of age, that he learned his a, b, c's. His instructors were probably older boys, and at the age of seven he entered the Free School, where he studied a little Latin, but he never became very well acquainted with that language. In the whole village of Stratford-on-Avon, which was the scene of the poet's birth and of the early years of his life, there were, at that time, probably not more than two or three dozen books, exclusive of Bibles, prayer-books, and psalters. William was removed from school at the age of thirteen years, and apprenticed to learn a trade—according to

HAMLET AND OPHELIA.—"Go, get thee to a nunnery."

some authorities, that of a butcher, and according to others, that of a dealer in wool. When he was eighteen years of age he married Anne Hathaway. Three or four years after this union he fell into bad company and was liable to imprisonment; he therefore betook himself to London. Having no fortune or income he was obliged to live for a time by very mean employments, but these same employments served to bring out his natural abilities, and to develop his character. His first occupation in London was holding the horses of people who came to the playhouses on horseback unaccompanied by a servant. His care and readiness came to be so well known that everyone wanted "Will Shakespeare," and soon he was obliged to hire other boys to hold horses under his inspection; but as long as the custom of riding to the theatre on horseback continued those who held the horses were called "Shakespeare's Boys."

His first position in a theatre was that of prompter's assistant. Here carefulness and good nature won steady advancement, and he was recognized as one of the best actors of the day, even before he attempted to write any plays. His first play appeared in 1592, and the last in 1611; thirty-seven of them have been preserved. In those days the actors traveled about the country, giving their plays in some convenient grove or valley, or on the common, for there were playhouses in the big cities only. Many a time—probably most of the time—Shakespeare's mode of conveyance from one place to the next was his own feet, and as he walked along the country roads, the philosopher that is more or less in every man was developed in him. Unlike many a so-called philosopher, he maintained correct values in his thoughts; he understood that no outside fate controls mankind, but that each man brings on himself punishment or reward because of the nature of his deeds. This is a truth that is brought out in all his plays.

It is pleasant to note that, in spite of winning fame both as an actor and as a dramatist, Shakespeare remained a conscientious and kind-hearted man, devoid of any sort of affectation. Although he wandered far from his birthplace, it was always home to him; and it was there, at Stratford-on-Avon, that he passed away on the fifty-second anniversary of his birth, April 23, 1616.

Lord Bacon.

OF all the great men which the age of Queen Elizabeth produced in England, none stands out in greater prominence than Francis Bacon, viscount of St. Albans, who was born in 1561 and died in 1626. There are few men who have done greater good by their teaching, and more harm by their practice, than did this remarkable man, whose mind soared so high as to grasp the loftiest themes that man can grasp, and yet stooped so low as to traffic with justice and betray it.

Very early in life he formulated his three great ambitions: to discover truth for the benefit of the human race; to be of service to his country, and to do something for the Church. No scheme of life could have been more laudable, and all the world knows how he succeeded in carrying it out. But owing to circumstances over which he had not entire control, he started life in debt, and it was necessary that he should obtain some government post in order to carry out his life purpose.

He was highly educated and destined for public life; to that end he was sent to study in France, and he became counsel to Queen Elizabeth when he was twenty-eight years old. He entered Parliament, and became friendly with the Earl of Essex, against whom he afterwards appeared when Essex was on trial for

his life. On the accession of King James he was made knight, and was successively Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Lord Keeper of the Seals, and Lord High Chancellor, and received, in 1621, the title by which he is now known.

How he abused the great trusts confided in him is proved by the fact that he was accused before the House of Lords of having received money for grants of privileges and for offices under the Seal of State—in a word, of "grafting" in its worst form—and he was forced to confess that the accusations were just. He was condemned to pay a fine of $200,000, to be confined in the Tower during the King's pleasure, and was banished from Parliament and the courts. Though this sentence was just, it must not be forgotten that Lord Bacon lived in a time when malpractice of the kind of which he was accused was not, as a rule, thought to be a very serious offense, and it must be allowed that he was actuated, not so much by corruption at heart as by certain weaknesses of character which were imposed on by others. He was generous and independent; he knew and valued virtue, but in certain matters he lacked firmness of character. He did not long survive his disgrace, although the punishment was practically remitted before he died. How far Lord Bacon succeeded in the first of his ambitions the following extract from Lord Macaulay's famous essay on Bacon will show: "He taught that the multiplying of human enjoyments, and the mitigation of human suffering were the true objects of every department of science, in natural philosophy, in legislation, in politics, and in morals."

These few words form the key of the Baconian doctrine; the ancient philosophy disdained to be useful, and was content to be stationary. It dealt largely in theories of moral perfection, which were so sublime that they never could be more than theories; in attempts to solve insoluble enigmas; in exhortations to the attainments

of unattainable frames of mind. It could not condescend to the humble office of ministering to the comfort of human beings. All the schools contemned that office as degrading; some censured it as immoral. All of this is expounded in his famous book, *The Novum Organum,* and in his other brilliant writings.

Lord Macaulay thus tells the story of the death of this most remarkable man: "The great apostle of experimental philosophy was destined to be its martyr. It had occurred to him that snow might be used with advantage for the purpose of preventing animal substances from putrefying. On a very cold day early in the spring of the year 1626 he alighted from his coach near Highgate, in order to try the experiment. He went into a cottage, bought a fowl, and with his own hands stuffed it with snow. While thus engaged he felt a sudden chill and was soon so much indisposed that it was impossible to return to Gray's Inn. The Earl of Arundel, with whom he was well acquainted, had a house at Highgate. To that house Bacon was carried. The Earl was absent; but the servants who were in charge of the place showed great respect and attention to the illustrious guest. Here, after an illness of about a week, he expired early on the morning of Easter-day, 1626. His mind appears to have retained its strength and liveliness to the end. He did not forget the fowl which had caused his death. In the last letter that he wrote, with fingers which, as he said, could not steadily hold a pen, he did not omit to mention that the experiment of the snow had succeeded 'excellently well.' "

Very few readers are likely to study the works of Lord Bacon very deeply, though they will miss a great deal by not reading some of them. Here is one passage which every boy and girl ought to know and remember:

"Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; that is a wisdom without them, and won by

observation. Read not to contradict, nor to believe, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, have a present wit; and if he read little, have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, morals grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend.''

Lord Bacon's work is also alluded to in the account of English Literature in Volume VI.

Lord Berkeley.

A GENERATION or more after the great Lord Francis Bacon had disappeared from the world's stage on which he had played so great a part, Bishop Berkeley was born, in 1684. Although he worked with somewhat the same objects in view as Lord Bacon had, he was the man who, as Professor Huxley wrote, ''stands out as one of the noblest and purest figures of his time; from him the jealousy of Pope did not withhold a single one of all the virtues under heaven; nor the cynicism of Swift the dignity of 'one of the first men of the kingdom for learning and virtue'; the man whom the pious Atterbury could compare to nothing less than an angel; whose personal influence and eloquence filled the Scriblerus Club and the House of Commons with enthusiasm for the evangelization of the North American Indians; and led even Sir Robert Walpole to assent to the appropriation of public money to a scheme which was neither business nor bribery.'' He was the most famous metaphysician or expounder in his time of the things that

are outside of and beyond our physical life, and his writings furnish exquisite examples of English style. He labored hard for the welfare of the Irish people, publishing many tracts on the social and economic conditions of that country. The most masterly of his writings are *The Principles of Human Knowledge* and *Alciphron, the Minute Philosopher;* the most interesting and suggestive is *The Querist.*

There was much interest in England at that time in the North American Indians, and Bishop Berkeley wrote a pamphlet entitled *Proposals for Converting the Savage Americans to Christianity.* This led to his coming to Rhode Island, in 1728, with a view to putting his principles into practice; but after living in Newport for two years he saw that his scheme was impracticable, and he returned to Ireland. We are indebted to this visit for some interesting passages in *Alciphron, the Minute Philosopher,* describing his life in America, and for the most remarkable piece of prophecy that was ever written about the future of this country; it is found in some verses "On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America":

"There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

"Not such as Europe breeds in her decay—
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past;
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

George Berkeley, D.D., was Bishop of Cloyne in Ireland. Towards the end of his life he removed to Oxford, giving one-fifth of his yearly income to the poor of his bishopric. He died in 1753.

Sir Isaac Newton.

AT Woolsthorpe, England, on Christmas Day, 1642, a little boy baby was born. The father of this baby was a freehold farmer, named Isaac Newton, and the son received the same name. The father died soon after his son's birth, and his widow, marrying again, little Isaac was left to the care of his grandmother. She was very good to the child and sent him to school, but he did not care very much for school; he liked better to make things with a little set of tools which had been given him. Among other things he made a sundial, a clock which ran by the dropping of water, instead of by wheels and weights like other clocks, and a model of a windmill which was so complete that a handful of grains of wheat put into the hopper was soon converted into the finest of flour.

As the boy grew older he cared less and less for boyish sports. All day long, if left to himself, he would remain either absorbed in thought or studying some book of mathematics or natural philosophy. At the age of fourteen his mother took him from school to help her on her farm, and he assisted her for nearly two years; then, as his mind was so set on becoming a scholar, she sent him back to school, and afterward to the University of Cambridge.

After Newton reached his manhood he made many discoveries which added to the world's knowledge of natural history. He was the first to discover the composition of light. He discovered the force of gravitation, and searched out all its laws. This explained how the heavenly bodies are kept in their courses. Other references to gravitation are in "The Discovery of a Great Law," Volume IV, page 192.

One day, when he was fifty years of age, Newton went out of his room, leaving on his desk a manuscript on the theory of light, the result of twenty years of labor. Before the fire was his little dog, Diamond,

asleep. After he had gone the dog jumped on the table and knocked over a lighted candle, setting the papers afire. Newton opened the door just as the destruction was complete. Most men would have been so angry that they would have punished the dog severely, but Newton had a very sweet temper, and he patted the dog on the head with his usual kindness, although his heart was full of grief, saying, "O Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!" Nevertheless, the loss of his manuscript affected his health.

Honors were granted Newton by the universities and the learned societies. He was made a member of Parliament, and was knighted by the King. But all this renown did not turn his head, for he felt no pride in the vastness of his knowledge. When he was dying he exclaimed that he seemed like a child picking up shells here and there on the seashore, while before him stretched the boundless and undiscovered ocean of Truth.

Benjamin Franklin.

IN every generation there is always some man who stands out more prominently than any other. In the eighteenth century the man who occupied this position in America was Benjamin Franklin. He was a statesman, an inventor, and a man of letters. He was a full century ahead of his time. To him the United States owes it postal system, the world many of the discoveries in electricity, and the philosophy of *Poor Richard's Almanac.*

As he himself said in his *Autobiography,* "Benjamin Franklin was born and bred in poverty and obscurity." He was the seventeenth child of a maker of soap and candles. In spite of his poverty the father desired to make his son a minister. Accordingly he

sent him to the grammar school at the age of eight years. This was in the year 1714. But the expense was too great for the poor soapmaker, and he was obliged to send him to an elementary school where only reading and writing were taught. Even this schooling ceased when Benjamin reached his tenth year. He was needed in his father's shop to help earn a living for the family. He detested the soap and candle business, and two years later his father apprenticed him to one of his older brothers who had a printing business. The only part of this business that the younger Franklin enjoyed was the books which he borrowed from customers and read at every opportunity. After a while his brother started to publish a newspaper. Benjamin immediately began to contribute. He would put his contributions, unsigned, under the door of his brother's office. When his brother discovered the identity of the unknown writer, instead of praising him and making him associate editor, as the boy fondly hoped he would, he was angry and scolded him. When Benjamin was seventeen years of age he decided that he had had enough of his brother's scoldings and thrashings and that he would run away. He made his way to New York, but could get no work there. Then he heard of a possible job over in Philadelphia, and started for that place. When he reached there he had just one dollar in his pocket. He soon found employment. Afterward he made the acquaintance of the governor of the province of Pennsylvania, Sir William Keith; Governor Keith promised to set him up in business, and he journeyed to England to buy type and a press. His passage was paid for out of his own savings. The letter of credit which the governor had promised him never reached him, and he was obliged to look for a job in London. He obtained a place as printer, and because he would not touch liquor was nicknamed by his fellow workmen "the cold-water printer." With the aid of one of the passengers who

had crossed on the same boat with him he was enabled to get back to Philadelphia.

After his return to America fortune favored him. When he was but twenty-three years of age he started the *Pennsylvania Gazette*. This paper quickly became one of the leading papers of the colonies. Three years later, in 1732, he began the publication of *Poor Richard's Almanac*. There was so much of the pith of the world's wisdom in the sayings contained in this annual pamphlet that they became very popular and were collected and translated into several foreign languages.

In 1732 he was made clerk of the Pennsylvania Assembly, and soon after was appointed postmaster. While holding these offices he busied himself to improve conditions in the city of Philadelphia. He was instrumental in establishing the police system, and he organized the first fire department. In 1753 the British government appointed him deputy postmaster-general of the colonies. In 1764 he again visited England, but this time he was the representative of the colony of Pennsylvania, sent to call the King's attention to existing conditions there. He was so successful that the colony decided to keep him in England for a time. His knowledge of colonial affairs in general was so extensive that the officers of the crown were glad to consult with him.

Franklin returned to America shortly after the first battle of the Revolution had been fought. He was made a member of the Continental Congress, and was a member of the committee which drafted the Declaration of Independence. Then he went to Europe to attempt to obtain recognition for the new Republic. It was owing to his efforts that France recognized the United States of America, and sent aid in men and money to the struggling patriots. Then, when the war was over, he was one of the commissioners selected to negotiate the treaty of peace with Great Britain. In 1785 he was elected governor of the State of Pennsyl-

vania, and he was one of the most prominent members of the Constitutional Convention.

Franklin was never satisfied with the knowledge which he possessed. He was always seeking for more. He eagerly read every book which came into his possession. In addition he experimented, in order that he might discover new things. Two things that are in common use were the outcome of his experiments. One of these is the lightning-rod, and the other is the Franklin heater or stove. By means of the former, lightning, instead of destroying the property to which one is attached, is conveyed to the ground and its force expended where it can do no harm. By means of the latter, people are able to have heat in rooms where they could not have an open fireplace.

Benjamin Franklin was eighty-four years of age when he died. All America and all civilized Europe mourned for him. To this day the story of his life is told on both sides of the Atlantic by parents to their sons as an example of what a poor boy can do.

More about printing will be found in the article on that subject in Volume X.

Dr. Samuel Johnson.

THE reputation of most literary men is based on the things they have written. This is not the case with Dr. Samuel Johnson. His greatest reputation is founded on his relations with the men of his time. Fortunately a record of his personal intercourse has been preserved for us with wonderful vividness by his biographer, James Boswell.

The life of Dr. Johnson divides itself naturally into two parts: the first period comprised the years until he was forty-six years old, while he was struggling for recognition and for a livelihood; the second is the period in which his preëminence over all other English

men of letters of his day was unquestionably acknowledged.

Samuel Johnson was the son of Michael Johnson, and was born September 18, 1709, at Litchfield, England, where his father had a bookshop. His childhood was a very lonely one. He suffered from a disease which destroyed the sight of one eye, and otherwise distorted his body. He generally held aloof from other children, but when he did play with them, or accompany them to school, he compelled them to recognize him as a leader. He readily assisted his favorites, and the boys were always willing to do whatever he wished in order to keep or to gain his good-will. He was a studious youth, and obtained a wide and varied learning. From 1728 to 1731 he went to Oxford University, but left without a degree because of his poverty. In the latter year his father died, leaving him just one hundred dollars. During the next six years he tried school teaching, but was not successful. In 1735 he married a Mrs. Porter. Two years later he gave up the school teaching and went to London. He had now determined to earn his living by his pen. This was not an easy task, for at that time literary men and women were not held in honor as they are now, and literary work was not paid for as it is now. When a man had written a poem or a book he published it with a flattering dedication to some rich and influential man. The latter would be known as a patron of the author, and generally made him some payment or used his influence to secure for him a pension from the Government. In Johnson's time this system of patronage, as it was called, was dying out, and men of letters existed as best they could. Often their portions were the debtors' prison, garrets, and dime dinners.

For twenty-five years Samuel Johnson lived in a world of this kind. At first he wrote so that he might support himself and his wife, and then when his income was somewhat more certain he wrote to gain recogni-

tion and fame. In May, 1738, his first serious writing was published. This was a poem entitled *London,* and it brought him some notice. The *Life of Savage* appeared in 1744. *The Vanity of Human Wishes* was published in January, 1749. This is considered the very finest of his poems. From March 20, 1750, to March 14, 1752, he issued every Tuesday and Saturday *The Rambler,* a periodical of the form made popular by *The Spectator.* Several years later, 1758 to 1760, he wrote nearly all the numbers of *The Idler,* another periodical on the same plan. Both of these periodicals added to his fame. Before he came to London he had started a tragedy entitled *Irene;* this was finished and produced February 6, 1749, with indifferent success at the Drury Lane Theatre. In 1759, in the evenings of one week, in order to meet the expenses of his mother's funeral, he wrote *Rasselas,* a book which is often quoted. It is a philosophical romance, designed to show the vanity of expecting future happiness, and of sacrificing present advantages for the delusive promises of the future.

The work with which Dr. Johnson's name will always be associated is his dictionary of the English language. It was fully abreast of the knowledge and learning of that day; it was received with universal admiration, and gained for the author recognition as the leading man of letters. When George III came to the throne five years later he granted Johnson a pension, and relieved from the necessity of earning his daily bread, he afterwards wrote very little. In 1755 he received the honorary degree of M.A. from Oxford. His one regret amid all these honors was that his wife, who had been his helpmeet in the days of his struggles, had died in 1752 just as he was reaching the pinnacle of his success.

In 1765 he edited an edition of Shakespeare. He also wrote several political pamphlets, the chief of which was *Taxation No Tyranny.* This was written

in 1775 and was an attempt to show that the American policy of George III was constitutional. Later he wrote *The Lives of the Poets,* one of his best known works today, since his dictionary has been superseded by those of Worcester and Webster.

Dr. Johnson lived nearly twenty years after the appearance of his dictionary, and these years he spent in London among congenial friends, drinking much tea and doing much talking. He was a conversationalist by nature, and he always made it a rule to talk as well as he could. He once said: "There must, in the first place, be knowledge; in the second place, there must be a command of words; in the third place, there must be imagination, to place things in such views as they are not commonly seen in; and in the fourth place, there must be presence of mind and a resolution that is not to be overcome by failures. This last is an essential requisite; for want of it many people do not excel in conversation." He considered talking to be a fine art, and thought that mere talk, when the parties did not endeavor to excel, was worthless. There was, moreover, a pure and elevating tone to his conversation. He had a sincere faith and trust in God and a great reverence for all matters of true religion. Hence his conversation shows a true goodness, which to many people is more attractive than all his wit and learning. He was a man of great strength of purpose and a strong sense of justice. In his boyhood he had refused on one occasion to go to market with his father. When an old man, fifty years afterwards, he performed penance for his deed by standing bareheaded in the rain on the site of his father's bookstall in the very same market-place.

Chief among his friends was James Boswell, a Scottish lawyer. Boswell was a great admirer of Dr. Johnson, and it is to his chatty, gossiping, and entertaining biography that we are indebted for our knowledge of Dr. Johnson's latter years. Among other

friends were Sir Joshua Reynolds, the celebrated English portrait painter; Edmund Burke, the Irish statesman and orator; Oliver Goldsmith, the author of *The Vicar of Wakefield;* Edward Gibbon, the English historian, and David Garrick, the great English actor.

In these later years Johnson gathered a curious family about him. There was Robert Levett, a surgeon, who liked the crusts of the rolls at breakfast, while Johnson liked the inside soft part. There were a Mrs. Desmoulines and her daughter, to whom Johnson regularly gave a part of his pension. There was a Mrs. Williams, who had been a friend of his wife's; she had a small income of her own, but was glad of a home, and she lived in his house for thirty years. In addition to these, there was a negro servant named Frank, who had been bequeathed to him by a friend. None of these persons had any claim on him other than that they needed help, and he could give it. He was kind to them all as long as he and they lived. Many other instances of Dr. Johnson's benevolence are on record; he was known to have carried the sick and hungry on his back to his house, and whenever he saw a poor outcast sleeping in the open he would put pennies in his pocket so that he might find money for food on awaking.

In the last few years of his life he saw friend after friend go to the life beyond. At first he looked forward to his own end with terror, but finally became resigned to the inevitable. As time passed by he became more and more feeble, and he died, December 13, 1784.

George Washington.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the "Father of his Country," is the most beloved and respected President that has ever held that office in the United States. He was the first to rule over the new repub-

lic, and to his unselfishness and far-sightedness the nation is indebted for the many precedents which have kept the United States in its high place as a republic.

George Washington was born in a little four-room house in Virginia on February 22, 1732. His family were rich in land but poor in money; that is, they had more land than they had means to take care of successfully. George's father died when he was a little lad and the mother was able to give him a very limited education. His bad spelling and defective grammar was a very sore point with him in his mature years. Oftentimes he would get Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, or someone who had had better opportunities than his, to revise what he had written. They, however, never altered his ideas, which were always sound and based on right, truth and justice.

Both his father and his great-grandfather had been sailors, and George was very anxious to follow in their footsteps. But his mother was determined in her opposition to the idea, and the son was forced to give up his cherished ambition. What might have been the difference in the history of this continent if George Washington had followed his own inclination and entered the British navy!

He then turned his attention toward surveying, and when he was seventeen he was appointed surveyor for one of the counties of Virginia. This work gave him an opportunity of studying the Indians, and learning their manners and customs. The knowledge which probably at the time seemed quite useless proved of great advantage to him during the French and Indian Wars. But these wars ended without giving him a chance to distinguish himself, and he returned to Mount Vernon.

For several years he devoted himself to peaceful pursuits. He personally superintended the care of the land which he had inherited from his father and his elder brother. He served in the legislature of the

State. In 1774 he was one of the representatives of his colony in the First Continental Congress. As yet no idea of the Revolution had entered his head. He simply felt very strongly about the wrongs which the mother country was inflicting on the colonies, and desired to join in the protest which was being made. After the battle of Lexington it was necessary to appoint someone to assume charge of the troops which had been raised by the various colonies. No one seemed to be better fitted for this position than George Washington. Accordingly he was appointed commander-in-chief.

His new position was a very trying one. Not only did he have to fight with untrained men against much superior forces, but he also had to prevent mutinies in his own ranks and coax men, money, and supplies from a disheartened people. It was a doubly hard struggle from the day he took the command of the army till the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

After peace had been declared Washington retired to his plantation. But the United States was a nation in name only, and would doubtless have become thirteen small nations, and these would have been easy prey for some European country if it had not been for some of the wise men of the new nation, with George Washington at their head. These summoned another convention of delegates from the various States in order that a constitution might be framed. George Washington was one of the representatives from Virginia and he was immediately made the chairman of the convention, which framed the constitution.

When this constitution was put in operation, Washington was the first President elected. At the expiration of his first term he was reëlected. These eight years were full of temptations for a new republic, but Washington was true to his ideals, and the United States became one of the recognized nations of the world. Just as the eighteenth century was drawing to

a close, December 14, 1799, he died. Friends and enemies grieved for him and paid him tribute and his memory is ever green in the hearts of the people.

Sir Richard Arkwright.

THE name of Sir Richard Arkwright must always be remembered because it is that of the founder of the great industry of cotton manufacture by which England has grown so rich. The factory system created by him has done much toward giving England her position as a manufacturing power. It does not always happen that the man who perfects an invention and makes it practical is also the originator of the idea, though each is entitled to equal honor. Sir Richard Arkwright took the ideas of others, perfected them, and made their inventions practical. Then he founded the great factory system so that these inventions might be used.

Sir Richard Arkwright was born at Preston, England, on December 23, 1732. He was the youngest of thirteen children, and the family were in very humble circumstances. He received a very slight education, and was apprenticed to a barber. At the age of twenty-eight he was settled in the town of Bolton as a hair-dresser. At that time the business of a hair-dresser was of more importance than now. Everybody who made any pretense at being fashionable wore a wig, and some of these wigs were magnificent and costly.

In 1761 he married, but he and his wife separated in the course of a few years. She was convinced that he would starve his family because he was paying more attention to inventions than to his business; so she broke some of his machinery. At all times he was extremely impatient of everything that interfered with his favorite pursuits.

It is not known just how Arkwright's attention was turned to the spinning and weaving of wool and cotton. Up till the time of Arkwright's invention the spinning and weaving had always been done by hand in the homes. Women did the spinning. The cotton or wool was carded by large hand-combs, was twisted on the distaff, and pulled out by hand, and twisted into yarn. The weaver then used this yarn as the woof, and passed it through the warp by means of a shuttle. In 1767, with the help of John Kay, a clockmaker in Warrington, Arkwright perfected a machine for spinning a hard warp. The principle of this machine had been thought out and patented by John Wyatt in 1738, but Wyatt's machine was so imperfect in detail that its existence had been forgotten. From this time on many machines for cotton manufacture were invented. In most of them Arkwright had some share, generally improving the work of other men.

Arkwright had great business ability. He succeeded in associating with himself two men with capital. With these partners he erected a mill at Nottingham. Here the machinery was driven by horses, and they manufactured warp only. The horse-power was too expensive, and the factory was moved to Cromford, where they used water-power. Here their machinery was increased. About this time James Hargreaves invented the spinning-jenny, which simplified the manufacture of the woof. A machine for carding was also invented.

When individuals did the spinning and weaving, cloth could be made in the home. Now that machinery was used factories were needed. Arkwright and his partners built a factory, and they also sold the right to use the patents to other manufacturers, and thus accumulated a fortune. When Arkwright was accused of not being the originator of the inventions which he claimed, he brought suit to vindicate his rights, and lost the case. In 1785 he brought the case to trial

again, and the proceedings of the former court were confirmed. His patents were therefore nullified, and his inventions became public property. His perseverance and business ability were such, however, that he continued to prosper. Although he received no more money from his patents, his manufacturing business brought him a large income.

The town of Cromford, in which Arkwright's mills were located, also prospered greatly. In 1786 he was made High Sheriff of the county. In the same year Arkwright was selected to present a congratulatory address to the King, George III, on the occasion of the latter's escape from assassination. For this the King knighted him.

Sir Richard Arkwright had never enjoyed the best of health. It was his energy and dogged perseverance that carried him onward to success. To him each advance was only a step toward something still higher. He never rested, and his small stock of physical strength gave out before he had reached the allotted span of life. He died at Cromford, in his own house, August 3, 1792, in his sixtieth year.

Other interesting features of Arkwright's work are given in the article on "The Cotton Industry" in Volume X.

Napoleon I.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE who rose almost as high as any man has ever risen, began life as an obscure provincial, although he came from a family of high and long descent. He had genius beyond all comparison and ambition without bounds. He has been more praised and more villified than any other man in history.

He was born at Ajaccio in the island of Corsica, August 15, 1769. His father was a lawyer named Charles Bonaparte, a descendant of one of the noble

families of Florence. At the time of Napoleon's birth the family had lost their fortune. His mother was descended from one of the noble families of Naples. She was a very beautiful woman, and had a strong character. She was only nineteen when Napoleon, the fourth of her thirteen children, was born.

In 1779, through the influence of the viceroy of Corsica, Napoleon was sent to the military school at Brienne, near Paris. He remained there until 1784. He was a very quiet and studious boy. During play-hours he would often withdraw to the library and read. His favorite books were Cæsar's *Commentaries on the Gallic Wars* and *Plutarch's Lives*. He was always trying to solve the mystery of why some men were great, and others were not. The majority of the boys at the school came from wealthy families, and they often made fun of Napoleon and his birthplace. But he never retaliated. In the winter of 1783-1784, during an unusually heavy fall of snow, Napoleon proposed to the other boys that they build a snow-fort, divide themselves into sections, form a siege, and let him direct the attacking force. For two weeks the lads carried on this sham war and greatly enjoyed themselves.

Every year three of the best scholars were sent from each of the military schools of France to the Military College in Paris. In 1784 Napoleon was one of the three chosen from the school at Brienne. He was one year in this school when he received the appointment of second lieutenant of artillery. During the next five years he was at different military stations in France. His friends complained of his unsociableness. He did not care for the gayeties of a garrison town. He preferred to stay in his room and study. He read with the greatest interest books on government, political economy, theology, law, and philosophy. Maps and plans of fortifications especially fascinated him.

In 1791 Lieutenant Bonaparte was granted a fur-

lough. He went on a visit to Corsica, overstayed his leave of absence, and returned to Paris to find that his name had been stricken from the army lists. While he was anxiously looking around Paris for some means of earning his living, the great French Revolution began. He had no sympathy with the extreme Republicans, because their deeds were too violent, and because he did not think Frenchmen were constitutionally fitted for a republican form of government.

Bonaparte was finally reinstated in the army. With a Reign of Terror at home, and wars abroad, France needed all her young men. Napoleon's first work of importance was at the siege of Toulon, the great naval depot of France. The Royalists had gathered here, and surrendered the city to the English. The Republic had besieged the place for months without success. Napoleon passed through the city, and saw at once the weak point of the campaign. He pointed it out to the officer in charge, and told him what he should do. His advice was followed with perfect success, and Napoleon was rewarded with an appointment as general of artillery.

In March, 1794, he was sent to join the army in Italy. It was due to his talents that the French were victorious in this campaign in Italy. But because of jealousy he was arrested, cast into prison, and nearly lost his life. He was released after two weeks and ordered to La Vendée. He protested against being separated from the army of Italy, and was punished by being again stricken from the army lists.

In 1795 the National Guards attempted to overthrow the government. Napoleon was recalled to take charge of the government forces. He restored order very quickly. For this he was made general of the interior with the command of Paris. His days of struggle were now over, and he was able to place the members of his family in good positions.

Shortly after this he met Josephine Beauharnais, a

charming widow with two lovely children. Her husband had been beheaded during the Reign of Terror. She was the one woman whom Napoleon could love, or ever did love. They were married on March 9, 1796.

Two weeks before his marriage General Bonaparte had been appointed to the command of the army of Italy. A few days after the wedding he left his bride and hastened to join the army. The number of the Austrian forces opposed to him nearly doubled his own. He fought battle after battle until he had subdued Austria. He then turned his attention to the Papal States and forced the Pope to sign the Treaty of Tolentino, February 19, 1797. He returned to Paris, and was made a member of the Institute in the class of the Arts and Sciences.

He next determined to colonize Egypt. He thought that if France could hold Egypt, England could not long maintain herself in India, and that the latter country could be annexed to the French territory in the East. He left Toulon May 19, 1798, captured Malta and Alexandria, and won the Battle of the Pyramids. But his fleet was destroyed by the English under Nelson in the Battle of the Nile. Napoleon was practically a prisoner in Egypt. So he set about to organize the country. He built factories, planned canals, and established an Institute of Arts in Cairo. In the meantime Russia and Turkey had allied themselves with England and Austria against France. Napoleon hurried with an army into Syria. As usual he was victorious. He then hastened to Paris.

By this time the government of France was thoroughly disliked by the people, and Bonaparte determined to overthrow it. He succeeded. Three consuls were elected, of whom he was the first. He was thirty years of age, and he had won the first place in his country.

He now devoted all his time to the welfare of the state. He surrounded himself with the ablest men.

He gave France a new constitution, established the Bank of France, caused a new system of taxation to be adopted, built canals, roads, and bridges, and restored Sunday as a day of rest. No one in all France worked harder than the First Consul. He kept several secretaries busy. He went without regular sleep, snatching a few minutes now and then in a chair or in his saddle. He seldom took over twenty minutes for dinner.

He now proposed peace to England, Austria, and Turkey. They declined. He then planned and carried out campaigns against the two last-named powers, which ended in victories for France.

On August 4, 1802, by an overwhelming majority of the votes of the people, Napoleon was declared Consul for life. Several attempts by Royalists were made to assassinate him. On May 18, 1804, Napoleon was declared Emperor of the French. He was publicly crowned at Notre Dame by the Pope on December 2 of the same year. Josephine opposed his becoming Emperor, because it meant hereditary succession, and she had no child by Napoleon.

In May, 1803, another war with England had begun. Russia, Austria, and Sweden joined England. They were afraid of Napoleon's growing power. He managed to separate the armies of his European enemies, and to defeat each in turn. Peace treaties were concluded with all except England. In 1808 Sir Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, was made commander-in-chief of the English forces in the Spanish Peninsula. At the same time Austria decided to break her treaty with France. Napoleon raised another large army, and defeated the Austrians again.

On December 15, 1809, Napoleon divorced Josephine in order that he might marry Marie Louise, the daughter of the Austrian emperor. He still loved Josephine, but he wanted an heir. The marriage with Marie Louise took place the following spring. A year

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.—A magnificent sepulchre. In a vast, marble-lined apartment with stained-glass windows is the crypt, twenty feet deep. Here, upon a mosaic pavement, rests the grand sarcophagus.

later a son, Napoleon Francis, was born to them. All France rejoiced.

In 1812 Russia allied herself with England. Another immense army was raised in France. That most horrible march to Moscow, and the still more terrible retreat from there, were part of this campaign. In the end the allies were successful. They marched into France. Paris capitulated March 30, 1814. Napoleon signed his abdication at Fontainebleau, April 6, 1814, and was taken to the island of Elba by the English.

For ten months he remained a prisoner at Elba. Then he escaped, landed at Cannes on March 1, 1815, raised an army, and entered Paris on March 20th. Louis XVIII fled. Every Frenchman welcomed Napoleon. The allies at once banded themselves together again. After a six-day campaign Napoleon was defeated at the great battle of Waterloo on June 18, 1815. He retired to Paris, abdicated in favor of his son, and Louis XVIII mounted the throne again. The English exiled Napoleon to the island of St. Helena, where he lived for six years, until his death, May 5, 1821, at the age of fifty-two. England would not permit his body to be embalmed or to be carried to France. So three days after his death he was buried under some willow trees at St. Helena. The English garrison followed his body to the grave and over it fired three volleys of fifteen guns each. Nineteen years after his death, in 1840, the French asked permission of the English to remove his body to France. Their wish was granted. The body was found to be wonderfully preserved, seemingly as if recently interred. The funeral was held in Paris in December, and the body laid away in the Church of the Invalides, where it rests to-day in a magnificent mausoleum.

Napoleon never forgot a kindness. In his days of poverty a shoemaker worked for him and waited for his pay. When Napoleon was emperor he would employ no other shoemaker, although he was constantly

urged to go to someone more fashionable. There was a jeweller who once trusted him, and who afterward became prosperous because of the emperor's patronage.

He was good to the poor. One day as he was stepping out of his carriage a woman accosted him with her dead child in her arms. The babe had died of want. She was a widow with five other little children, and all were starving. Napoleon obtained the wages that were due her husband at the time of his death, and granted her a pension.

He lived in an age of religious unbelief, but he himself believed. While at St. Helena he once said, "I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. . . . Everything in him astonishes me. His spirit overawes me, and his will confounds me. Between him and whoever else in the world, there is no possible term of comparison."

Sir Walter Scott.

IN a speech made at Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the unveiling of a bust of Sir Walter Scott, John Hay said: "Although so many years have passed since his great heart broke in the valiant struggle against evil fortune, his poems and tales are read with undiminished interest and perennial pleasure. He loved, with a simple, straightforward affection, man and nature, his country and his kind; he had his reward in a fame forever fresh and unhackneyed. The poet who, as an infant, clapped his hands and cried, 'Bonny!' to the thunderstorm, and whose dying senses were delighted by the farewell whisper of the Tweed rippling over its pebbles, is quoted in every changing aspect of sun and shadow that sweeps over the face of Scotland. The man who blew so clear a clarion note of patriotism, lives forever in the speech of those who

seek a line to describe the love of country. The robust, athletic spirit of his tales of old, the loyal quarrels, the instinctive loves, the staunch devotion of the uncomplicated creatures of his inexhaustible fancy, all these have their special message and attraction for the mind of to-day, fatigued with problems, with doubts, and futile questions."

Sir Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh on August 15, 1771. He came of a long and honorable ancestry. From his grandmother he learned many songs and legends of his border ancestry. He attended a dame-school in Bath and learned to read and love books. In his eighth year he was sent to Prestonpans for the sea bathing, where he made friends with a veteran who told him stories of the German wars. In October, 1778, he returned to his father's house in Edinburgh and was sent to the high school. He did not distinguish himself at school, but his mother encouraged him to read Shakespeare, and he began early to collect ballads. In 1783 he attended classes at the college, but his studies were interrupted by a serious illness. He gradually recovered, became tall and muscular, and delighted in rides and walks of twenty and thirty miles a day in spite of his lameness. These long rambles made him familiar with many places of historic interest, and were the occasion of his meeting many aged people whom he would beguile into telling him the ancient legends and ballads of the countryside.

In May, 1786, he was apprenticed to his father as a lawyer. During his apprenticeship he acquired regular business habits, which were conspicuously displayed afterwards in his literary work. At the time, however, the drudgery was extremely distasteful. In July 11, 1792, he was called to the bar.

On his admission to the bar, Scott found some employment, but had plenty of leisure to become famous as a story-teller among his comrades, and to continue to explore the country. Everywhere he was welcome,

for he was always overflowing with fun, and always a gentleman.

In the autumn of 1797 he was visiting the English lake district. Here he met Charlotte Mary Carpenter, a beautiful girl, daughter of a French refugee, whom he married on December 24, 1797.

In the year in which Scott was admitted to the bar he and some friends took up the study of the German language. Scott disdained the grammar, and forced his way to reading German by his knowledge of Anglo-Saxon and the Scottish dialects. In 1796 he heard of a version of Burger's *Lenore* by William Taylor of Norwich, one of the first Englishmen to study German literature. He was tempted to make a rival translation, beginning it one night after supper and finishing it before he slept. It was published in October, together with a companion ballad, *The Wild Huntsman.* Both ballads were praised by the critics, and William Taylor sent him a friendly letter. Thus encouraged he translated and published Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen.*

The first two volumes of his *Border Minstrels,* or collection of Scottish ballads, were published early in 1802, and were welcomed by many of the critics of the time. The collection included various introductory essays, and showed that his mind was already stored with incidents and images which he afterwards used in his novels. In 1805 Scott published *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* The plan of it was suggested to him by Lady Dalkieth, afterwards the Duchess of Buccleuch, wife of the Duke whom Scott always regarded as his feudal chief. The success of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* was instant and very great. In 1808 he published *Marmion.* This was received with even more enthusiasm. In 1810 he published *The Lady of the Lake.* These three poems are his best and greatest.

His genius found another mode of expression, however, which was writing novels. The first of these was

Waverley, appearing anonymously in 1814. He had started to write it in 1805, and had laid it aside because of adverse criticism. When it was finished and given to the public it met with astonishing success, and many were the speculations as to the author. For seventeen years Scott continued to give the public one, and sometimes two, novels a year. Each as it appeared was received with favor, and to-day the series as a whole stands unrivalled. It was not until many of the novels had been published that Scott admitted the authorship. The best of these novels after *Waverley* are considered to be *Old Mortality,* published 1816; *Ivanhoe,* published 1820; *Kenilworth,* published 1821; and *Redgauntlet,* published 1824. The reader must not miss the beautiful extract from *Ivanhoe* given in this Volume, Part II.

In 1809 he entered into partnership with James and John Ballantyne, publishers. The firm was known as John Ballantyne and Company; Scott supplied half the capital, the other half being furnished by the two brothers. Things apparently went well with the new firm until 1813. In that year there was a general depression of business all over the country, and Scott was kept in constant fear of bankruptcy. It was at this time that he took up the uncompleted novel *Waverley,* finished it, and published it, its success tiding over the affairs of the company. In 1825 came another financial crisis. As a result of the failure of other firms, Ballantyne & Co. were forced into bankruptcy. Scott found himself involved with the Ballantynes to the amount of £117,000, nearly $600,000, at the age of fifty-five years. His wife was seriously ill, and died four months later. He himself was not well, but his courage did not falter. He determined that he would pay off the whole of the indebtedness. Between January, 1826, when Ballantyne & Co. closed their doors, and January, 1828, he had earned for the creditors £40,000, $200,000. Had his strength and health lasted

he would without doubt have redeemed his obligations in eight or nine years at the most.

In 1813, Scott had been offered the poet laureateship. As he was in the midst of his first difficulties with John Ballantyne & Co. he declined the appointment. He was the first baronet made by George IV after that monarch's accession to the throne in 1820.

On February 15, 1830, he had the first of a series of paralytic strokes. He still continued to write, however, and before his death in 1832 he had produced two more novels. From the sale of the copyrights of his works after his death all the debts of Ballantyne & Co. were paid.

Sir Walter Scott had one great hobby besides literature. It was the buying of land and the creating of a great estate. In 1812 he purchased a mountain farm on the Tweed, which he named Abbotsford. The simple cottage on the farm grew into a mansion, and the mansion into a castle. From time to time he bought other farms, and added them to the original property. When the final trouble with the printing firm came he had increased his original holding of a few acres to a large estate. This desire for land was one cause of his financial troubles. The first purchase was made with borrowed capital. Half of the price was borrowed from his brother, and the other half was given by a publisher for a poem yet to be written. Time and time again after that, when he desired to buy a piece of land, he would sell a poem or novel of which not a line had been written. He was therefore constantly in debt. The estate of Abbotsford was settled on his son at the time of the latter's marriage in 1825.

In 1831 Sir Walter consented to leave Scotland for Italy in the hope of recovering his broken health. But he was not happy away from home, and early in 1832 he started on his return journey to Scotland. He lived to reach Abbotsford again and died there on September 15, 1832.

George Stephenson.

NOT only is George Stephenson a remarkable example of a laborer raising himself to wealth and eminence without a single advantage except those that he derived from his own genius, but the direction which that genius took has stamped his name upon one of the most wonderful achievements of the nineteenth century. It is as the originator of railway locomotion that he has the strongest claim upon the gratitude of the world, though his powers were shown in other directions.

He was born in the colliery village of Wylam, a few miles from Newcastle-on-Tyne, on June 9, 1781. Though his parents were in the lowest ranks of their occupation, they were industrious and respectable. So poor were they that the whole family, father, mother, four sons, and two daughters, all lived together in a one-room cottage. None of the family was ever sent to school.

His first work was that of scaring crows when he was eight years old. His favorite amusement at this time was making models of engines out of clay which he found in the bogs. At the age of fourteen he began to assist his father as a fireman at the colliery and soon had charge of an engine himself. From that time he devoted himself assiduously to the study of the engine which he had been appointed to work. Soon he acquired a practical knowledge of its construction. Whatever he was set to do he tried to do well and thoroughly, never neglecting small things, but aiming to be at all points a complete workman.

Up to this time he was entirely uneducated, but by attending a night school in the village he was able, at the age of nineteen, to read and write. Afterwards he studied arithmetic, in which subject he became very much interested, and advanced rapidly.

In 1801 he was appointed brakeman of a coal pit

in the neighborhood. His wages were small, but he contrived to add to them by making and mending shoes for his fellow workmen. One of the best of his productions in this line was a pair of shoes for a young servant-girl in a neighboring farmhouse, whom he married when he was twenty and they settled in a little cottage near Wallsend. Stephenson was a regular, steady workman, so habitually sober and industrious that he was often quoted as an example of character to his fellows. He set himself to study the principles of mechanics, and to master the laws by which his engine worked. He made many experimental engines, and invented a colliery safety lamp which brought him fame and a public testimonial of $5,000.

In 1810 he was given an opportunity to put his knowledge into use. A new engine had been erected in a nearby colliery and it would not work. All the engineers tried to fix it, but failed. Then Stephenson was asked to look it over. He soon had it running all right. He was immediately appointed engineman to this engine at good wages. From this time on he advanced from time to time to better positions.

During the years following, his mind was filled with the idea of an engine that would propel carriages. Others were experimenting along this same line. But as they met with failure after failure they became discouraged and gave up the idea. Stephenson believed that such a locomotive as he had in mind could be made to work, and he stuck to his experiments. In 1815 he succeeded in making a machine that was superior to all others which contained the germ of all that have followed it. During the next six years his locomotive engine was in daily use on the Killingworth Railway, too far away from London to attract any attention. In 1821 Stephenson was appointed engineer for the construction of the Stockton and Darlington Railway. Over three years were spent in building this road, and as it was the first of its kind in England, the most

intense curiosity prevailed as to the result. The first engine over it was driven by Mr. Stephenson himself. The success of the undertaking was complete. Afterwards he was commissioned to build a railway from Liverpool to Manchester. This was accomplished in spite of great difficulties and adverse opinions, and his engine, "The Rocket," travelled over it at the rate of thirty-two miles an hour. A host of railways on every side succeeded the Manchester and Liverpool line, and there were few of them undertaken without consulting Stephenson.

For years he was busier than he had ever been before. Then he retired to an estate in Derbyshire, where he lived the life of a quiet, country gentleman. He died on August 12, 1848, at the age of sixty-seven, leaving behind him the highest character for simplicity and kindness of heart and absolute freedom from all sordidness of disposition. For some years previous to his death he had devoted much effort and attention to the education of the young, especially in the colliery works.

The value of Stephenson's invention to the world has been very great and the *Story of the Steam Engine* in Volume X will tell you how and why.

Louis Agassiz.

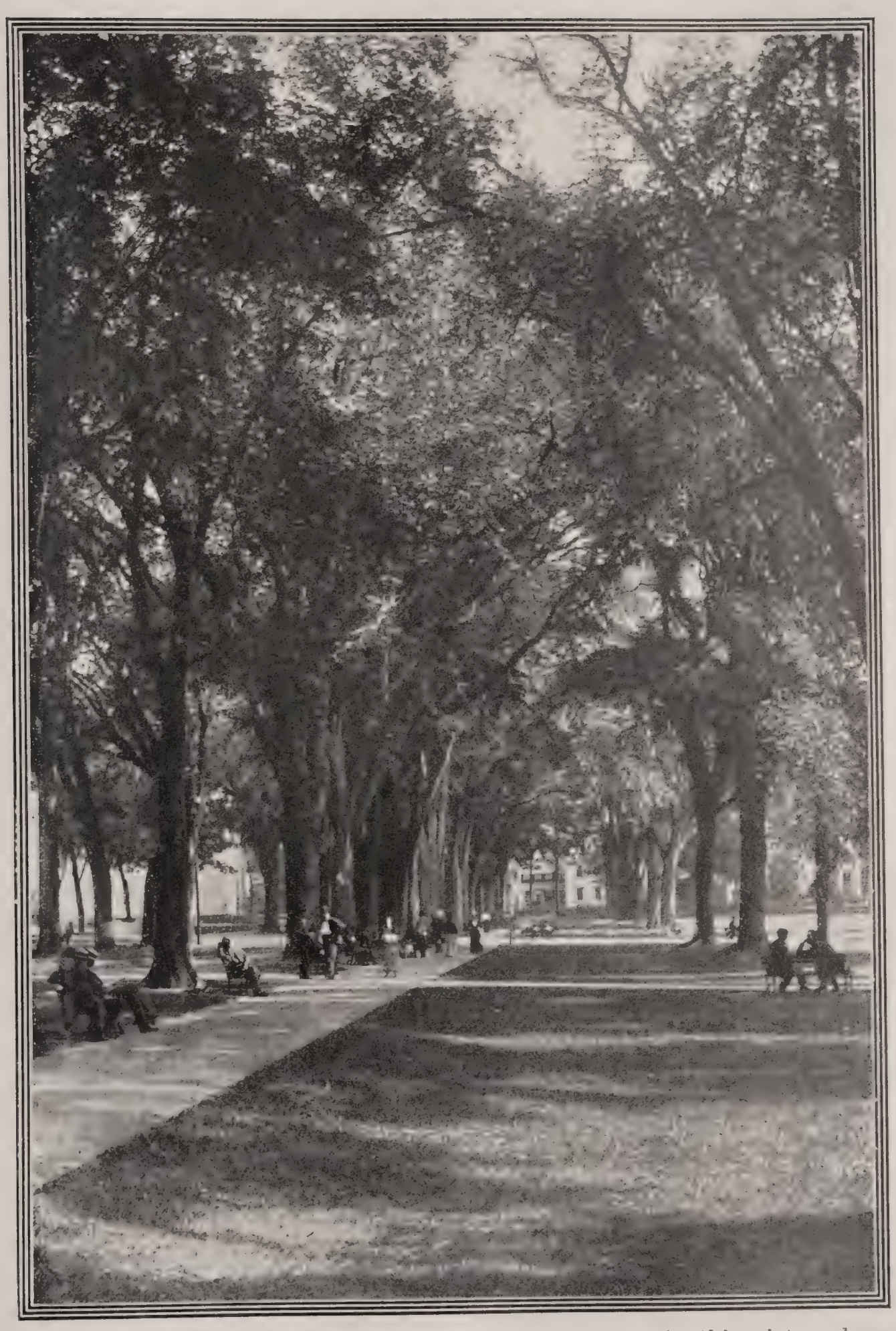
WHEN studying physical geography every schoolboy nowadays comes across the name "Agassiz"; for instance, Agassizhorn in the Bernese Oberland; Mount Agassiz in Arizona, near the Grand Cañon of the Colorado; Mount Agassiz in the Uintah range in Utah; and Lake Agassiz, a basin in North Dakota, Minnesota, and Manitoba. These names are memorials to the perseverance and toil of Louis Agassiz, a Swiss-American naturalist.

Jean Louis Rudophe Agassiz was born at Motier,

canton of Friebourg, Switzerland, May 28, 1807. He was educated in the parsonage, which was his birthplace and his home until he was ten years of age, when he was sent to a school at Brienne. He loved natural history even when a child, and this love showed itself in his sports. The collection of objects he started then deepened this love as his mind matured, and gave him a strong desire to attend a university. His parents intended that he should enter some commercial pursuit when he finished the course of study of Brienne, but he persuaded them to postpone their plan, and to allow him two years at the college of Lausanne. His standing in anatomy and allied subjects won his parents' consent to his taking up the study of medicine at Zurich, and afterwards at Heidelberg and Munich. In the latter place his studies in natural history, which he had continued in addition to his medical course, steadily overshadowed the latter. He obtained his degree as doctor of medicine, but never practiced, and finally decided to make the pursuit of natural history his life-work.

His first attempt to publish anything was when he was twenty-one years of age. This was a description of some fishes brought from Brazil by Professor Martius and Professor Spix of Munich. Agassiz wrote this book under very hard conditions. He had an allowance of about two hundred and fifty dollars a year. Out of this he continued to live, and to pay one and sometimes two artists for the illustrations in the work.

After completing this book he took up the study of fossil fish, which led him to Paris, where he met the German scientist, Alexander von Humboldt. In 1832 the University at Neufchâtel endowed a chair of Natural History, and gave it to him. In 1836 occurred the first of his visits to the glaciers of Switzerland. Between 1839 and 1845 he made some of the earliest recorded observations on the movement of glaciers. This necessitated weeks of residence in the Alps. The



'NEATH THE ELMS OF YALE.—The noble trees in this picture have shaded many generations of students, but are now disappearing, the prey of the elm beetle.

results of his studies were given to the world in books published in 1840 and 1847.

In 1846 he visited America on a scientific tour, and was engaged to lecture at the Lowell Institute in Boston. In 1847 and 1848 there were political troubles in Switzerland which annoyed him greatly, so when, in 1848, he was offered the newly created professorship of Natural History in the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University, he eagerly accepted it. Ever afterwards he was devoted to the land of his adoption, and in 1862 became a naturalized citizen of the United States.

He made many scientific journeys in the Americas, North and South. In 1858 he founded at Harvard the great Museum of Comparative Zoology, which is especially rich in fishes. His lectures, his personal zeal, his expeditions, all united to arouse a widespread enthusiasm for the study of Natural History. From the time of Louis Agassiz may be dated the rise of the great modern interest in natural science in the United States. He died at Cambridge, December 14, 1873.

Grace Darling.

BY a single act of heroic daring Grace Darling caused her name to resound through the world. She was born at Bamborough, on the coast of Northumberland, England, November 24, 1815. Her father was the keeper of the Longstone Lighthouse. It was an isolated and a lonely place in which to live. The greater part of Grace's life was passed with no other companionship than that of her father, mother, and brother. She received a respectable education, and was principally occupied in assisting her mother in household tasks.

Grace Darling reached her twenty-second year in this peaceful and uneventful manner. Then came the incident which gave her universal and well-deserved

fame. On the night of September 6, 1838, the steamer plying between Hull and Dundee with sixty-three persons on board, was wrecked upon one of the crags of the Farne group of islands. The vessel was split in half and one part was immediately swept into the sea with all who were in it. Nine persons survived, clinging to remaining fragments of the wreck throughout the night and exposed to the rain and the fury of the waves.

At daybreak on the following morning the people were seen by the Darlings from Longstone, nearly a mile away. The moment that Grace saw them she determined to go to their assistance, for she knew that with the return of the tide the poor people would be washed off into the ocean. Her father considered it a desperate and hopeless adventure in the angry state of the sea to attempt to rescue them. In vain he tried to persuade his daughter to give up the idea. There was no one at the lighthouse but her parents and herself, and she declared that if her father would not help her that she would go alone; live or die she must make some attempt to save the unfortunate victims of the wreck.

Seeing her determination the father consented to try. The mother helped them to launch the boat and the father and daughter, each taking an oar, proceeded upon their errand of mercy. They succeeded.

When the news of this daring, courageous, and self-sacrificing feat became known in Great Britain praises for the brave girl were heard from all sides. A subscription was started and seven hundred pounds (thirty-five hundred dollars) was raised and presented to the heroine. The Humane Society sent her a vote of thanks and a piece of plate. Many people visited the Longstone Lighthouse that they might see with their own eyes the girl who had done so brave a deed. Portraits of her were sold all over the kingdom, and not a few offers of marriage came to her.

But amid all this applause, Grace Darling retained the modest dignity which had always characterized her. She continued to lead the same simple life as in the past. But she was not destined to a long life, and in her twenty-sixth year she showed symptoms of declining health, and on October 20, 1842, she died of consumption.

Grace Darling was described as a woman of medium size, comely but not pretty. She had a "good face," winning, mild, and benevolent, and in disposition she was always retiring and reserved, the result probably of her solitary mode of life.

Robert and Elizabeth Browning.

THERE is nothing in all literary history that excites more romantic interest than the appearance of these twin stars in the firmament of poetry. The writer will not have so much to say about the poetry they wrote as about the personality of these two poets, for we may learn something from their lives while we are being interested in them. Of course, every boy who has read *How They Brought the News from Ghent to Aix,* and every boy and girl who has read *The Pied Piper of Hamelin,* would like to know something of the man who wrote them, and would like to get some more poems like them; but most of Browning's other poems deal with larger matters of life and experience, which can only be appreciated as one grows older.

Robert Browning was born in 1812 in London. His father was a clerk in the Bank of England, where he worked for fifty years. The boy was educated in a desultory sort of way, imbibing a good deal of culture, and early manifesting a taste for poetry. He was a self-willed lad, refused to go to work in the bank, and decided in the effort as many before him have been.

He was very fond of artistic and literary society, but he was not Bohemian in his tastes. He lived with his parents till he was married, and was always devoted to his mother. In 1846 he married and went to live in Italy until his wife died in 1861, when he returned to London to live. Fame and success came slowly to Browning. His poems are profound and demand study in order to be fully appreciated. His judgments of other men are keen and unmistakably expressed, and his poems are worthy of study, because they show what are the noble elements of character necessary to success; and that they are still noble even if they do not achieve tangible results. He died in 1899, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His works are every year more widely read and enjoyed.

The poet's wife was born in 1806. Her childhood was passed amid the most beautiful country scenery of England among the Malvern Hills. She was a keen student, and when her health declined she had her Greek books bound like novels for fear the doctor should forbid her using them. After her mother's death she came to London to live, and there she met most of the literary people of the day. She had always been weakly, and the strain of London life caused her to break a blood vessel; she was thereafter an invalid, and nearly a recluse until her marriage. For her health's sake the family removed to the seaside for three years. While there her beloved brother was drowned while boating. She blamed herself for his death, which would not have happened had not the family come to the seaside for her sake, and grieved all the more because she had parted with him on the day of his death "with pettish words."

All this time, and ever since she was a little girl, she had been writing poetry, and her first volume of poems, published in 1844, was as warmly appreciated in America as in England. About two years previously she had made the acquaintance of Robert Browning,

and his friendship soon became the greatest boon in her life. The friendship rapidly ripened into love on both sides, and we have the remarkable privilege of reading all the letters which tell the progress of this noble love-story day by day, from beginning to end. She refused him once "with all her will, but much against her heart." Her father was opposed to the marriage of any of his children, but at last they were married in secret in 1846. She stayed in her father's house a week afterwards, and then left it, never to return. Nor did her father ever forgive her; he returned all her letters unopened in one batch later.

Now, happily married, she was to realize the change of scene, and manners, and language, which had for years been her hope; and she had escaped from the doom which seemed to threaten her. The newly married pair went to Florence, and remained there till she died, living in unalloyed and unbounded happiness. Mrs. Alice Meynell, a distinguished critic, says finely, "The place of Elizabeth Barrett Browning in English literature is high, if not upon the summits. She had an original genius, a fervent heart, and an intellect that was, if not great, exceedingly active. There is in her poetic personality a glory of righteousness, of spirituality, and of ardor that makes her name a splendid one in the history of an incomparable literature."

Ulysses S. Grant.

ULYSSES S. GRANT was general-in-chief of the armies of the United States and was twice elected President of the United States. After his term of office was over he made a tour of the world and was received with honor by all the statesmen and rulers of Europe and Asia, although he was but a private citizen of the United States. It would be natural to conclude that a man who received so much honor from

the Potentates of the world had had unusual opportunities in birth and education. This was not, however, the case with Grant.

He was the son of a poor tanner, living in the small town of Point Pleasant, Ohio. The house in which he was born on April 27, 1822, was a little two-room building—one was kitchen, dining-room, sitting-room, and parlor; the other the family bedroom. He had neither wealth nor social position to help him. Neither were his educational advantages extraordinary. He attended the village schools and learned reading, writing, and arithmetic.

When he was eight years of age he was obliged to help his father by breaking tan-bark for the mill, which ground it to small pieces. This was hard, disagreeable work. To escape from it the boy acquainted himself with horses, and when he was ten years of age he often drove a stage for a distance of forty miles and back. On these trips he took entire care of the horses, and they were well looked after.

Young Grant never chummed with any of the bad boys of the village. They would call him stupid because he would not swear and use liquor and tobacco. He preferred to mingle with boys older than himself, from whom he might learn something; one very important thing which he learned from his intercourse with these older lads was to control his tongue; had he not learned this they would not have allowed him to associate with them.

In his seventeenth year there came to him his one opportunity: an appointment to West Point Military School. He did not care about accepting it because he did not want to be a soldier; but his father told him that he must take it because it was a chance for an education without expense. At West Point he was never reckoned as one of the bright men, and at graduation his marks placed him at about the middle of his class. But what he learned he knew for all time; it

was not forgotten as soon as the examinations were over.

Grant desired to be a teacher of mathematics; he hated the idea of being a soldier; and he fought under compulsion in the war with Mexico, but he did his duty. In 1853 he reached the grade of captain in the army. Then he was conquered by the hardest foe man or boy ever has to contend with—drink—and he resigned from the army.

At the age of thirty-two he was without an occupation, had a spot on his good name, and a wife and child to support. His father-in-law gave him the use of about eighty acres of land in Missouri. On this land he built a little log-cabin with his own hands. He cut wood and hauled it to market, and by his hard work, and despite his poverty, he won the respect of all his acquaintances. Overwork and malaria destroyed his health and forced him to seek another occupation in a different place. He went first to St. Louis, and then to Galena, Illinois. After the Civil War broke out the command of a regiment was given to him. His conduct and ability won him promotion after promotion, until he reached the highest position in the army—that of commander-in-chief.

Three years after the war was over Grant was nominated and elected President of the United States. When his term expired he was reëlected with an increased majority of votes.

After his return from his tour of the world he was stricken with an incurable disease. He was poor, for all his money had been lost in unsuccessful business ventures. Yet handicapped as he was, he wrote his *Memoirs*. These two volumes had a wonderful sale, and secured his family against want. He passed away, seated in his chair, on July 23, 1885.

On a rising ground, at the end of one of the most beautiful driveways in the world, by the side of one of the noblest of rivers, there stands a simple, solid monu-

ment. No visitor to New York fails to visit it, and pay his respects to the memory of the great man who lies there. Grant's Tomb has inscribed on it the touching and characteristic appeal of the great war-hating warrior: *"Let us have peace!"*

Sir Henry Bessemer.

IN 1850 the cost of manufacturing steel was eight and one-half times the original cost of the iron. To-day steel can be made from pig-iron at a cost not much greater than refined iron. The man who made this possible was Sir Henry Bessemer. His process is much used in the United States, and eight cities and towns bear the name of Bessemer in his honor.

Sir Henry Bessemer was the son of a French refugee, Anthony Bessemer, who fled to England at the time of the French Revolution. He obtained a position in the mint, but his chief means of livelihood for himself and family lay in his own brain. He had an inventive turn of mind, and was constantly making improvements in the things about him. In this way he made a fair living and purchased an estate in Charlton, Hertfordshire.

Henry was the youngest son of Anthony, and was born on January 19, 1813, at his father's place in Hertfordshire. The son was a chip of the old block, as far as the inventive qualities of his mind were concerned. This delighted the father, and he encouraged the boy to develop his powers. In 1831 Henry Bessemer went to London, where he was a stranger, for he did not know anyone in the great city, but was full of resource and self-reliance. He first earned a living by engraving designs for labels for patent medicine bottles. Then he obtained other work as a designer and modeler.

At that time all business papers, such as leases, money-bills, and contracts, had to bear a government

stamp. This was one of the means of raising money to carry on the work of the government. The method of affixing these stamps was such that they could be removed with very little trouble, and used over again. Many people were cheating the government in this way. Bessemer learned of this dishonest custom, and set about to invent a stamp that could not be transferred. He worked for several months, and succeeded. The stamp authorities were pleased and offered him the position of superintendent of stamps in exchange for his invention, which he accepted. Then the idea occurred to him that if the stamps were dated no one would dare to attempt to use a stamp a second time. So he studied out a stamp with movable dates. When he showed this invention to the stamp office the authorities eagerly adopted it, but they also pointed out to Bessemer that he had rendered unnecessary the office of superintendent of stamps, and that he could not expect to hold an office for which there was no need. As he had not patented his invention, Bessemer received nothing for his months of labor.

Undaunted by this act of injustice, disappointed, but not discouraged, looking around for something else to do, he noticed that bronze powder was worth more than a hundred times the cost of the raw material. He therefore invented a process by which the powder might be manufactured at only four times the cost of the raw material. Together with a friend who had capital, he went into the business of manufacturing this powder on a large scale. For several years the profit per year was 1000 per cent. Then the profits fell to 300 per cent.

HOW BESSEMER STEEL WAS PRODUCED.

In 1853 there was a prospect of war in Europe, and Bessemer turned his attention toward improvements in projectiles and guns. Being in Paris about this time, he was presented to the emperor, Louis Napo-

leon. He told the emperor his plans for the improvement of projectiles. Louis Napoleon approved of these plans, and asked Bessemer to continue his experiments, promising to defray the expenses. Some very satisfactory results were reached. However, he found that the guns were not strong enough to stand the use of the improved projectiles. Therefore he obtained all the books he could find on the subject of metallurgy, and diligently studied the processes then in use in the iron and steel trade. He first experimented in the manufacture of iron, attempting to find means of refining it more cheaply. He patented many improvements on the existing mode of manufacture. After about a year and a half of these experiments a new idea occurred to him. This was the introduction of air into fluid iron to make it malleable. His idea was correct, and he was able to make the softest malleable iron.

These last experiments had been on a small scale, and when he attempted to arrange a large system the series of pipes and pots was too complicated. He then set about to find a simpler process. He conceived the idea that air might be blown through the metal from below. He began on this theory, and was astounded at the result. The air was forced by high pressure into the molten metal through holes in the bottom of the pot. A surprising combustion took place, which lasted but a short time, however. In the vessel, instead of malleable iron, steel was found, and steel of good quality. The introduction of air into the fluid brought the oxygen in the air into contact with the carbon which exists in crude iron and produced a higher heat than had previously been known. The impurities of the iron were burned out and steel was the result.

Many ironmasters at once adopted the method, and paid a royalty to the discoverer. On attempting to use this process, however, the ironmasters generally failed to produce steel that was worth anything. Bes-

semer turned again to his experiments to find out the reason for their failure, and his success. He found that the iron which the ironmasters had used had contained phosphorus, while that which he had used in his experiments had been free from it. He now discovered that Swedish iron contained no phosphorus, and advised the use of this iron for the manufacture of steel when using his process. The next difficulty arose from the fact that the steel was not quite hard enough. This he remedied by introducing manganese, a form of iron that is very pure, and that contains a large percentage of carbon. This carbon gave the required hardness to the steel with the result that the Bessemer process was now perfect.

European governments soon adopted it for making their guns. Railroad companies used it for making rails; they found that the steel rails lasted twenty-three times as long as the iron ones, and cost but little more to manufacture. Boiler plates were made from this new product. Soon it was used in shipbuilding, where before it had been necessary to use iron because of the great expense of steel.

Bessemer spent about four years in these experiments, his first patent for the steel process being taken out in 1855. In these years he spent about $100,000 in experimenting. He accumulated an immense fortune as a result of his labors. Honors were showered upon him from all sides. In 1879 he was knighted by Queen Victoria. He died in London, March 14, 1898.

Read the interesting chapters on "Iron" and "Steel" in Volume X.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN called Harriet Beecher Stowe "the little woman who made the great war." But Mrs. Stowe never dreamed when she wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin* that there was anything about the book in the least likely to help to precipitate a war. She had the kindest of feeling toward the South, and believed that the better class of Southerners hated the slavery system; but while she loathed it, she considered that in practice it more often than not worked out in a kindly patriarchal form. It was because it was possible for a man or a woman or a child to be taken from a kind home, and sold to a brutal master, that she desired to see the system abolished. She tried to show the North in her book that the best Southerners would coöperate with them in a reasonable attempt to do away with the evil. Mrs. Stowe expected that the North would be more unfavorable to her book than the South, and was much surprised when the leading abolitionists of the North claimed her as one of their own number, and the people of the South thought her some sort of a monster. The latter also claimed that her book was untrue to facts. She, however, was able to prove every statement.

Uncle Tom's Cabin was not the first thing written by Mrs. Stowe for publication. She had served a long apprenticeship to letters. From her babyhood she had had two great desires: to serve the Lord in some way as did the Hebrew women in Biblical times, and to write something good. The influence of both her father and her mother were probably responsible for these ambitions. Her father was Lyman Beecher, a sturdy preacher and a leader of men. Her mother died when she was about four years of age, but even at that early age the child had received a lasting impression. As a child Harriet Beecher tried to write essays, and some of these show a depth of thought beyond her

years. In 1849 a collection of her sketches and stories was published under the title of *The Mayflower, or Sketches of the Descendants of the Pilgrims.* In 1850 *Uncle Tom's Cabin* appeared in serial form, and two years later was issued in book form. An interesting extract from this remarkable book is given in Volume XI, Part II.

Mrs. Stowe was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, on June 14, 1811. When she was fifteen years of age she became an assistant to her eldest sister, Catherine, who had a large seminary for young ladies at Hartford. She remained with her sister until her marriage six years later to the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe. They went to live in Cincinnati, where Mr. Stowe was a professor in Lane Theological Seminary. In Cincinnati Mrs. Stowe found herself in the midst of the slavery controversy. Men and women escaping from slavery were constantly brought to her notice. She listened to their tales of suffering and hardships. Then, too, she sometimes visited Southern plantations, and in that way obtained knowledge of conditions at first hand. For some time Mrs. Stowe did not take any active part in the abolition movement. She thought that the abolitionists were too violent in their opposition to slavery.

In 1850 she moved to Brunswick, Maine, where Professor Stowe had accepted a chair in Bowdoin College. Already Mrs. Stowe was recognized as a successful author. Her brother wrote to her soon after she went to Brunswick, asking why did she not write about the subject nearest her heart in a way to make people understand it. She was in the little parlor of her home when she read the letter. She read it aloud, and when she finished she rose from her chair, crushing the letter in her hand, and said: "God helping me, I will write." *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was the result of this resolution. Read the sketch of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in this volume.

Amid the criticism and the praise which were showered upon her, Mrs. Stowe remained calm. She wrote poetry and planned a trip to Europe. Her soul was above worrying about the opinion of men, when she had done what her conscience told her was right.

After the war she went South and lived for a time in Florida. Her experiences here resulted in *Dred: A Tale of the Dismal Swamp.* Other novels followed. Among them were *The Minister's Wooing, The Pearl of Orr's Island,* and *Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories.*

The latter years of Mrs. Stowe's life were spent in Hartford, Connecticut. It was here that she died, July 1, 1896.

William Tecumseh Sherman.

THE Sherman family in America has been a long line of lawyers and ministers. There has been one soldier, and he is better known than any of his ancestors. The name of this soldier was William Tecumseh Sherman. Every American knows the song "Marching Through Georgia," which was written in commemoration of one of the most marvelous deeds in the military history of the United States; it was William Tecumseh Sherman who conceived and executed this feat.

Charles Sherman was admitted to the Connecticut bar at the age of twenty. Soon after he married and went to Lancaster, Ohio. William Tecumseh Sherman, the third son in a family of eleven children, was born February 8, 1820. The middle name was after the famous Indian chief who had been killed at the battle of Tippecanoe in 1811.

When William was nine years of age his father died, leaving his mother with a house full of children and an income of only two hundred and fifty dollars a year. Fortunately she and her husband had made many friends, and these came forward to help her in

her trouble. One child was sent to an uncle, another to a friend, and William was taken charge of by Thomas Ewing, the United States senator from Ohio at that time.

William attended the village schools until he was sixteen years old. He then entered the Military Academy at West Point. He did not, however, desire an army career, but intended to be a civil engineer and to locate in the West. He was a good student, and graduated sixth in a class of forty-three in 1840. Soon after he graduated he was sent to Florida to keep the Seminole Indians in check. He was there for two years, and was then transferred to Fort Moultrie, near Charleston, South Carolina. The four years he was stationed at Fort Moultrie bore fruit in after years. He learned the character of the Southern people, and the topography of the Carolinas and of Georgia. This information was invaluable to him when he fought in the Civil War.

In 1846 Sherman was sent to New York to recruit men for the war with Mexico. When he heard of the opening battles of the war he was anxious to be at the front with his old comrades. He was soon sent to California, reaching there after a journey of two hundred days around Cape Horn. Up to the time of the Mexican War, California had been part of Mexico. During the years 1846 and 1847 it was occupied by United States forces. At the close of the war it was ceded to the United States. It was this army of occupation that Sherman was sent to join. There was very little military work to be done, and he spent much time in hunting.

In the spring of 1848 the gold fever broke out, and the prices of food and everything else soared fabulously high. The wage of a servant in that section was three hundred dollars a month. Sherman and his officers received only seventy dollars a month; therefore they did their own work. Sherman cooked, another

officer washed the dishes, another attended to the horses, and so on. He bought a share in a store which rented for one thousand dollars a month, and made fifteen hundred dollars. Later he cleared about six thousand dollars on some lots. These business deals helped to piece out an income that seemed very small amid the prevailing prices.

In 1850 he obtained a six-months' leave of absence and returned East. On May 1st he married Ellen Boyle Ewing, the daughter of his benefactor. The wedding was a very brilliant one. Mr. Ewing was a member of the President's cabinet, and lived in Washington. The President, the other members of the cabinet, and many other leaders in the government of the country were present.

Sherman believed that because of his enforced inactivity during the Mexican War his chances for advance in the army were too slight to be counted on. So in 1853 he resigned his position in the army to become the manager of a bank in San Francisco. This was not successful, and he tried to make a living in the law, and then as a farmer, but was unsuccessful. He then decided that the best place for him was with the army, and in 1859 he again offered his services. He was appointed superintendent of a State military college at Alexandria, Louisiana. There was not a pupil in the school; there was not a table, chair, or blackboard—nothing but a large building in the midst of four hundred acres of pine-land. But he set to work with great energy and soon had things in shape.

In the meantime the slavery controversy was rapidly drawing to a climax. Louisiana seceded January 26, 1861. Sherman immediately went North, saying that on no earthly account would he do any act, or think any thought hostile to, or in defiance of, the old government of the United States. On May 14, 1861, he was colonel of the Thirteenth Regular Infantry. He commanded a brigade at the Battle of Bull Run in

July. In August he was a brigadier-general of volunteers. In the early part of 1862 he was assigned to a division under Major-General U. S. Grant, who was in command of the Army of the Tennessee under General Henry W. Halleck. The next great battle was at Pittsburg Landing on April 6 and 7, 1862. It was a hard-earned victory for the Northern army. Sherman here exhibited those qualities which afterward made him one of the greatest strategists of the war. He was twice wounded, and a third shot passed through his hat. Several horses were shot from under him. Still he did not lose his courage nor his judgment, and more than any other man saved the Union army from a terrible defeat. Both Halleck and Grant mentioned him in their reports. On May 1st he was promoted to the position of major-general of volunteers. In December he commanded the land forces in an unsuccessful attack on Vicksburg. In the campaign around Vicksburg which followed he took an active part. On the day the Confederates surrendered the city, July 4, 1863, Sherman was made a brigadier-general in the regular army. General Grant said of him: "His untiring energy and great efficiency during the campaign entitled him to a full share of all the credit due for its success. He could not have done more if the plan had been his own." At Chattanooga he served with distinction, the main part of the battle falling to his share. Congress passed a vote of thanks to Sherman and his men for their gallant and arduous services, and their heroism in this battle.

Sherman was now given the command of the division of the Mississippi. He immediately set about gathering supplies, preparatory to fighting his way to Atlanta, Georgia. Atlanta was the most important manufacturing city in the South. It was the center of a network of railroads extending to all parts of the Confederacy. It was a great military depot, containing valuable foundries and workshops for the manu-

facture of arms and ammunition. Its capture would be a terrible blow to the Confederates. The expedition started from Chattanooga on May 5, 1864. Battles were fought along the way. On September 2d the Confederate forces surrendered Atlanta. Sherman took possession, and immediately required all non-combatants to leave the city and either go North or South. The Confederate general protested against this order, saying that it was unnecessary cruelty as he did not have enough supplies for his own men, and could not feed these thousands of exiles. Sherman replied: "War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it. . . . I want peace, and it can only be reached through union and war, and I will ever conduct war with a view to perfect and early success. When peace does come you may call on me for anything. Then will I share with you the last cracker."

Sherman saw the impossibility of holding the country and defending the railroads without constant losses. He asked and received permission to carry out a campaign of property destruction. On November 15th he left Atlanta, after burning a considerable portion of the city, and began his famous march to the sea. His orders to his army were to march as nearly as possible in four parallel columns and to forage liberally on the country, but not to enter private dwellings nor to use abusive language toward the inhabitants. Corps commanders were given the power to destroy mills, cotton-gins, and similar buildings. The cavalry and artillery were permitted to take horses, mules, and wagons. The territory swept by the army was at times from sixty to eighty miles wide. Two hundred and sixty-five miles of railroads were destroyed by tearing up the rails, heating them and twisting them around trunks of trees and burning the ties. Bridges, trestles, water tanks were destroyed. The distance between Atlanta and Savannah was three hundred miles, and the army covered it in twenty-

four days. Savannah was evacuated on the night of December 21st-22d, and on the following day Sherman telegraphed President Lincoln: "I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition; also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton."

Lincoln congratulated Sherman on the accomplishment of this gigantic undertaking; Congress passed a vote of thanks to him and his men; the press of Europe and America rang with praises of him; and noted army men regard it as having scarcely a parallel in the history of war.

Sherman now proposed to march through the Carolinas, join Grant, and aid him in crushing Lee, General of the Confederate army. He started North on February 1st. On the 16th he entered Columbia. Before he left this city he destroyed several foundries, the factory of Confederate money, and the State arsenal. He continued his march, but before meeting Grant news came of the surrender of Lee. Sherman received the surrender of General Johnston on April 26th. His march to the sea and through the Carolinas had had the effect he desired in hastening the end of the Civil War.

When Sherman bade his army farewell he urged those who remained in the service to continue the same hard work and discipline which they had in the past, and those who went to their homes not to yield to the natural impatience sure to result from their past life of excitement and adventure.

Sherman was appointed commander of the military division of the Mississippi in 1865. The next year he was given the command of the Missouri division. In 1869 he was made general and commander of the army. In 1871 to 1872 he visited Europe and on his return wrote his memoirs.

Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, and Princeton colleges

gave him degrees. He was much sought after to make speeches, for he was an interesting talker. He was strongly urged to become a candidate for the Presidency, but he declined absolutely.

He retired in 1884, and went to live in New York City. His last days were passed very happily there in the midst of his children and grandchildren. On February 14, 1891, he passed away very quietly, with his family about him. The body was taken to St. Louis and laid beside that of his wife, who had died two years before. New York City was draped with mourning, and all along the way to St. Louis great crowds gathered at the stations, old soldiers weeping like children. Thousands witnessed the interment in St. Louis.

James Russell Lowell.

IT would not at the first thought seem to be an easy thing to succeed as a poet, an essayist, and a diplomatist, for they each demand such entirely different qualifications. Yet in James Russell Lowell we have the three combined in one man, and in no mean degree. He was a leader in each. There is no poem more quoted than his *The Vision of Sir Launfal,* while *Among My Books* is a masterpiece in criticism. He represented the United States first at the court of Spain, and afterward at the court of England—two of the chief diplomatic positions in the gift of his country.

This many-gifted man was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1819. He was the son of a scholarly clergyman, Charles Lowell. James Russell Lowell was the class poet when he graduated from Harvard College in 1838. After his graduation from college he took up the study of law. His heart, however, was not in the study of law, but in literature. In 1841 he published his first volume of poems. This was entitled *A Year's Life.* Three years later he pub-

lished a second volume of poems. In the same year, 1844, he married. *The Vision of Sir Launfal,* a most charming romantic poem, appeared in 1848. In the same year appeared a witty survey of contemporary poets entitled *A Fable for Critics;* this was first published anonymously and contained a gibe at his own poetry. In 1847 the Mexican War broke out, and in that year and the next he wrote a series of humorous satires under the general heading of *The Bigelow Papers.* These let in light to many dark minds and gave not only special distinction to him, but acted as a safety-valve for thousands of people who thought as he did. In 1851 he traveled abroad. Shortly after his return his wife died, leaving him with a young daughter.

In 1855 he succeeded Henry Wadsworth Longfellow at Harvard as professor of the French and Spanish Languages and Literature, and professor of *Belles-lettres.* He retained this position for twenty years. During that time, however, he did some editorial work. He was the first editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* on its establishment in 1857. Afterwards he was one of the editors of *The North American Review.*

Mr. Lowell was a strong anti-slavery partisan, and wrote much in support of his principles. The Civil War gave him an opportunity for a second series of *The Bigelow Papers.* The Harvard Commemoration, July 21, 1865, gave rise to a notable *Ode,* and the centennial celebrations in 1876 to two others.

His political career began in 1876 upon his taking the office of presidential elector. President Hays sent him as minister to Spain in 1877. Three years later he was transferred to England. In 1885 there was a change of party administration in the United States, and he returned home. The record of his residence abroad was published in 1887 under the title of *Democracy and Other Addresses.*

Heartease and Rue, a collection of his fugitive

verse, was published in 1888. In 1890 to 1891 he supervised an edition of his writings in ten volumes. He died at Cambridge, August 12, 1891.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, although born in America, belongs to English literature just as much as he does to American literature. This is because his works are like household words wherever the English language is spoken. He gained a hold on the hearts of the masses of the people such as no other English writer has ever obtained.

Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He was the son of Stephen Longfellow, a lawyer of that city, and of Zilpah Wadsworth, a descendant of John and Priscilla Alden of Plymouth Colony fame. As a boy he was foremost in all boys' games; his elder brother was fond of hunting, and often took Henry with him on his trips. One day the older lad shot a robin, and this so grieved the little boy that he never again would go with his brother on these trips.

In 1821 he entered Bowdoin College. During the four years spent there he sent a number of verses to magazines and newspapers, and in other ways showed a decided taste for literature. After his graduation he went into his father's office as a law student, but the practice of law was so distasteful to him that he eagerly accepted a proposal made to him in the following year by the trustees of Bowdoin College—that he accept the chair of Modern Languages. The widow of the founder of the college had given the trustees one thousand dollars to establish this professorship. He was granted a three years' leave of absence, and in the spring of 1826 sailed for Europe to prepare himself for his new duties.

HARVARD COLLEGE IN EARLY DAYS.—The structure on the left was the first of the college buildings.

In the fall of 1829 he returned to America and entered upon his professorship. It was no easy task which he had before him. He was the personal instructor in four different modern languages for young men who did not have the slightest previous knowledge of any one of them. There were no textbooks, and he had to prepare and publish some. He was interested in the literature of Europe and wanted his pupils to have the same interest. He therefore prepared and delivered courses of lectures on this subject. These were not required of him, but throughout his life he was always willing to do more than his share. To his industry he added a perseverance and a regularity in the discharge of his tasks that enabled him to accomplish much that another would have left undone.

In 1835 he was invited to become the Smith Professor of Modern Literature at Harvard College. He accepted the appointment on the condition that he might travel in Europe for a year or two before taking up his duties. Accordingly he sailed for Europe that year, returning in October, 1836, and for the next seventeen years devoted himself to his college duties. In 1853 he resigned the professorship in order that he might have more time for purely literary work.

In 1833 he published a translation of *Las Coplas,* by Don Jorge Manrique, which is said to excel the original in power and literary ease. In the same year he issued a portion of *Outre Mer,* a fruit of his first visit to Europe; the second part appeared in 1835. *Hyperion,* a poetical romance, was published in 1839. In 1841 appeared his first volume of original poems, *Voices of the Night.* This was followed in 1841 by *Ballads and Other Poems.* These two volumes brought him popularity. His volume of *Poems on Slavery* appeared in 1842. *Poets and Poetry of Europe* was finished in 1845. In 1847 *Evangeline* was issued, and became at once the favorite it still remains. *Kavanagh,* a novel, was written in 1849, and *The Seaside*

and the Fireside in 1850. *The Golden Legend,* a romance of the middle ages, containing many beautiful passages, was printed in 1851. *Hiawatha,* an Indian legend, was the first thing to appear after his resignation from Harvard. It was written in 1855. *Birds of Passage* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish* appeared simultaneously in 1858. The first series of *Tales of a Wayside Inn* appeared in 1863; a second series in 1872, and a third series in 1873. *Flower de Luce and Other Poems* appeared in 1867; *New England Tragedies* in 1868; *The Divine Tragedy* in 1871; *Aftermath* in 1873; *The Hanging of the Crane* in 1874; *The Masque of Pandora* in 1875; *Keramos* in 1878; *Ultima Thule* in 1880; and *Hermes Trismegistus* in 1882. From 1875 to 1878 he edited *Poems of Places* in thirty-one volumes. From 1867 to 1870 he was translating Dante's *Divina Commedia.*

Longfellow was twice married. His first wife was Mary Storer Potter of Portland. They were married in 1831, while he was professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin College. She died in 1835 at Rotterdam while accompanying Longfellow on his second trip through Europe. She is commemorated in his poem *The Footsteps of Angels.* His second wife was Frances Elizabeth Appleton. They were married in 1843. He had first seen her seven years before, in Switzerland, and had made her the heroine of his romance of *Hyperion.* She was burned to death in the summer of 1861 in the presence of her husband. Longfellow never recovered from the shock, although he continued to write.

In 1868 he went abroad for a third time, staying a year and a half, and was everywhere received with honors. The University of Cambridge gave him the degree of Doctor of Laws, and the University of Oxford that of Doctor of Civil Law.

The last ten years of his life were spent in aiding every struggling author who asked it. He never

turned away from any applicant for his literary advice or counsel, for his hand and heart were open to every appeal. He died on March 24, 1882, after a short illness, at Cambridge, Mass., where he had continued to reside after he had severed his relations with Harvard College.

For a further account of Longfellow's writings the reader should turn to "American Literature" in Volume VI.

Abraham Lincoln.

THE best-known and the best-beloved of the Presidents of the United States—next to George Washington—is Abraham Lincoln. He was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. His father was a carpenter and cabinet-maker, but in the woods of Kentucky there was no opportunity to practice that trade, for people lived in log-cabins built by themselves and had so few possessions that there was no need for cabinets. Thomas Lincoln was, therefore, obliged to do as his neighbors did, and till the soil. There were no public schools in Kentucky at this time. When Abraham Lincoln was seven years of age his father moved his family to Indiana, which was only about one-fourth as populous and advanced as Kentucky. Just before he became of age his father again moved. This time it was to Illinois, which was a still newer country.

In all these years young Abe had had less than twelve months of schooling, but he had read some of the best books and made their contents part of his mental equipment—*The Bible, Æsop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, Shakespeare's Plays* and a *Life of George Washington.* He had a stepmother who was very ambitious for him, and encouraged him to read whenever he could get hold of a book. When he was fourteen he would walk into the nearest

town to get the weekly newspaper in order that he might learn what was going on in the world outside of his own little village. The papers in those days contained only the serious news of events of real importance in the progress of the world. There was another study to which young Lincoln devoted a great deal of his time, and which was afterwards of great value to him—the study of men. Wherever men congregated—at the store, at the mill, at the fair, at the race-course, at the political meeting, at the court-house—he was to be found whenever he could get away from his other duties. He would stand at one side, listening to and sizing up the men, and this study of men taught the best ways of dealing with them. He early learned that to be good natured, to be ready with a cheerful word and a helping hand, to control his temper, and to guard his tongue were the best means.

Soon after he was twenty-one he became one of a crew of a flatboat at fifty cents a day. In the next three or four years he was by turns a rail-splitter, a clerk in a store, a flat-boat pilot, a steamboat pilot, a captain in the Black Hawk War, and postmaster at New Salem. While clerk in the store he began to study grammar and mathematics, and when he got his discharge from the army he took up the study of law.

In 1834, when he was twenty-five years of age, he was elected to the State Legislature, and in 1846 to the House of Representatives in Washington. He opposed the Mexican War, and lost thereby many of his political friends. Therefore when his term of office was over he did not stand for reëlection, but returned to his legal practice. He became widely known as a lawyer, and had a reputation for honesty and square dealing.

Busy as he was with his practice, he never failed to keep in touch with national politics. At this time the slavery question was the most important issue before the people. While he was a member of the State

Legislature he had put himself on record against slavery. In 1856 the Republican Party was organized, not to destroy slavery, but to oppose its extension. States and Territories were being added to the United States, and there were many who thought that slavery should be permitted in them, while others wanted it to be prohibited within their boundaries. The feeling between the two sides grew more and more bitter, and the Southern States that desired the maintenance of slavery talked of secession. In 1860 Abraham Lincoln was named by the Republican Party as their candidate for President of the United States, and later was elected.

When Abraham Lincoln took the oath of office as President he made no plans to abolish slavery. His one desire was to save the Union at any cost—with or without slavery. Thirty-nine days after he became President the first shot of the Civil War was fired. The great man grieved, but went firmly ahead with the duties of his position, dealing thoughtfully with each problem as it presented itself. The war closed on April 4, 1865.

With the close of the war Lincoln began to make plans for the reconstruction of the South. But his great work was ended by the bullet of an assassin on April 14, 1865. He died the following day. All the North mourned for the martyred President, and many leading Southerners said that the South had lost her wisest and truest friend.

Charles Dickens.

CHARLES DICKENS was the writer of some of the best English novels ever produced. In spite of his tendency to exaggeration and to caricature, they are absolutely true pictures of the life of the people of the time. He sought his characters in every nook and corner of town and country, and his works furnish a

series of valuable pictures of countless phases of English life which have passed away. His most popular stories are the *Christmas Tales;* the most famous, *The Pickwick Papers* and *Oliver Twist;* his best is *The Tale of Two Cities;* and the charming tale in which he told the story of his own life is *David Copperfield,* an extract from which is to be found in this Volume, Part II; and a further account of Dickens is given in "English Literature," Volume VI.

Charles Dickens was the second child of John and Elizabeth Dickens. He was born at Landport, in Portsea, February 7, 1812. At the time of Charles's birth John Dickens was employed in the Government Naval Office at Landport, but a year or so later was transferred to London, and then to Chatham. When Charles was nine years of age the family moved back to London. The father's pay was cut down, and they grew poorer and poorer, until John Dickens was arrested and imprisoned for debt. Charles was a sickly little lad, and used to amuse himself by reading, and watching the other boys at play. His mother had taught him to read, and he pored over his father's books. After they had returned to London all the furniture and all the books gradually went to the pawnbroker's. Charles, now aged twelve years, obtained work in a warehouse, pasting labels on blacking bottles, for which he received six or seven shillings a week. The other boys with whom he came in contact were uncultured and rough, and the delicate Charles was very unhappy. But he manfully stuck to his work, and did the best he could, and, luckily, the family fortunes took a turn for the better before long, when a legacy was left to John Dickens which enabled him to pay off some of his debts. Charles was sent to a private school, for there were no public schools then. His health improved, and he grew up to be a handsome lad, overflowing with animal spirits, writing stories, getting up little theatrical performances, and fond of

harmless practical jokes; but he never distinguished himself very much as a scholar. He was in school less than three years. In 1827 he became a clerk in a lawyer's office, and here he remained for eighteen months, always storing his mind with knowledge that became useful to him later on.

Seeing that there was no future for him as a lawyer, he determined to become a reporter, took up the study of shorthand, and spent his leisure time in the British Museum reading, endeavoring to remedy the defects in his literary education. In due time his perseverance had its reward, and he became known as the best reporter in London. He spent two years reporting in Doctors' Commons and other courts. In 1831 he entered the gallery of the House of Commons as a newspaper reporter. For two sessions he reported for the *Mirror of Parliament,* and in 1835 became a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle.*

While thus engaged, he wrote a little story called *A Dinner at Poplar Walk. The Monthly Magazine* published this in December, 1834. Thus encouraged, Dickens wrote nine other stories between then and February, 1835. Some of these were signed "Boz." *The Monthly Magazine* did not pay him anything for them, but in the early part of 1836 he collected his *Sketches by Boz,* and sold the copyright for seven hundred and fifty dollars. In April of the same year the first number of the *Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* was published. The success of "Pickwick" was extraordinary. Four hundred copies of the first number were prepared by the binder, and forty thousand copies of the fifteenth. As *Pickwick Papers* was drawing to a close, *Oliver Twist* was begun. *Nicholas Nickleby* was started in April, 1838, and ran in monthly numbers for about eighteen months. Next came *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*—the latter a vivid picture of the outbreak in London known as the Lord George Gordon Riots.

Shortly after the appearance of the first number of the *Pickwick Papers* Dickens married Catherine Hogarth, the daughter of one of his reporter friends. In 1842 he visited America, spending about six months on this side of the Atlantic. In October following his return to England he published his *American Notes,* which called forth much resentment from some quarters in America. *Martin Chuzzlewit,* a novel containing much satire on American manners and customs, began to appear in monthly installments in January, 1843. In the same year the *Christmas Carol,* perhaps the most widely read of his sketches, came out. In 1844 he visited Italy and there wrote the *Chimes.*

His next undertaking was not a successful experiment. A new daily paper, called the *Daily News,* was issued for the first time, January 21, 1846, with Dickens as its editor-in-chief. On February 9th he resigned as editor, but continued to contribute for about three months longer. In 1847 *Dombey and Son,* which contains the affecting story of little Paul and his sister, was published. *The Haunted Man* appeared at Christmas, 1848. He then began to work on *David Copperfield,* the novel Dickens loved best of all that he ever wrote, and the book placed him among the leaders of English literature. *Bleak House* was published in 1851. A selection from *Old Curiosity Shop* is given in Volume VI, which you will be interested in reading.

Dickens had long desired to start a periodical, and in 1849 his wish was realized. The first number of *Household Words* appeared March 30, 1850. He gathered many contributors, and spared no pains in his editorial duties; he was especially quick and generous in recognizing and encouraging talent in hitherto unknown writers.

Hard Times appeared in *Household Words* in 1854. *Little Dorrit* ran in monthly numbers from January, 1856, to June, 1857. The first of these novels

was called forth by the evils in the cotton-spinning towns near Manchester; the other by the evils of official red tape in the commissary department during the war in the Crimea.

Dickens's next book was the *Tale of Two Cities.* This was a contrast to his former books. In it is a wonderful picture of the Great French Revolution of 1792 and contains some curious descriptions of English life in those days. In the next year *The Uncommercial Traveler* and *Great Expectations* were written. *Our Mutual Friend* was finished in February, 1866.

Dickens gave four series of public readings from his works; one in 1858, one in 1861, one in 1866, and another in 1868. Between these last two series he made a second visit to America. The 1868 series of readings was too much for his strength, and he died at Gadshill, near Rochester, on June 9, 1870, leaving one novel, *Edwin Drood,* unfinished. He was buried on June 14th in Westminster Abbey with all possible simplicity.

Charles Dickens had many fine qualities. He was generous, sincere, and kind, and hated shams, tyranny, and pride of birth. He was intensely fond of his children, of whom he had ten. He loved dogs, and had a fancy for keeping mastiffs and St. Bernards. In 1839 he bought a house and gave it to his father. He was a very keen observer and student of humanity, and this quality of his mind more than any other give to his works a vitality unsurpassed. His works are popular because their appeal is universal. Nearly all of his books exercised an influence for good on the condition of the people, especially the poor. There were numerous abuses in England, which he showed up in his novels so vividly, that the hearts of the people were stirred and the government was obliged to abate or abolish them; and many of the privileges which the English people enjoy to-day would have been much

slower in coming to them but for the great influence of England's best loved and greatest master of fiction—Charles Dickens.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

THE claim for immortality for Alfred, Lord Tennyson, does not rest so much upon any two or three great poems as upon the simple sweetness of his lyrics. His poetry not only interprets the life and spirit of the nineteenth century in which he lived, but it appeals to the heart and intellect of all times; his writings have a very subtile and potent charm for all who speak the English language.

Alfred Tennyson was born August 6, 1809, in Somersby, Lincolnshire, England. He was the fourth son of a clergyman of superior abilities and varied attainments. His mother was the daughter of a clergyman, a sweet, gentle woman with a shrinking, refined nature, and Alfred Tennyson was very like his mother in disposition. The Tennysons were a lively and happy household. All of the family were imaginative, and very fond of reading and story-telling. The father carefully attended to the education of the children, using his own accomplishments to stimulate their mental growth, and taking upon himself, personally, the task of preparing the boys for college, leaving them plenty of time for their own pursuits.

Alfred and his brother Charles, a year older, were close comrades, and spent much time in long walks through woods and fields. Charles was frank, and genial, and very popular among the other boys. Alfred was retiring, moody, and absent-minded, and did not care to mingle with other lads in their sports; from twelve to sixteen he was a day-dreamer, living in a realm of imagination. During his sixteenth and seventeenth years he was very busy in an intellectual

way and wrote some of the poems contained in *Poems by Two Brothers,* which was published in 1827; the others were written by Charles Tennyson. The money which the publisher gave the two lads for their poems was spent by them in a tour through Lincolnshire, inspecting the different churches for which that county is famous.

In October, 1828, Alfred Tennyson entered Trinity College, Cambridge, but left there three years later without a degree. In the university he was almost revered and regarded as a superior mortal. He won the chancellor's gold medal for the prize poem *Timbuctoo,* and in 1830 published another volume of poems. While at Cambridge and during his early manhood, he formed many lasting friendships with men who were, or who afterwards became, famous scholars and men of letters—among them Gladstone, Carlyle, Fitzgerald, and Thackeray. They all admired him, and their warm words of commendation stimulated the development of his poetical ability.

While Tennyson was greatly indebted to these men, his strongest affection was given to Arthur Henry Hallam, the son of the great historian. He met Hallam soon after he entered Cambridge, and they became close friends. Hallam was a young man of great promise, and he shared all of Tennyson's ambitions and enthusiasms. In the summer of 1830 the two friends traveled through the French Pyrenees. On September 15, 1833, Hallam died. Shortly afterwards Tennyson wrote the sweetest dirge in all literature—*Break, Break, Break*—with its wailing, useless longing

> "for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!"

In 1850, seventeen years after Hallam's death, he published *In Memoriam.* It is a tribute of love to the memory of his dearest friend, and grew out of the author's heartfelt experience as a mourner. It is one of the really great poems of the nineteenth century.

After he left college he lived chiefly with his widowed mother, but was often to be found visiting at the homes of friends. After 1838 he generally had rooms in London, but he still delighted in making long journeys on foot through the country, occasionally making trips to Ireland and the continent.

At first Tennyson was more appreciated by his intimate friends than by the general public. Later on public honors were given to him. In 1845 he was granted a pension of £200 ($1,000) per year; and in 1850 he was appointed poet-laureate. In the same year he married Emily Sarah Sellwood, the niece of Sir John Franklin, and sister of the wife of the poet's brother Charles. Mrs. Tennyson was a woman of unusual talent and of more than ordinary education. She wrote music for a number of the poet's songs. Their wedded life was a very happy one. Two sons were born to them, Hallam and Lionel.

For the first three years of his married life Tennyson lived in Chapel House, Twickenham. Then he bought about four hundred acres near Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight. In 1867 he purchased an estate in the northern part of Sussex. Here he built a mansion which he named Aldworth. This was his summer home for more than twenty years, and a place where he could find quiet and rest far from the bustle of a city.

The University of Oxford, in 1855, conferred on him the honorary degree of D.C.L. In 1865 Queen Victoria offered him a baronetcy for his royal devotion to the crown, but he declined it, and again refused when the offer was repeated in 1868. January 24, 1882, he was created a peer of the realm, after Gladstone had earnestly urged him to accept the peerage. He took his seat in the House of Lords on March 11, 1882, as Baron of Aldworth, Sussex, and of Freshwater, Isle of Wight.

His last years were saddened by the loss of many

old friends and relatives, the death of his second son, Lionel, in 1886, being a particularly severe blow. His powers of mind and body were wonderfully preserved to the end, owing to his quiet way of living and to his wonderful constitution. He continued to compose during his final illness, and his poem entitled *Crossing the Bar* may be said to have been written on his death bed. He died October 6, 1892, and was buried in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey.

More is told about this great English poet in "English Literature," Volume VI.

John Bright.

"SIMPLE," "manly," and "just" are the three words which best describe the great English orator and statesman, John Bright, whose name is held in high honor wherever the English tongue is spoken. He was born in 1811, and died in 1889. During all the years of his manhood he was fighting in the interests of the people, and of true liberty.

His father was a Quaker cotton spinner and manufacturer, who lived near Rochdale, a city which is famous for the fact that the great Coöperative Movement has its rise there.

When Bright was a young man, all England was groaning under the burden of the Corn Laws—laws that were designed to get higher prices for the cultivator of corn, and higher rents from the owners of the land by imposing on corn importation such heavy duties the people were reduced to the border of starvation. A strong opposition to this state of things had been gradually growing up, and owing to the eloquence of John Bright and the zeal and energy of Richard Cobden, these laws were repealed in 1846. He was in favor of complying with all the reasonable demands of Irishmen and of free trade in land. His opposition

to the Crimean War was vigorous, and although his own trade was seriously affected by the continuance of the Civil War, he ardently supported the cause of the North. He was always warmly interested in education, and was on the side of every reform agitation. Among other measures which he opposed was the government's Egyptian policy which led to the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, and Gladstone's Home Rule Bill for Ireland in 1886. He was a strong, fearless, and uncorruptible politician, and few parliamentary orators have possessed greater power of simple nervous eloquence than did John Bright.

Prince Bismarck.

BISMARCK, the "man of blood and iron" of Germany, the master mind that created modern Germany, was one of the most conspicuous characters, and in some ways one of the ablest statesmen of the nineteenth century. He was the son of a Pomeranian squire, and was born on his father's estate in 1815. He studied at the University of Göttingen, where he met the historian, John Lathrop Motley, and they became fast friends. Bismarck, like Gladstone, was trained to the arts of high diplomacy and government. After proper training at home he represented his country as Ambassador in Russia and in France. He rose to the highest position in the government, and when the war with France broke out, in 1870, Bismarck was the man for the hour. When France was forced to capitulate, it was he who dictated the terms of peace, and when the consolidation of the German Empire was accomplished, and the King of Prussia was crowned Emperor William I of Germany at Versailles in 1871, Bismarck was raised to the highest position that he could occupy in the Empire he had so largely helped to create.

While there is much to admire in the forceful char-

acter of Bismarck, his domineering and anti-democratic spirit was the cause of much needless trouble to the government and his country. He rode roughshod over his opponents, both personal and journalistic. He was intolerant, and fought against the Roman Catholics unjustly, as most liberty-loving people in America would see it, and his imperious and sometimes unscrupulous and vindictive character caused constantly trouble between himself, the King and the people as long as he lived. When the old Emperor William died, and his son came to the throne, Bismarck lost much of his power and influence, and he was constantly in the public eye with his grievances, which were mostly the result of his own exacting and imperious behavior.

He died in 1898. In his private life he was a man of warm affections, and he had a large mind which could grasp great things. His hand worked, all through the spoliation of Denmark, the humiliation of Austria, the domination of Bavaria, and the crushing of the power of France, to the one end, the unification of the German Empire; and his great mind looked over the unoccupied corners of the earth to find the land wherewith to found a Colonial Empire for Germany, in his efforts to do which he accomplished much in the way of spreading German commerce overseas.

Herbert Spencer.

THE men above all others who helped to change the thought of the nineteenth century were Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall. Darwin and Huxley expounded the theory of evolution as it is manifested in physical life, and Herbert Spencer expounded its psychological and sociological application; in other words, he shows that not only is man's mind an evolution, or something which has grown out of something else, but that all our social relations, and all our social

institutions, are and have always been in process of evolution. "The present is the child of the past, and the father of the future" seems an easy statement, but it is not so easy to prove it in all branches of human activity.

This, however, Herbert Spencer has done. He traces the development of human ideas, customs, ceremonials, and public institutions; and out of the study of them he deduces that work is for life, and not life for work; that the State exists for the individual, and not the individual for the State; that all morality has its basis in physical, biological, and psychological conditions; and that the best conduct is that which promotes the greatest fulness of life, in self, the offspring, and the race.

Herbert Spencer was the son of an English schoolmaster, and was born at Derby, England, in 1846. When he was a boy he was a great collector of insects. It is curious that the boy who grew up to be such a brilliant master of his own language should have had an unconquerable aversion to the study of languages. When he was seventeen years of age he entered the profession of civil engineering, but after eight years he gave it up and devoted himself to writing. For seven years he was assistant editor of *The Economist,* an important English newspaper devoted to financial and industrial matters. Very early in his career as a writer he published a pamphlet embodying the idea that human progress is based on the power of human nature to adapt itself to its surroundings, thus expressing one idea which lay at the root of the Darwinian theory. From this time until his death in 1903 his life story is told by the books he wrote, which are among the most important contributions to human knowledge that were produced in the nineteenth century. It is an honor to America that, as in the case of Carlyle, his work at first received greater and more widespread appreciation in the United States than in

his own country. But his fame soon became world-wide, and his works are studied in every country. He was an indefatigable worker, possessed marvelous powers of generalization, and his knowledge was encyclopædic. He illustrated every argument he put forward with examples drawn from almost every department of human knowledge. His clear, lucid reasoning and style make him an excellent model for those who would acquire the very important faculty of plain statement, and no young man or young woman who wishes to do so, should fail to read and carefully study his essay on "The Philosophy of Style."

John Tyndall.

ANOTHER of the brilliant expounders of the doctrine of evolution which "derives man in his totality from the action and reaction of organism and environment through countless ages past," and caused so much stir in the third quarter of the nineteenth century, was John Tyndall, an Irishman who lived from 1820 to 1893.

His parents were poor, but like so many poor parents, they deprived themselves to give their son a good education, and he became a skilful mathematician at an early age. At first he found employment in connection with a government survey of land then in progress, and later on he became a teacher. He afterwards studied in Germany for several years, and made many discoveries in the domain of physical science. He occupied the post of professor of Natural Philosophy at the Royal Institution of London for many years. Such subjects as radiant heat, electricity, magnetism, and acoustics constantly engaged his attention, and his works on *Heat as a Mode of Motion, Radiation, Dust and Disease,* and *The Forms of Water* are standard books. He was an enthusiastic mountaineer, and

some of his most brilliant writing is found in his books on that subject.

In 1872 he came to the United States to lecture, and devoted the money he earned to the establishment of scholarships for the benefit of students occupied in original work in science.

The world owes much to Professor Tyndall for the marvelous manner in which he made the abstruse ways of science clear for the common understanding. His style is lucid and easy, and brightened with humor and apt illustration. He and his friend, Professor Huxley, were pioneers in the new era of scientific exposition.

Elizabeth Fry.

"FIRST, hast thou this day been honest and true in performing thy duty towards thy Creator, and then towards thy fellow-creatures; or hast thou sophisticated and flinched? Second, hast thou been vigilant in frequently pausing in the hurry and career of the day to see whom thou art endeavoring to serve, whether thy Maker or thyself? And every time that trial or temptation assailed thee, didst thou endeavor to look steadily to the Delivering Power, even Christ, who can do all things for thee? Third, hast thou endeavored to perform thy relative duties faithfully, as a tender, loving, yielding wife, where thy own will and pleasure were concerned; a tender, yet steady, mother with thy children, making thyself quickly and strictly obeyed, but careful in what thou requirest of them; a kind, yet honest mistress, telling thy servants of their faults when thou thinkest it for their or thy good, but never unnecessarily worrying thyself or them about trifles, and to everyone endeavoring to do as thou wouldst be done by?"

These were the rules which guided the life of Elizabeth Fry and made her beloved and honored to a

degree that queens might envy. She was not gifted with what is termed genius, and left no great writings; but she passed her life in a round of beneficence, and left one of the greatest examples of those whose hearts are kind and true.

Elizabeth Gurney was born at Earlham, Norfolk, England, on May 21, 1780. As a child she was more remarkable for seriousness than for vivacity, and her sense of duty was strongly developed. She belonged to the religious body called Friends, or Quakers, her brother becoming one of the celebrated ministers of that faith.

In 1880 she married Mr. Fry, but before her marriage she had established in her father's home a school for eighty poor children. Mr. Fry heartily approved of his wife's desire to help the needy and generously assisted her. One day she happened to visit the prison at Newgate, London, and was so impressed with the misery of the women and children confined there that she determined to do what she could to better their condition. She founded in the prison a school for the children and societies for the improvement of women. She drew up rules for the conduct of the prisoners, and one of their own number was appointed a matron or superintendent under the inspection of twenty-four women of the Society of Friends. She was greatly loved by all the prisoners, for she had a sweet, persuasive voice and a still sweeter temper. After she had bettered the conditions in Newgate she traveled through several European countries, always trying to ameliorate the condition of the poor. One of her projects was the establishment of libraries for the use of the Coast Guards. She lived to see this entirely successful.

Mrs. Fry not only practiced the most disinterested charity herself, but influenced all with whom she came in contact to think and act as she did. Her children were early employed to go on errands of mercy. Her

death on October 12, 1845, caused Europe to mourn, for it was felt that there was no one to take her place in lightening the burdens of the poor and oppressed.

William Ewart Gladstone.

GLADSTONE was one of the finest examples of a man definitely trained for a political career; for service to his country and to mankind. Indeed, the government of England and her vast colonial possessions is carried on for the most part by men who are trained, first of all, to obey laws and to become familiar with them and their methods of working, in order that they may successfully administer and enforce them, and, when necessary, make new laws. Gladstone early in his career formulated in a phrase the doctrines that had been instilled into his mind from his youth up: "That statesmen should recognize the equality of the weak with the strong; the principles of brotherhood among nations, and of their sacred independence."

He was born in 1809, and lived until 1898; thus he saw the progress of the great broadening of the franchise in England from the days of the first great Reform Bill of 1833 down to the time when there was practically manhood suffrage in England. He lived through the time when England was converted from a country of protectionism into the greatest example of the blessings of free trade that the world has ever seen. His life bridged over the period when there were no railways to the time when trains were run a mile a minute. In his boyhood days candles were the only means of illumination, and he lived to enjoy the electric light. But to describe what Gladstone lived through in this way would be to write the history of the nineteenth century. Let us look a little more closely at his personal career, which is, however,

so intimately bound up with the progress of human affairs in the century in which he lived that it is scarcely possible to disassociate them. Gladstone was a remarkable example of a good boy, an earnest student, and a good and successful man. When the time came for him to choose his profession, being anxious to make the best use of his life, as he thought, he wished to become a clergyman, but his father determined to train him for politics. He went for a while to Italy, returned to England in 1833, was put up for a seat in Parliament, and was elected; for more than half a century thereafter he was destined to adorn, delight, and honor it. He was at first a Tory or Conservative; but he became a Liberal later on, and remained so for the rest of his life. How he ascended every rung of the governmental ladder until he became Prime Minister, a position which he held four times; how he stood always for what he conceived to be the right; and how his political career was at last shipwrecked in his endeavors to secure her rights for Ireland would take too long to tell in detail. His best biographer, the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell, places first among his moral attributes his religiousness. "From his earliest days," Russell tells us, "he lived in the habitual contemplation of an unseen world, and regulated his private and public action by reference to a code higher than that of mere prudence and worldly ambition." His next great characteristic was his "love of power, not for place, pay, or social standing, but to enable him to fulfil the political mission with which he believed Providence had charged him." This was supported by "a splendid fearlessness; no danger was too threatening, no obstacles too formidable, no tasks too laborious, no heights too steep." He was imperious and impetuous, but he always had his impetuosity under control. He was "conservative by nature" and yet "a revolutionist on a large scale." He had enormous power of concentration, as any man

must have who does things; and was so open-minded that "his whole life was spent in unlearning the prejudices in which he had been educated. His love of freedom steadily developed, and he applied its principles more and more courageously to the problems of government." Well was he called the "Grand Old Man" of England!

Queen Victoria.

VICTORIA I, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India, was an accomplished lady, as perfect in her feminine qualities as in her queenly character. She was a dutiful daughter, a loving wife, a watchful mother, a kind mistress, and a generous benefactor. Her uniform adherence to the right and proper in circumstances in which selfish propensities are often stimulated and easily gratified, was the result of the conscientious principles early and unceasingly instilled into her mind by her mother.

Victoria was the daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent, and his wife, Victoria Maria Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. Left a widow when her child was but eight months of age, the Duchess of Kent determined to devote herself entirely to the work of training the child so that she might be fitted for the great position which might one day be hers. She always attended to the bathing and dressing of the baby, and as soon as the child could sit alone she was placed at a small table beside her mother at her meals. But she was never allowed any but the simplest kinds of foods. The child early learned obedience, temperance, and self-control. When the little princess was older her mother instructed her concerning the debts which had been left by her father, and encouraged her to lay aside towards their payment portions of money which might have been spent for toys. This taught her the virtues of justice, fidelity, and prudence.

It was also an expression of filial devotion, and this is the germ of patriotism.

Victoria's mental education was as thorough as her physical and moral. From her cradle she was taught to speak three languages, French, German, and English. Later she studied Italian, Latin, Greek, mathematics, music, and drawing, in all of which she became in time very proficient.

Until the death of her uncle, George IV, Victoria was kept in ignorance of the fact that she might one day succeed to the throne. The Duchess of Kent did not wish her daughter to indulge in any hopes that might be disappointed, and she wished to guard her from the flattery of those who might wish to curry favor with one who would probably be their queen at some future date. Four weeks after she attained her majority Victoria succeeded to the throne of England by the sudden death of William IV. She was awakened in the night by the high officers of state coming to break the news that the King was dead and to hail her as their Queen. Later on they assembled at Kensington Palace in the grand salon to administer the oath. Soon after Victoria and her mother appeared. When the Duchess had seen her daughter enthroned on the seat of state prepared for the occasion, she withdrew, and from that hour treated her daughter with all the respectful observance which her station, according to court etiquette, demanded. She offered her no more advice or instructions. She had sown the seed, and it now brought forth good fruit.

On the 28th of June, 1838, she was crowned in Westminster Abbey. From that time on every duty that devolved upon her, every form prescribed, every custom held important in British government she performed, observed, and cherished. Her high principles, her refined taste, and her graceful propriety of manner gave tone to fashionable society in England.

Not only in her public life was Queen Victoria a

model for her people, but in her private life she was a great example to her subjects. On February 10, 1840, she married her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg. It was a perfect marriage. Prince Albert was equally developed in character and talents with the young Queen, and their affection was mutual. Eight children were born to them, and all of them were carefully trained under the supervision of their parents.

The year 1861 was a doubly sad one for the Queen. On March 16th she lost her mother, the Duchess of Kent. Just as the year was drawing to a close the Prince Consort died. On the morning of this latter bereavement the Queen is said to have exclaimed, "There is no one now to call me Victoria." No words can better express her sense of loneliness. Millions loved her, but the only one who had a right to chide, control, and guide her was gone forever. But in spite of her great grief she never neglected one of her public duties.

For sixty-four years Victoria sat on the throne of England, and her firm rule, her keen intellect, and wide sympathies were a blessing to her mighty empire. She tasted all the happiness of life, and likewise its bitterness. Death was ever busy claiming her beloved friends, relatives, and associates, and she outlived all her early friends and faithful servants.

On January 22, 1901, the good Queen died. Not only in her own kingdom was she mourned, but people all over the world felt that a friend had been lost. Public buildings in the United States were draped in black, as if one of its own public officials had died.

Julia Ward Howe.

QUEEN of the platform and queen of the home, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, one of the best beloved and highly honored of American women, was a lecturer and poet who exercised a powerful influence on the age in which she lived, and her life abundantly proved that a woman can be a good home-maker and a good mother and devote herself to public service as well. Her sons and daughters, all men and women of influence and intellectual position to-day, have frequently given their testimony in support of this. Mrs. Laura E. Richards, the writer of so many delightful stories for children, is a daughter of this famous woman. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was born in 1819. Her father was a banker and her mother a poet of some ability. She began to write verse when she was sixteen; eight years afterwards she married Samuel Gridley Howe, founder of the famous Perkins School for the Blind; that hero whom Oliver Wendell Holmes called "the Cadmus of the Blind." Cadmus, you will remember, is the Greek hero who is supposed to have first invented the alphabet.

Such a union had its natural results. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe threw herself with ardor into the ambitions and projects of her distinguished husband; together they visited Europe, studying the various matters in which they both were interested. On their return to America the intellectual society of the time gathered at her home in Boston and in Washington, and she became a power in the land. She advocated abolition, preaching in Unitarian pulpits, and lecturing everywhere. She was a foremost leader in the movement for woman's suffrage, was a delegate to the Prison Reform Association in London, and founded the Women's Peace Association there. Her activities were endless to the day of her death in 1911, at the advanced age of ninety-one. There was nothing on foot

for the betterment of mankind, and especially for the improvement of the condition of women, in which she was not actively interested. She wrote one play and several books, most of them on matters of social importance; but she will perhaps be chiefly remembered by her poetry, and especially by "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," written to the old folk-tune of "John Brown's Body," when she was at the front in 1861. Its stately lines go sweeping through the memory forever, after they have once caught the ear:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on."

Charles George Gordon.

"I AM quite happy, thank God, and I have tried to do my duty," were the last words of the last letter that the hero, Charles George Gordon, "Chinese Gordon," as he was more generally known, wrote to his sister when he knew that death was very near. Noble, chivalrous, courageous, disinterested, as he was, he tried to do his duty, but he did not always see what his real duty was. He was quixotic; he saw his duty sometimes as Don Quixote did; "tilted at windmills," and the windmills killed him.

He was born in 1833, and was killed in Khartum, Egypt, in 1885. He was educated for the army, and saw his first service in the Crimea, taking part in the siege of Sebastopol and the attack on the Redan. In 1860 trouble broke out in China, and Gordon, with his "ever-victorious army," succeeded in restoring order. He was rewarded with high rank in the Chinese army, and was promoted for his services at home. After six years at home, during which he devoted himself with energy to his official duties and his leisure hours to

philanthropy, he was employed on various missions in Central Africa and Egypt. In 1880 his services were sought by the King of the Belgians, and many others. He, however, went to India as secretary to the Governor-General of India, but returned immediately. Then he went to the Cape to help settle some trouble there, and afterwards spent a year in Palestine, studying Bible history and the antiquities of Jerusalem. Later on, when the revolt of Arabi Pasha had broken out in the Sudan, Gordon was asked to aid in carrying out the evacuation of the Sudan by the Egyptians. He went, and for a time the removing of the women and children went on successfully, but he could not get the help he needed; many of the wavering soldiers went over to the enemy; half-hearted attempts were made to support Gordon, but they failed, and at last he was shut in the city of Khartum by the rebel soldiers. From March until the next January Gordon, with only one other white man, held the city. It was not until November that England sent adequate force to relieve him, and on the 24th of January, 1885, the expedition fought its way into Khartum, to find that Gordon had been killed two days before. His diary, dating from September to December, 1884, shows how he did his best for the honor of his country. It is a pitiful story, for had the British not been hesitating as to what policy they should pursue a couple of hundred men could have saved him.

Gordon's was a remarkable character, and his power over people of foreign or half-savage races was striking and unique. He had no fear of death, and cared little for the opinion of the world; he had his own notions of what was right, and would stick to them in the most obstinate manner. He was a very devout man, and took the Bible for his guide, interpreting it according to his own views, and he sometimes thought more of his own views than of the broader ones which must govern affairs of state; but he was, as Mr. Glad-

stone said: "A hero of heroes. He was a soldier of infinite personal courage and daring, of striking military energy, initiative, and resource; a high, pure, and single character, dwelling much in the region of the unseen. But as all who knew him admit, and as his own records testify, notwithstanding an undercurrent of shrewd common sense, he was the creature, almost the sport, of impulse; his impressions and purpose changed with the speed of lightning; anger often mastered him; he went very often by intuitions and inspirations, rather than by cool inference from carefully surveyed fact; with many variations of mood he mixed, as we often see in people less famous, an invincible faith in his own rapid prepossessions while they lasted. Everybody now discerns that to despatch a soldier of this temperament on a piece of business (the mission to the Sudan in 1884) that was not only difficult and dangerous, but profoundly obscure, and needing vigilant sanity and self-control, was little better than to call in a wizard with his magic. Gordon seized the imagination of England, and seized it on its higher side. His religion was eccentric, but it was religion; the Bible was the rock on which he founded himself, both old dispensation and new; he was known to hate forms, ceremonies and all the 'solemn plausibilities'; his speech was sharp, pithy, rapid, and ironic; above all, he knew the ways of war, and would not bear the sword for nought."

Maria Mitchell.

THAT there is no career in which women may not achieve the highest distinction is once again proved by that of two women who enjoyed high fame in the nineteenth century as astronomers, Mary A. Proctor, daughter of Richard A. Proctor, the English astronomer, and Maria Mitchell, in the United States.

Maria Mitchell was born at Nantucket, Massachu-

setts, in 1818, and from a little girl she lived in an atmosphere of ship chronometers and similar instruments. Now ship chronometers are different from clocks and watches, and to set them to keep the proper time so that ships can find their way at sea requires the services of a professional astronomer. This was the business of the father of the little Maria Mitchell, who gained quite early an insight into the art of making astronomical observations and calculations. As Maria grew up she and her father did such important work, proving themselves to be such clever, careful, and accurate watchers of the skies, that the government supplied them with costly instruments and employed them to make more delicate and important observations. While doing this work Maria discovered a new comet in 1847, and the King of Denmark and the Republics of Switzerland and San Marino gave her gold medals.

When she went to Europe in 1859-60 she had a splendid reception, and was accorded special honor everywhere. The old world united enthusiastically to do homage to the great woman astronomer of the new. While she was away her friends subscribed for her a powerful telescope, with which she was presented on her return.

When Vassar College was founded in 1865 she was at first professor of astronomy, and the chair of astronomy there enjoys the use of a fund of $40,000, subscribed as a memorial to her. She was an energetic and constant worker, writing much for the press on astronomical and kindred subjects. She had charge for many years of the astronomical notes in *The Scientific American,* and used to help every year to make that wonderful compilation that tells you where every star will be and at what time, for three years ahead, *The Nautical Almanac.* Before she died, in 1889, at the age of seventy, she had received the degree of Ph.D. from Rutgers College and LL.D. from Hanover and Columbia Colleges.

Cyrus Hall McCormick.

AS soon as ever the vast expanses of land in the United States began to be cultivated it was evident that the one-horse plough, the spade, the rake, and the harrow, the scythe, and the sickle would never be equal to the task, and that men enough could never be found to handle them. Accordingly for the last hundred years or more the most powerful brains have been at work inventing methods by which the work of preparing the ground, planting the seed, cultivating the plants, and reaping the harvests may be done by machinery.

Ploughs, cultivators, harrows, diggers, and rollers are all now driven by steam power or electricity; seeds are sown by special machinery, and machines are used for cultivating growing crops. But perhaps the most striking and wonderful of all the machines used in agriculture are the harvesting machines. They reap, they mow, they bind the sheaves, and load and stack them. Sheaves are cut, made, tied with string, and neatly delivered at the rate of thirty a minute; and an acre of corn can be cut and tied in an hour with these wonderful machines.

It was in 1831, when he was twenty-two years old, that Cyrus Hall McCormick constructed his first reaping machine. He was born in Virginia, and received a common school education, turning his attention when quite young to the invention of labor-saving machinery. He patented his harvester in 1834, and continued to improve it until almost the day of his death. In 1847 he went to Chicago and established the now world-famous McCormick Harvesting Machine Company. Just how great a part this invention has played in the industrial development of our country it would be difficult to say. Nearly three thousand million bushels of corn, seven hundred and thirty-seven million bushels of wheat, one thousand million bushels of oats, one hun-

dred and seventy million bushels of barley, thirty-three million bushels of rye, and seventeen and one-half million bushels of buckwheat were cut in 1909; and all by machinery, without which it could never have been raised or gathered in.

The article on "The Wonders of Modern Agriculture" in Volume X contains a further interesting account of McCormick and the harvester.

Philip Henry Sheridan.

AMONG the many brilliant officers who graduated, so to speak, during the Civil War, the name of Philip Henry Sheridan takes a high place. He was an ideal executive officer, quick and full of energy in action; resourceful and skilful in times of emergency; a bold and dashing leader; and he not only inspired his men by his chivalry and courage, but won their undying affection.

He was the son of humble Irish immigrants who came over in 1828 and settled in Ohio, where their boy was born. He was always fond of playing soldier, and he was fortunately enabled to go to West Point, finishing his course there in 1853. He first saw service in Texas, and then spent six years in Oregon, protecting the gold-seekers from the Indians. When the Civil War broke out he was made captain in the Thirteenth Infantry under General W. T. Sherman, and from that time to the end of the war his successes were of the most brilliant order, and his rise to fame was of startling rapidity. When General Grant was organizing his final attack upon General Lee he selected Sheridan as his cavalry leader, and the bold, hard-riding, hard-fighting, strategy-loving soldier fully justified the choice. The battle of Five Forks was the finest in tactical execution on the Union side during the war, and what was more, it led directly to the final

issue. Lee's right wing was overthrown, Petersburg and Richmond were abandoned, and Sheridan's resistance to Lee's attempt to break through his lines at Appomattox led to the display of the flag of truce which signaled the end of the war.

One of the most striking incidents in Sheridan's career was his dashing ride from Winchester to retrieve the fortune of a battle almost given up for lost. The story is told by T. B. Read in thrilling verse every schoolboy ought to know by heart. It begins:

> "Up from the South at break of day,
> Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay;"

and ends:

> "Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
> Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
> And when their statues are placed on high
> Under the dome of the Union sky—
> The American soldiers' temple of fame—
> There with the glorious General's name,
> Be it said in letters bold and bright:
> 'Here is the steed that saved the day
> By carrying Sheridan into the fight
> From Winchester, twenty miles away.'"

Mary A. Livermore.

DURING all the years of a long and active life, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore was constantly working for the improvement of the condition of her sex. She took an active part in the agitation for votes for women, editing woman's suffrage newspapers, and lecturing extensively on the subject. A teacher and a leader always, Mrs. Livermore ardently espoused the temperance cause, and was one of the most widely known lecturers on this subject. She was president of the Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Association for many years.

Mary A. Livermore was born in Boston, Mass.,

in 1821, and she lived until 1905. She was educated at Charlestown Female Seminary, and taught there for many years. She married a Universalist minister, the Rev. D. P. Livermore, in 1845, and lived in Chicago for many years. Untiring in her service to humanity, Mrs. Livermore rendered great assistance in connection with the Sanitary Commission in the Civil War. She was a person of pleasing and strong personality, a vigorous and forceful speaker, and much beloved by every woman who came within the sphere of her influence. If her life was a busy one, it was comparatively tranquil, and it may be truly said of her, as was said of Him of whom she was a devout disciple, "She went about doing good."

Florence Nightingale.

PERHAPS there has been no higher tribute to a woman than that which Henry Wadsworth Longfellow paid to that most noble of women, Florence Nightingale:

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
  Our hearts, in glad surprise,
  To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
  And lifts us unawares
  Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
  And by their overflow
  Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
  The trenches cold and damp,
  The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
  The cheerless corridors,
  The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
  Pass through the glittering gloom,
  And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
  Her shadow, as it falls
  Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
  The vision came and went,
  The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
  That light its rays shall cast
  From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the history of the land,
  A noble type of good,
  Heroic womanhood.

The world does indeed owe a deep debt of gratitude to her who raised nursing from a menial employment to the high position which it holds today.

The birthplace of Florence Nightingale was Florence, Italy, and the date of her birth, May 15, 1820. Her father favored the higher education of women, and his two daughters each received an excellent training. Before Florence was seventeen years of age she was skilled in science, the classics, and mathematics, was well acquainted with standard literature, could draw and play, and could speak French, German, and Italian, as well as English.

Florence Nightingale loved work and she loved every living creature. The older she grew the more strongly she felt that helpfulness ought to be the first

law of her life, and nursing appealed to her more than any other occupation. But at this time nursing was held in disrepute in England, and hospital nurses were looked upon as being of an even lower social condition than servants. Florence Nightingale believed that this public opinion was caused by ignorance of what nursing should be, and she determined to learn the very best and most scientific methods. Accordingly she visited hospitals at home and abroad whenever she had an opportunity. Then she studied with the deaconesses at Kaiserswerth and with the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul in Paris.

While Miss Nightingale was thus fitting herself for the great work of her life the daily papers were filled with the horrors of the Crimean War. The state of the hospital at Scutari was indescribably dreadful. Everybody was desirous of helping, but no one knew what to do. Miss Nightingale, who was recovering from a nervous breakdown due to hard work, felt deeply for the suffering soldiers and offered her services to the minister of war; the same day he had written to her, asking her to head a corps of nurses, go to Scutari and take charge of the hospital. Six days later, October 21, 1854, she left England, accompanied by thirty-four nurses. At this time Miss Nightingale, in appearance, was very graceful. She was tall and slight, very quiet and still. In repose she seemed cold, but when she began to speak she grew animated and her dark eyes shone.

When the little band of nurses arrived in Crimea they found things in a terrible condition. The mortality in the hospital was sixty per cent., but when they left it had been reduced to a fraction over one per cent., and it was a model of all that such an institution should be. During all that trying time Florence Nightingale was a ministering angel to all the sick and wounded, and many a man blessed her as she smoothed his pillow in the long hours of the night.

When the war was over the gentle nurse slipped quietly back to her home in Derbyshire. The public very seldom saw her after her return. Her hard work in the Crimea had left her an invalid, and for many years she hardly left her house; but her energy was untiring. She was one of the founders of the Red Cross Society for the relief of the sick and wounded in war. When the Civil War broke out in America she was consulted as to all the details of military nursing. During the Franco-German War her advice was asked concerning all the chief hospitals. Hospitals in Lisbon, Australia, and India received her care and thought. The Queen presented her with a beautiful and costly decoration. The nation gave £50,000 to found the Nightingale Home for the training of nurses. Long before her death, in 1910, her name had become a household word in two continents.

Mrs. Ellen H. Richards.

MRS. ELLEN H. RICHARDS left a legacy of knowledge that gives new power and uplift and was a noble example of an open-minded, fair-minded, womanly-minded woman.

After graduating from Vassar as A.M., in 1873, she attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where she was the first woman student. She graduated there, became instructor in Chemistry, Sanitary Chemistry, and Mineralogy in the Woman's Laboratory of that institution, and was connected with technology until her death. When the headship of the great laboratory of water analysis, established by the Massachusetts Board of Health, was vacant, the authorities turned to Mrs. Richards as the proper person to supervise and administer it, and for years the work she did in connection with the sanitary survey of the inland waters of Massachusetts was world-wide

in its importance and effects. From the laboratory over which she presided, dozens of men and women have gone out to direct, or work in, similar laboratories all over the United States, and Mrs. Richards' name will long be famous in the annals of American water analysis and sewage disposal—one of the greatest of our sanitary problems.

Not less distinguished was her work in connection with the study of oils, their flashing point and combustibility, a special branch of chemistry to which she gave much attention. She was the official chemist of the Manufacturers' Mutual Fire Association, and here also her work ranks with anything that the chemists of Europe or America have done.

Strong as are the claims of Mrs. Richards for distinction in the field of scientific research, it is for her interpretation of science, and the application of it to the problems of health and home that we owe her the greatest debt of gratitude.

In 1898 a small group of persons met at the Lake Placid Club in the Adirondacks for a conference on "Home Science or Household Economics." Mr. and Mrs. Melville Dewey were the hosts, and Mrs. Richards was the chairman; for ten years these conferences were held under the same auspices, and they resulted in the foundation of the Home Economics Association, of which Mrs. Richards was president for years.

This Association has for its purpose "the improvement of living conditions in the home, the institutional household, and the community"; it embraces all who are actively interested in home problems.

The work of Mrs. Richards was unique, for it was largely pioneer work. It is not often that we can say of those who have gone before us that no one can fill their places, but, as Professor Sedgwick said, "other women may become experts in water analysis, and preside over laboratories, but no one hereafter can

possibly gain the peculiar historic equipment which fell to Mrs. Richards. Other women may, and no doubt will, make addresses and write books upon sanitation and the home, but no one else can ever do these things as Mrs. Richards has done them, for the reason that she was herself an evolution and represented an epoch."

David Livingstone.

AGAIN and again during the nineteenth century the map of Africa has had to be revised on account of the work of new explorers. The time is gradually coming when the name of "The Dark Continent," by which Africa has long been distinguished, will lose its significance. Where on early maps blanks indicating deserts appeared there are now rivers, mountains, lakes, towns, and villages. The English have been foremost among these explorers, and foremost among the English was David Livingstone.

He was born in 1813 and was one of a large family. His father was a small tea-merchant in Blantyre, near Glasgow, Scotland. At the age of eleven David was sent into a cotton-mill to work. Having a passion for learning, with his first wages he bought a copy of *The Rudiments of Latin,* and, although he was employed from six in the morning till eight in the evening, he found time to study it, as well as other subjects. He delighted in Nature, and all the fossils and flowers of the banks of the Clyde were familiar to him.

Livingstone's heart was set on becoming a medical missionary. In order to accomplish his purpose he studied at the University of Glasgow six months at a time and then returned to his daily work. In this way he attended the medical and Greek classes and the divinity lectures at the university. In 1840 he was sent by the London Missionary Society to Africa.

His African life falls naturally into three divisions, corresponding with his three expeditions. The first period covers thirteen years, 1840-1853. He lost no time in learning the language and the habits and manners of the people. He ministered to the sick, preached the simple Gospel, and trained native teachers. He taught them how to irrigate their lands and so to overcome the worst effects of the droughts. His intuitive sympathy and his power of command, combined with his patience and his simple trust, gave him a powerful influence over the natives. They loved him and trusted him with pathetic faithfulness.

In 1849 he made his first important contribution to the geography of Africa. This was the discovery of Lake Ngami. Henceforth he devoted his life to the opening up of the heart of Africa, hoping to alleviate the horror of the slave-traffic.

Another expedition through Africa lasted from 1853 to 1857. When, after this, he visited England honors were heaped upon him, and everyone vied with everyone else in giving him a welcome. He was appointed by the government consul for East Africa, and supported by the government and the people, he returned to what might be called the land of his adoption. During this second expedition to Africa he discovered and explored lakes Shirwa and Nyassa. After his wife's death he returned to England for a short time.

In 1866 he started from Zanzibar on his last travels, going toward the interior in search of the sources of the Nile. For more than a year he journeyed, though constantly attacked by fever; but his will never faltered, and his journals were faithfully kept. Then he returned to his source of supplies. All traces of him were lost for some time, and Mr. H. M. Stanley was sent out from New York with a fully equipped expedition to find him and bring him home. This he succeeded in doing, and the story of *How I Found*

Livingstone is one of the most interesting and fascinating of travel books.

But Livingstone, when found, steadfastly refused to return, and after Stanley had left him again went back into the interior. At last he reached Ilala, and he could travel no more. At eleven P. M. on April 30, 1873, he called his faithful servant to his bedside and directed him to find a certain medicine in his chest. When found and brought to him he gently exclaimed, "All right, you can go now." These were his last words. In the morning they found him kneeling by his bedside with his head buried in his hands upon the pillow, dead.

His faithful band buried his heart under a tree, and then carried the sun-dried body through countless dangers to the coast. From here it was taken to England and buried in Westminster Abbey. A simple slab of black marble marks the last resting-place of the only missionary interred in this sepulcher of kings. On the slab are inscribed these words, taken from the last record in his diary: "All I can add in my solitude is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on everyone—American, English, or Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

Henry M. Stanley.

WHEN the history of the great English Commonwealth of Africa comes to be written the name of Henry M. Stanley, though he had nothing to do directly with its construction, will have a prominent place, for the rapid extension of British influence in what he called "The Dark Continent" was largely a result of his splendid life-work. As an example of pluck, determination, energy, resourcefulness, and untiring endurance, Henry M. Stanley has few superiors. John Rowland, for that was his real name, was a poor,

friendless boy, born in Wales in 1840; he ran away to sea, and came to New Orleans; there he was adopted by a gentleman, who gave him his own name, Henry Morton Stanley. His benefactor soon died, and he was again left to carve his way in the world. He enlisted in the Confederate Army in the Civil War, was taken prisoner, escaped and worked his passage back to England, worked his return passage, enlisted in the Federal Navy, and when the war was over became a newspaper correspondent. The New York *Herald* sent him to Abyssinia, and he was the first to give an account of the capture of Magdala, and on his return he was sent, at a moment's notice, to find Dr. Livingstone, the missionary, who was in the heart of Africa, and who had not been heard from for years. The man who took "The Message to Garcia" had a piece of child's play compared with the task which Stanley was set to do, but like the famous Julius Cæsar, "he went, he saw, and he conquered." With what military precision he obeyed orders, the nature of the enormous difficulties he had to overcome, and how masterly he planned and carried out his expedition can only be understood by reading his book, *How I Found Livingstone,* which as a study of ingenuity, resourcefulness, and indomitable perseverance is without a rival. Another of his books, *Across the Dark Continent,* tells the story of a second expedition and the opening up of the Congo River, the famous water-way of the heart of Africa, where is now the Congo Free State, with its area about one-fifth that of the United States and a population of ten million people. Another of his famous exploits was his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, who was with General Gordon in Khartoum. He discovered a race of pigmies, the Mountains of the Moon, which had existed only in fable before, and the sources of the White Nile, the story of which is told in his book, *In Darkest Africa.* When he returned from his last expedition he was received with much honor. University degrees were con-

ferred upon him, and the little workhouse boy who ran away from school because his master thrashed him unjustly was made a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath. He married a charming and talented artist, Miss Dorothy Tennant, and had one son. At her wish he stood for Parliament, and was elected, but he had no liking for parliamentary life. The last few years of his life were spent in comparative retirement, and he died in 1904.

Andrew Carnegie.

ANDREW CARNEGIE was born in Dunfermline, Scotland, on November 25, 1837. He early displayed a love of knowledge, and was especially interested in Scottish history. The chief of his education he received at home from his uncle. His father was a master-weaver, and on the failure of the weaving industry in Scotland, when Andrew was ten years of age, the family emigrated to Pittsburgh, Pa. Carnegie's early life, as well as his later life, is distinguished by his love and care for his mother. In 1849 he went to work as a bobbin boy at a dollar and twenty cents a week. At sixteen, when his father died, he was earning $300 a year. His first position of trust was as telegraph operator for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Pittsburgh Division, and of which he later became president. When oil was discovered in Pennsylvania, and steel and iron began to replace wood in building, the opportunities rapidly came for Carnegie to accumulate wealth. He resigned his position with the Pennsylvania Railroad, and devoted his whole attention to the Keystone Company which he had organized, and with such success that in 1900 the Carnegie Steel Company held a capital of $100,000,000. In early middle age Mr. Carnegie retired with a fortune of $250,000,000. During his years of retirement Mr. Carnegie has done, and is doing, a vast and important

work in aiding the establishment of libraries, and giving his money for the educational and social betterment of the people. If he kept his capital intact, and distributed his income alone, he would be able to give away over $35,000 every day, or $13,750,000 per annum.

He endowed the Carnegie Institution of Washington, "to encourage investigation, research, and discovery, and the application of knowledge to the improvement of mankind." The work is divided into two fields: first, in projecting and carrying out large fields of enquiry which require continuous research by a corps of investigators through a series of years; broad investigations in Botany, Economics and Sociology, Experimental Evolution, Geophysical Laboratory, Historical Research, Marine Botany, Meridian Astronomy, Solar Observations, Terrestrial Magnetism, and Nutrition Laboratory; second, the aiding of research assistants and other assistants who possess exceptional ability for some special line of investigation. It also promotes the general field of higher education and insures the prompt publication and distribution of the results of scientific investigation.

He gave The Pan-American Union building to The Pan-American Union or Conference, which is composed of delegates formally appointed by the different American governments, to further the cause of arbitration, and to bring about greater harmony in legislative activity among the American states in all matters of common interest. The purpose of Mr. Carnegie's gift, in his own words, is "to promote the reign of peace and good-will and of progress, moral and material, over the whole extent of this vast continent."

He endowed the Peace Fund for the purpose of establishing funds to "hasten the abolition of international war," and to establish a universal and enduring world of peace, which is entrusted to the permanent representatives of the United States at The

Hague Peace Tribunal, and a board of trustees. United States Senator Root was appointed president of the trustees, and President Taft honorary president. When universal peace is won the donor provides that the revenue shall be devoted to the banishment of "the next most degrading evil or evils," the suppression of which would "most advance the progress, elevation, and happiness of man."

"The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching" provides that in certain accepted collegiate institutions any professor retiring at the age of sixty-five, or later, is entitled to receive about 60 per cent. of his salary for the rest of his days, and his widow half that amount yearly. Anyone retiring earlier, after twenty-five years of professorship, may receive 40 to 60 per cent., according to age, and his widow half that amount. Cases of early disability may be dealt with on their merits.

Thomas Edison.

THE best-known living inventor is, without doubt, Thomas Alva Edison. Sir Richard Arkwright is known for his inventions in aid of spinning; Sir Henry Bessemer for his discovery of steel; Robert Fulton for his steamboat; Caxton for printing; each of these men stands for one thing. But Thomas Alva Edison has over four hundred patents to his credit, which are not all along one line, but embrace many different inventions—the principal being the duplex and quadruplex systems of telegraphy, the incandescent light, the phonograph, and the storage battery.

Edison was born in a poor family, February 11, 1847, at Milan, Ohio, but his parents soon moved to Port Huron, Michigan. Although he had but two months of schooling in his whole life, his mother fortunately had been a school-teacher, and she taught her

son to read. Few story-books crossed the boy's path, but he early developed an ability to master books which require close attention. His childhood reading included such works as Newton's *Principia,* Hume's *History of England,* Gibbon's *Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire,* and a mechanical and scientific dictionary.

At the age of twelve Edison obtained a place on a railroad as train-boy, selling books, fruits, candy, and papers to the passengers. Before long he was granted the sole right to sell his goods on one section of the Grand Trunk Railway, and hired boys to assist him. As he had much leisure time while working on the trains, he spent this time in an unusual way. In the baggage-car of the train he fitted up a printing establishment and a chemical laboratory. In the former he printed the first newspaper ever made on a train, and issued this paper weekly for several months; in the laboratory he spent much time in experimenting. One day he spilled some phosphorus, the car caught fire, and then the company suppressed the paper.

He learned telegraphy from an operator whose child he had saved from great danger, and at the age of seventeen became a telegraph operator in Memphis, Tennessee, with a salary of $125 per month. But Edison was not content to settle down. For the next few years he wandered about the country, sometimes with money in his pocket, but oftener entirely penniless. He was desirous of knowing all there was to be known about telegraphy, and thought this way better than staying in one place. He made several improvements in telegraphic devices, but neglected to patent them, and received only thanks for them. When he was twenty-four years old he went to New York. He had learned wisdom from experience, and the first new device that he made there he patented before showing it. His employers liked it and asked him what he would take for it. While he was trying to get up

courage to ask $5,000 for it, they offered him $40,000. It is not necessary to say that he accepted the offer. He now began to experiment with some devices which he believed to be practicable. One of these was duplex telegraphy, or the sending of two messages over the same wire at the same time. Whenever he had mentioned this idea in the various offices in which he had worked he had been called a dreamer and a lunatic. Three years after he came to New York he had perfected the duplex system, and two years later he patented the quadruplex system. Each of these was adopted as soon as known, and paid him a princely profit. More details regarding them will be found in the article on the "Telegraph" in Volume X.

Edison now began to manufacture his own telegraphic inventions, but he did not like manufacturing; he wanted to invent. So he gave up the management of the plant and opened a laboratory at Menlo Park, New Jersey. Later he moved to West Orange in the same State. The incandescent electric light was the next of his important inventions. This was the result of years of toil and thought. But to some people duplex and quadruplex telegraphy and the incandescent light were as nothing compared with the phonograph, which receives and repeats the sounds of the human voice. To a person hearing it for the first time there seems something supernatural about it. The popular moving-picture shows are also a monument to Edison's inventive genius.

No great or unusual chances have ever come to Edison. He had an inquiring mind and, instead of pitying himself for lack of opportunity, he tried to make up for his deficiencies. He has succeeded so well that to-day people will believe anything they hear about his inventions.

George Westinghouse.

MOST people when they think of a brake think of an air-brake; and many people when they think of an air-brake think of George Westinghouse; and some people when they think of George Westinghouse and his air-brake smile at the story they have heard of how a certain great railway king drove him away with an oath when he first went to put his air-brake before him; and how he afterwards had to beg and pray for the right to use it. Certainly it did seem a little ridiculous to think of stopping a train by air; but it is all very simple, now that George Westinghouse has worked it out and perfected it. The air is pumped into a compressor by the engine, and, in its compressed state, into a reservoir, whence it is supplied through a pipe running the length of the train to a series of valves by which its force is exerted on the brake-shoe which holds the wheel and stops the train; when the compressed air is allowed to escape the brake pressure is removed. The brakes are so contrived that if an accident should happen and the supply pipe break, the brakes are immediately set hard on by themselves. By means of these brakes every wheel on every carriage can be acted upon by the same force at the same time, and it is easy to see how different the effect is from that of three or four men on a train, screwing down brakes by hand in the old-fashioned way.

George Westinghouse was a man of many inventions. He was born at Schenectady in New York State in 1846. His father was an engineer in a small way of business. He grew up in his father's factory, and soon proved an intelligent and resourceful workman. He served as a naval engineer when the war broke out, and at its close he returned to his father's factory, where he soon began to display a genius for invention. He invented a railway "frog" which was at once a

success, and then he turned his attention to railroad brakes. The exploiting of his invention occupied many years and much hard work, but as soon as he could do so he turned his attention to other matters, and he took up electrical lighting with the same thoroughness and energy as he worked at his brake. It was he who carried out the electrical lighting of the great World's Fair in Chicago, and he has made many improvements in methods of transmitting electrical power. His switch and signaling apparatus, his steam and gas engines, his steam turbines, have all of them special characteristics which give them a high place in the markets of the world.

The secret of his success has been dogged "stick-to-it-iveness." He has had a larger share of opposition than falls to the lot of most inventors. Powerful manufacturing concerns, seeing their own industries threatened, have fought him incessantly, and "smart" —or dishonest—concerns have exhausted human ingenuity in trying to infringe his patents without suffering the consequences of law-breaking. The story of his defense of the air-brake and of some of his electrical machinery patents would make a book of itself. But George Westinghouse went on with resistless energy; he never left a job until it was finished, and when it was done he found himself another.

Samuel Finley Breeze Morse.

IT has been said that Franklin drew the lightning from the heavens, but Morse gave it a voice. His invention of the electro-magnetic recording telegraphy marked a new epoch in the history of the world. But it cost him a long and painful struggle, lasting for twelve years. He was not rich and he had to deny himself the common necessaries of life to make models, molds, etc., for the perfection of his invention. His

applications for a patent were not granted until after long and vexatious delays, and he was obliged to defend his invention in the courts. When he tried to sell his patent in France he was unsuccessful and the French Government afterwards stole it from him, and he had no success in Russia.

Samuel Finley Breeze Morse was born on September 27, 1791, at Bunker Hill, Charlestown, Massachusetts, and was educated at Yale College, graduating from there in 1810. His father was Jedediah Morse, the father of American geography. He was also the great-grandson of the Rev. Samuel Finley, a president of Princeton University, New Jersey.

The year after his graduation he went to London to study art. He resided there for four years and was a pupil of Washington Allston and of Benjamin West. During this period he produced many choice paintings and received a gold medal for the best specimen of sculpture.

In 1815, Morse returned to his native country and occupied his time for seven or eight years as a portrait painter. From 1829 to 1832 he was again in Europe, pursuing his studies in Italy and France. On his return voyage the idea of the telegraph was conceived by him. Three months after his return he began his first model. In 1835 he demonstrated the practical utility of his machine at the New York University, and in 1838 applied for a patent. After persistent effort Morse secured from Congress an appropriation of $30,000 to build a line between Washington and Baltimore. It was successful, and the first public message transmitted between the two cities was the announcement of the nomination for the presidency of James K. Polk by the Democratic Convention which was convened in Baltimore in 1844.

The representatives of the principal powers of Europe, assembled at Paris in 1857, at the suggestion of the emperor of the French, presented Morse with

the sum of $80,000 in gold as a token of their appreciation of his great service to the world.

He lived to see his invention used and appreciated over nearly all of the civilized world. Possessed of an ample fortune derived from his invention he lived near Poughkeepsie in winter, and in New York in the summer, until his death, April 2, 1872, at his New York home. He was not a man of ordinary mold, and if he had not succeeded with the telegraph, he would still have had fame as an artist. He introduced Daguerre's method of photography into America; patented a marble-cutting machine; and made experiments in submarine telegraphy as early as 1842. His statue in bronze is in Central Park.

Father Damien.

LEPROSY is a loathsome disease of the skin. It is contagious and hereditary and from time immemorial its victims have been outcasts from society. It is a living death. The island of Molokai, in the Hawaiian group, has been set aside for lepers. To the welfare of these unfortunate men and women Joseph Damien de Veuster, a Roman Catholic priest, devoted his life, knowing that he himself must in time fall a victim to the terrible disease, if he went among them.

Father Damien was born near Louvain in Belgium on January 3, 1841. On his nineteenth birthday his father took him to see his brother, who was studying for the priesthood, and left him there for a few hours, while he went to the neighboring town on some business. The young man decided that this was a good opportunity to take a step which he had been contemplating for some time past. So when his father returned for him he told him that he did not wish to return home any more, but desired to enter the ministry, and that it would be better to avoid the pain of

any further farewell. His father unwillingly consented, and they parted at the station. After everything was settled, Joseph visited his home, and received his mother's approval and blessing.

His brother was determined to go to the South Seas for missionary work, and all was arranged accordingly. But at the last moment he was attacked with fever and forbidden to go. His disappointment was very keen, and Joseph asked him if it would be any comfort to him, if he were to go in his place. Receiving an affirmative answer, he wrote to those in authority, and offered to go. To his great delight his offer was accepted.

For several years he worked on different islands of the Pacific. One day in 1873 he was present at the dedication of a chapel in the island of Mauri, and heard the bishop lamenting that there was no pastor for the poor lepers at Molokai, and no one whom he could send. Some young priests had just arrived in Hawaii for missionary work, and Father Damien immediately asked the bishop to let one of these new missionaries have his district and to send him to Molokai to "labor for the poor lepers, whose wretched state of bodily and spiritual misfortune has so often made my heart bleed within me." His offer was accepted, and that very day he embarked on a boat that was carrying some cattle to the leper colony.

When Father Damien reached the island he found about eighty of the lepers in the government hospital. The rest were living in various parts of the island in huts, which they had constructed out of trees and grasses. In these huts they were huddled together without regard for age or sex, old or new cases. Their clothes were far from clean, on account of the scarcity of water, which at that time had to be brought from great distances. It was a common sight to see people going around with fearful ulcers, which for the want of a few rags or a piece of lint and a little salve were

left exposed. When the disease reached the stage where the patient was prostrated, he or she was cast out of his or her hut, and left to die behind some stone wall.

In administering to the dying, Father Damien was often able to say words that sunk deep into the hearts of the living, and in time the spirit of love with which he was filled began to be reflected by his flock. In 1874 a strong wind blew down most of the huts, and the poor sufferers lay unprotected and shivering in the wind and rain. Father Damien called the attention of the agent to this, and soon several boat-loads of scantling and boards and shingles were sent to the island. Out of these were erected some decent buildings. Much of the work on these houses was done by Father Damien with his own hands.

The water supply of the island was another problem which confronted the priest, and his delight knew no bounds when one day he was told of a natural reservoir at the end of a valley called Waihanau. Accompanied by two white men and some native boys, he traveled up this valley until he came to a basin of the most delicious ice-cold water. There was no rest for Father Damien until he had obtained a supply of water pipes. These he and all the able lepers went to work and laid. After that there was clear, sweet water for all who desired to drink, to wash, or to bathe.

When Father Damien had been living in Molokai about ten years he began to suspect that he was a leper. At the time the doctors assured him that such was not the case, but before long the disease had developed so far that there could be no doubt that he had it. From this time onward whenever he preached to his people he did not say "My brethren," but "We lepers." He did not murmur at his affliction, but worked on with the same sturdy, cheerful fortitude, accepting the will of God with gladness, because it made him one with those whom he loved. He was un-

daunted by the continual reminders of his fate which he constantly met with among the poor creatures around him.

On March 28, 1889, he was obliged to take to his bed. He realized that his end was near. His work was not finished according to his plans, but he said, "God's will be done. He knows best. My work, with all its faults and failures, is in His hands, and before Easter I shall see my Saviour." On April 15th his soul passed on to its reward, and the wails of the lepers pierced the air.

"But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds."

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Martin Luther.

IN the sixteenth century there took place one of the most remarkable events in the history of civilization since Christianity came into the world. It was known as the Reformation, and was a great religious movement which resulted in the separation of the Christian world into two divisions, which still exist, the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches. The Catholic Church regarded it as a revolt against the authority and faith of the church, and the reformers contended they were fighting for the purity of the church, for the freedom of the individual, and for the Bible as the final authority.

One of the most remarkable men of this remarkable movement was Martin Luther, born at Eisleben, in Saxony, in 1483. He came from a very humble origin; his parents were poor, his father being a woodcutter, and his mother often carrying the wood on her back that she might earn something with which to

bring up her children. He was sent to the school of Mansfeld until he was fourteen years of age, when he was sent to Magdeburg. After a year there he went to Eisenach. His perseverance helped him to outstrip all his fellow students, and at the age of eighteen he was sent to the University of Erfurt in Prussian Saxony. After he had taken his degree in philosophy his father wished him to become a lawyer, but scarcely had he begun his studies when a change took place in his spiritual nature. One day he came upon a Bible in the university library. This was the first time he had ever seen a Bible, although he was twenty years of age, and it set him to thinking seriously. A severe illness, the sudden death of a friend, and the fright caused by a severe thunder-storm combined to induce him to consecrate himself to God. He entered the order of St. Augustine, and after three years as a novice, was ordained into the priesthood, and appointed to a professorship at the University of Wittenberg. His lectures on the Psalms, the Gospels, and the Epistles became famous, and new students flocked to the university. At the age of twenty-nine Luther received from the University of Wittenberg the degree of D.D., under oath to preach the Scriptures faithfully, to study them prayerfully and carefully all the days of his life. Henceforth he taught, "Brethren, receive no other doctrines than those which rest on the express words of Christ, the apostles and the prophets. No man, nor any set of men, has the power to prescribe new doctrines."

His first act of rebellion against the Roman authorities was in 1517. In that year Tetzel, the famous preacher of indulgences, rode through the country. Luther heard of his doings, and on the last day of October, 1517, he nailed to the door of his church his ninety-five theses, and declared himself ready to defend them against all comers. No one accepted the challenge. Afterwards the Dominicans, an order of

monks, took up the cause of Tetzel, and all Germany was ablaze with religious fervor. The Pope summoned Luther to Rome, but he did not go. The Pope sent Cardinal Campeggio, as his legate, to Augsburg to try his case. Luther went thither, and after the cardinal had reported to the Pope, he was excommunicated as a heretic. There was delay in carrying out the Pope's orders, owing to the political situation in Germany at that time, and it was 1521 before the Emperor, Charles V, had leisure to take up the matter. In the meantime the Pope had issued another edict or bull, which Luther burned in the public market place.

In 1521 the Imperial Diet assembled at Worms, and Luther was summoned to attend. The Elector, Frederic, who was a friend of Luther's, urged him not to attend, or at least to get a safe-conduct from the Emperor. But Luther replied, "I will go, if there are as many devils in Worms as tiles on the roofs." When he entered the hall where the Emperor sat surrounded by civil and religious dignitaries, he was commanded to retract his false doctrine. He replied that he could not retract his doctrine, until it had been proved false. Luther went forth free, and started for home. But a party of knights, disguised as robbers, waylaid him, and carried him to the Castle of Wartburg. There he was safely guarded from those who sought his life, and spent his time in translating the Bible into German.

In 1522 he returned to Wittenberg and resumed his duties of pastor and preacher. Three years later he married Catharine Bora, a nun from a community that had been broken up. He was outlawed by the Church, and by the Empire, yet he never shrank from his duty through fear of danger. Regardless alike of the praise and the abuse of men, he steadfastly pursued his way toward his goal. On February 18, 1546, he peacefully fell into his last sleep. His influence has reached to the ends of the earth.

The Duke of Wellington.

"This is England's greatest son;
He that gained a hundred fights;
Nor ever lost an English gun."

THUS sang Alfred Tennyson in his incomparable ode on the burial of the Duke of Wellington.

It is not a little remarkable that the great naval hero of England, Lord Nelson, and her greatest military genius, the Duke of Wellington, were both simple-minded men with but a single purpose in view. The leading feature of Wellington's moral character was a conscientious discharge of duty; in his private life he was simplicity itself; his habits were regular, and his life abstemious; the leading features of his intellect were sagacity, foresight, and just discrimination. His solid judgment and his powerful understanding were unfailing, both on the field of battle and in the Senate Chamber.

Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, was born in 1769. He was the third son of the Earl of Mornington, was educated at Eton, and went through a military college; at eighteen he was an ensign, and very rapidly passed through the various grades until he became Lieutenant-Colonel. He served in India for nearly ten years, when he conquered Tippo Sahib, and defeated the French at Assaye. Returning home, he married, entered Parliament, and was made Secretary of State for Ireland. He was in command during the Peninsular War from 1809, winning battle after battle, and driving the French out of Spain, for which the nation heaped on him high reward. In 1814 he was again in the field, and effectively crushed the power of Napoleon in the Battle of Waterloo—"the fairly-won prize of a combination of valor, skill, and mutual support such as the world had never seen before in allied armies, led by independent generals."

He then returned and was made Commander-in-

Chief and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. He opposed the popular cry for reform in 1832, and became unpopular for a time in consequence, but the general opinion of him was expressed in the ode already quoted:

> "O good gray head! which all men knew;
> O voice! from which their omens all men drew;
> O iron nerve! to true occasion, true;
> O fallen at length, that tower of strength
> Which stood foursquare to all the words that blew!"

"To the unbroken splendor of his military career," says one biographer, "to his honorable and conscientious labors as a parliamentary statesman, life unusually prolonged added an evening of impressive beauty and calm. The passions, excited during the stormy epoch of the Reform Bill, had long passed away; venerated and beloved by high and low, the old hero entered, as it were, into the immortality of his fame while yet among his countrymen. Death came to him in its gentlest form on the 14th of September, 1852, and he was buried in London under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, in a manner worthy of the man and the Nation."

Oliver Cromwell.

OF no man's character that ever lived has such widely differing opinions been held as that of Oliver Cromwell, whose name figures as prominently in the history of England as that of any of her kings and queens. He has been called a brave, bad man, a mere selfish adventurer, a good man who fell before a great temptation, a mixture of knave and fanatic, who lived a hypocrite and died a traitor. The truth, however, appears to be that he was a sincere, truth-loving man, much misunderstood, because of the habit of ex-

pressing himself in Biblical language, and because of his ascribing every incident to the direct interposition of God. But he really and truly believed in God's guidance of the greatest, as well as of the least, of the affairs of men, and he lived in the light of that belief, seeing his duty, and doing it as in the sight of God, to whom alone he would be held accountable.

John Maidston, Cromwell's steward, gives the "character of his person." "His body was compact and strong, his stature under six foot (I believe about two inches), his head so shaped as you might see it a storehouse and a shop, both of a vast treasury of natural parts. His temper exceeding fiery, as I have known, but the flame of it, kept down for the most part, was soon allayed with those moral endowments he had. He was naturally compassionate towards objects in distress, even to an effeminate measure; though God had made him a heart, wherein was left little room for fear, yet did he exceed in tenderness towards sufferers. A larger soul, I think, hath seldom dwelt in a house of clay than his was. I believe if his story were impartially transmitted, and the unprejudiced world well possessed with it, she would add him to her nine worthies."

Oliver Cromwell, who became Lord Protector of the British Commonwealth, was born in 1599, and lived until 1658. He was educated at Cambridge, studied law in London, and lived the life of a gentleman farmer for many years. He was sent to Parliament in 1628 as a representative of the district in which he lived, where he at once made his presence felt. A fellow member of Parliament describes him thus: "I perceived a gentleman speaking, very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth suit which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain, and not very clean; his hat was without a hat-band. His stature was of a good size; his countenance swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and un-

tunable, and his eloquence full of fervor." On another occasion when he was addressing the House, Lord Digby asked Hampden: "Who is that sloven?" Hampden replied: "That sloven is Oliver Cromwell. He has no ornament in his speech, but if we should ever come to a breach with the King, that sloven, I say, will be the greatest man in England."

In the Parliament Cromwell at once ranged himself on the side of liberty, on the side of the people, against the King and the aristocracy. But he was greater as a commander than as a Parliament man. He was captain of a regiment of cavalry in 1643, in which he enlisted yeomen, or gentleman farmers, like himself, Puritans, and men of firm principles. In the next year, at the great battle of Marston Moor, one of the most important of the English Civil War, he defeated the Royalists, whom, as he said, "God made as stubble to our swords." The next year he won the battle of Naseby, where "the stake was the Crown of England, and King Charles lost it." At last the Parliamentary party ejected the Royalists from the House of Commons, leaving only what was called in derision the "rump." The Independents being in full control, King Charles I was brought to trial for violation of the liberties of Englishmen, condemned and executed in 1649, and Great Britain was declared a Commonwealth. In that year Cromwell went to Ireland, and suppressed the anarchy reigning there. The following year he defeated the army of Charles II at Dunbar, in Scotland, and in 1651 the Royalist party was completely destroyed at the famous battle of Worcester, one of the greatest *débâcles* the world has seen, Sedan not excepted. Two years afterwards he assumed the title of Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, with the poet, John Milton, as one of his secretaries. He maintained the position with royal state, and nearly royal power, but he was always on the side of liberty of conscience. His life from now on was spent in efforts to

restore and maintain order in the country, but the task was no easy one, as Milton wrote:

> "Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
> Not of war only, but of detractions rude,
> Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
> To peace and truth thy glorious way had ploughed.
> Peace hath her victories
> No less renowned than war."

Oliver Cromwell died in 1658, seven years after his great victory at Worcester, and the day of its anniversary. "Never," says Lord Macaulay, "was any ruler so conspicuously born to sovereignty. The cup which had intoxicated almost all others, sobered him. His spirit, restless from its buoyancy in a lower sphere, reposed in majestic placidity as soon as it reached the level congenial to it. Rapidly as his fortunes grew, his mind expanded more rapidly still. Insignificant as a private citizen, he was a great general; he was a still greater prince."

Cromwell was buried in Westminster Abbey with great ceremony and at enormous expense. When Charles II came to the throne his body was exhumed, and on the anniversary of the execution of Charles I, drawn on a sled, amid the curses of the people, and hanged on the gallows at Tyburn. The head was afterwards cut off and set up on Westminster Hall, where it remained until 1684; the trunk was thrown in a pit beneath the gallows. In 1899 a statue was erected to his memory at Westminster, in the midst of the sanctuaries of the law, the church, and the Parliament, all of which he subverted, but to their purification, and in sight of Whitehall, where he destroyed the monarchy in blood. Severe as were the experiences which King, church, and state passed through at his hands, they were necessary, and the government and social order in England rest on broader and more liberal foundations, because Oliver Cromwell lived.

Thomas Jefferson.

WE owe a varied debt to Thomas Jefferson, the man who framed the Declaration of Independence, the scholarly third President of the United States, the most conspicuous apostle of democracy, the founder of one of the two great parties in the Republic, of our decimal system of currency, and of the University of Virginia; the discoverer of an exact formula for the construction of mold boards for plows; and the formulator of "Ten Rules for Right Living."

He was born in Virginia in 1743, and died in 1826, half a century after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. He was educated at the College of William and Mary, and when he was twenty-four was admitted to the bar. Two years afterwards he became a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, wisely resolving never to engage, while in public office, in any kind of enterprise for the improvement of his fortune, nor to wear any other character than that of a farmer, a policy to which he adhered during his long public career, and by which he was able to consider all public questions, free from any bias of self-interest.

He soon became a leader in the patriotic movement against England, enunciating the principle that there should be no taxation without representation. He became Governor of his native State, was later on elected to Congress, and in 1784 was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to France for three years. When he returned Washington made him Secretary of State; later on he became Vice-President, and subsequently President of the United States.

During his presidency the whole of the Territory of Louisiana was bought from France for $15,000,000. He abolished all the stately formalities instituted by Washington, the titles, the levees, the birthday balls, the order of precedence, and everything that was based

on European models, insisting on absolutely democratic simplicity, recognizing no difference in rank between himself and the Governors of the States. In the company he chose, honesty and knowledge were his only tests. He knew absolutely no social distinctions, and held up the family of a poor mechanic to his daughter as a model of rational living, saying that he was conscious of feeling no difference between writing to the highest and lowest being on earth. He returned to private life in 1809, and spent his last years in establishing a system of complete education in his native State. Towards the end of his life his circumstances were straitened, and he was compelled to sell his library. The little legacy, "Ten Rules for Right Living," was not the least valuable of what he left behind. They are:

Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.
Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
Never spend your money before you have it.
Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.
We never repent of having eaten too little.
Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
How much pain have cost us the evils which never happened!
Take things always by the smooth handle.
When angry, count ten before you speak; when very angry, a hundred.

Julius Cæsar.

NO one can study the career of Julius Cæsar, the greatest of Roman Emperors, without being convinced of the wisdom of the principle, adopted by the American people, which jealously guards the presidential chair from being continuously occupied by one man. There have been times and conditions when an autocratic power has been necessary for the welfare of a country, but the temper and enlightenment of the

American people have always been such as to make the continuous holding of the position of chief executive as unnecessary as it is impossible.

Julius Cæsar flourished in the first century before Christ. He was born of high rank, but in his political career he espoused the cause of democracy, and worked for the people, as against the aristocracy, and ended by becoming more autocratic than the worst of the aristocrats, against whom he had been in opposition. Not only was he made perpetual Dictator, but he aspired to a monarchy which was to be considered Divine. This maker and destroyer of liberty was assassinated B.C. 44 to the cry, "Tyranny is dead; run hence, proclaim, cry out, Liberty, Freedom, Affranchisement."

Shakespeare makes the Liberator, Brutus, who slew Cæsar, say:

"If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die, all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live, all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death."

Great was the fall of Cæsar, and great were the

accomplishments of his life. Among other things he reformed the calendar, and the month formerly called Quintilius was called Julius in his honor, from which we get our name of July. He performed some of the most masterly feats of conquest and of government that the world has ever seen. He overran the whole of France and Germany, building a bridge over the Rhine in ten days, and crossed over into England, planting the Roman flag beyond where London now stands. He wrote seven books of *Commentaries,* or descriptions of his wars in Europe. He pursued his enemy, Pompey, into Egypt, where he met the famous Cleopatra and fell in love with her. Penetrating into Asia Minor, he was further successful with his arms, writing of his exploits there a phrase which has become famous: *Veni, vidi, vici*—"I came, I saw, I conquered"; another of his famous phrases, coined when he crossed the Rubicon, a little river on the frontier of Italy, with a single legion, was: *Alea jacta est*—"The die is cast."

Not alone did he frame a system of local government for Italy, which has become a pattern, but his plans for the government of the Roman colonies beyond the seas were the model on which charters were granted by Great Britain to the original English settlers on the American continent.

His work as a reformer was of the greatest value to his country, and in this as in his military expeditions he displayed much real genius. He was noble, generous, and full of personal charm, but he was intolerant of opposition of all kinds, excepting intellectual opposition; he always enjoyed a war of wits and brains and the discussion of matters intellectual.

Daniel Webster.

IT is the bounden duty of every boy and girl, as soon as they become of age, to do something in performance of their duties as citizens, and to take an intelligent part in the affairs of the village, township or city, and the State in which they live. By this it is not meant that they should all be seeking after public office, but that they should all take an intelligent interest in public affairs, so as to be able to cast their votes intelligently; for he who does not vote, and vote with wisdom and knowledge, is an undesirable citizen and a danger to the community. Wise and honest people who do not vote leave the field open for ignorant and dishonest men to be elected, to steal the public money, and thus abuse the public trust.

Complicated and puzzling questions often arise in public affairs, and first principles are often lost sight of in discussing details. Daniel Webster was a master of the art of bringing controversy to the point from which it departed, and he rarely, if ever, lost sight of fundamental principles when considering any question of public policy. For this reason, as well as for their unmatched eloquence, his speeches are worthy of the most careful study. To show how important they are, it has been said that the war, far off though it was, would perhaps never have been brought to a successful end if it had not been for Daniel Webster, who so eloquently plead for the cause of the Northern States by his arguments, and convinced the people of the North that they were struggling for principles essential to the maintenance of the Nation in its integrity.

Daniel Webster, greatest of American orators, expounder and defender of the Constitution, champion of the unity and integrity of the Republic, was born in 1782. He was a child of the wilderness, but as our school system had reached the then remote districts of

New Hampshire he secured the rudiments of an education. He entered Dartmouth College, teaching school in the winter to pay his expenses, and graduated in 1801. He became a teacher, studied law, and paid his expenses by copying deeds. He was admitted to the bar, and in 1813 was elected to Congress, where he soon made his mark. On the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, December 22, 1822, he delivered the first of those wonderful discourses that made him famous as the greatest of American orators, a collection of which should be in every boy's library. He became United States Senator, was twice Secretary of State, and was more than once a candidate for the Presidency. He died in 1852. The great Englishman, Thomas Carlyle, said of him, "that as a logic-fencer, or a parliamentary Hercules, one would be inclined to back him at first sight against all the extant world."

David G. Farragut.

"HE who dies in doing his duty to his country, and at peace with God, has played out the drama of life to the best advantage." . . . "England expects that every man this day will do his duty." So wrote the two great admirals of America and of England, Admiral Farragut and Admiral Lord Nelson, both on the eve of the victories with which their names are forever associated.

Farragut was born in 1801, and died in 1870. His mother was Scotch, and his father was of Spanish descent. His earliest recollection is of his mother defending herself against the Indians with an axe in her hand. He was adopted by Commodore David Porter, and trained for the navy, became a midshipman at nine years of age, and made his first cruise when he was eleven years old, fighting against the British in 1812.

He afterwards served on the *Washington,* studying the while, and received his promotions to lieutenant, commander, and captain in due course.

By birth and marriage he was connected with the South, but when the war broke out he at once removed with his family from Virginia to New York, and placed himself at the disposal of the Washington authorities. He was soon appointed Commander of the Western Gulf Blockading Squadron as flag officer. In the comparatively few naval operations of the war he took a most prominent part, attacking New Orleans and Vicksburg with great success, and winning admiration for his skill, his courage, his dash, and his daring, earning the nickname of "Old Salamander." His last great victory was won at Mobile, when the bay was thickly planted with torpedoes; one of them sank the vessel which was immediately ahead of his own, but nothing daunted, he went forward, and in order to command and direct the action better, had himself lashed to the mainmast, high above the smoke, giving his orders through a speaking-tube to those below. On returning he was made a vice-admiral, and in 1866 Congress gave him the rank of admiral. He went to Europe in charge of the European Squadron in 1867–1868; on his return he retired to private life, and died in 1870.

The Marquis de Lafayette.

"MAY this immense temple of freedom ever stand, a lesson to oppression, an example to the oppressed, as a sanctuary for the rights of mankind." These were the glowing words in which Lafayette, the great apostle of liberty, and fighter for freedom, bade farewell to the first Congress of the United States, which his sword had helped to bring into being. He was not a great general, nor was he capable of becom-

ing a great ruler, but he had strong convictions, and was enthusiastic in the cause of humanity the world over; he was pertinacious, also, and secured public respect, and public support, by his perseverance and insistence. He was brave to rashness, and never shrank from danger or responsibility, if there was a chance to save life, to prevent suffering, to protect the defenseless, or to sustain law and maintain order.

Lafayette came of a family of high rank, and while he owed much of his success and usefulness to that fact, he never abused it, or traded upon it. He was born in 1757 in that part of France from whence come some of her most sturdy sons and daughters, the Province of Auvergne. He inherited an immense fortune, and married at the age of seventeen a titled lady of much courage, virtue, and beauty. He was on military service, when he heard of the American Revolution—the bold strike for freedom, which the Englishmen in America were making—and it kindled all his fiery enthusiasm. He at once cast about to find means to join them in their struggle, and finally, with Baron de Kalb, after much opposition and remonstrance from his family, he set out for America, to serve the cause at his own expense and as a volunteer. He was at once appointed Major-General, made the acquaintance of Washington, and became his lifelong friend. It is impossible to follow him all through the war; suffice it to say that at the capitulation of Yorktown he delivered an attack which helped to bring about the final defeat of the British.

His work in America done, he devoted himself with equal ardor to the service of his native country. He was imprisoned in Germany, and his wife and two daughters in France; when they were released they went and shared his prison with him for two years, until Bonaparte insisted on his release. In 1824 he again paid a visit to America on the invitation of President Monroe; when he returned to France a new

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—This memorial was begun in 1825, the corner-stone being laid by the Marquis Lafayette. It was dedicated in 1843. It is 31 feet square at the base and is 220 feet in height.

revolution was in progress, and he joined again in the struggle for constitutional liberty. He died in Paris in 1834.

Elihu Burritt.

IT is difficult to say whether Elihu Burritt is better known as the great American peace advocate or as "the learned blacksmith." He certainly was a most ardent worker for peace, progress, and reform. He lived from 1811 to 1879, and his work helped to educate public opinion in the matter of the abolition of slavery. He established a paper, *The Christian Citizen,* devoted to anti-slavery cause, peace, temperance, and self-culture. He went to England in 1849, and helped to organize the League of Universal Brotherhood, which aimed at the abolition of war and the promotion of brotherhood amongst the nations. He helped also to organize the first Peace Congress in Brussels in 1848, and the second in 1849, over which the great Frenchman, Victor Hugo, presided. Later, in 1852, he became editor of *The Citizen of the World,* in which he labored hard for the freedom of the slaves. For two years he was United States Consul at Birmingham. He was also an ardent advocate of the International Penny Postage which we enjoy today.

Good and great as was all this work, we like to think of him as the learned blacksmith. Never a man did more in the face of difficulties, obstacles, and disadvantages than did Elihu Burritt to earn this title. He had to pick up what knowledge he could get from books at home, and at sixteen was apprenticed to a blacksmith. He had a passion for reading; he borrowed book after book from the village library, and studied them at the forge in his spare moments. He mastered Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Italian, and German, and by the age of thirty could read nearly fifty languages. His extraordinary aptitude made him

famous, and before he was thirty years old he became a popular lecturer.

If every boy in a smithy realized what chances there are for study, even amid the grimy and unliterary appearance of the shop, we might have a good many more learned blacksmiths. There is always much time to spend while waiting for the "heats," and we can imagine how Elihu Burritt availed himself of every one of them. But not only in the blacksmith's life is there chance for self-culture; the lives of many men and women show, as Elihu Burritt's life shows, how valuable and how numerous are the chances to utilize scraps of time for study, and what great things may be achieved by taking advantage of them.

Robert Bruce.

THE national hero of Scotland, King Robert the Bruce, was of Norman origin. He came in direct descent from Robert de Bruis, who landed in England with William the Conqueror in 1066. When England was partitioned among the Norman barons, this knight received large tracts of land in the northern districts, which bordered on Scotland, and his son obtained the lordship of Annandale in Scotland itself.

Robert Bruce was born in 1274, and died in 1329. During this period, and for some centuries after, the wandering bard and story-teller was the only newsman in the country. Bruce was all his life making great news, and the ballads and stories that embody the traditions that cluster round his name are innumerable. They are also, in the main, singularly accurate, and through them we have a more complete picture of the man and his doings than of almost any of his contemporaries. This ballad literature about Bruce was collected by John Barbour, the ancient Scottish poet, who flourished between 1300 and 1400, and they form the

basis of his epic poem entitled *The Bruce;* of course, it is not true in every detail, but it illustrates the spirit which animated the great Scottish King, whose career was a lifelong struggle to wrest Scotland from the English dominion, even though at times he appeared to be on the side of the English.

By his ability, his hopefulness, his resourcefulness, and his perseverance he secured success after success, in spite of disaster after disaster; finally he won the esteem and confidence of the people of Scotland, who were weary of the "resolute" government of King Edward, and he was crowned King of Scotland at Scone in 1306. Within a year, however, he was driven out of the country, and his wife and daughter made prisoners. Nothing daunted, he returned to the fight, succeeded in driving back the English invading armies, and in turn invaded England himself. Stirling Castle, however, still held out against Bruce, but promised to surrender, if it was not relieved before a certain date. This forced the famous Battle of Bannockburn, where, with his own wife and daughter in captivity, Bruce and his men fought for their country, their wives, their children, and all that free men hold dear, and disastrously defeated the English; as a result he was firmly seated on the throne of Scotland, where he proved as wise in peace as he was skilful in war; he restored prosperity to the land, prevented English aggression and was a true patriot King.

The spirit of true freedom, the freedom of the individual from oppression, and of the nation from foreign bondage, never had a more illustrious champion than Robert Bruce.

Giuseppe Garibaldi.

ITALY, owing to its geographical position and certain dynastic conditions, was for many years under divided rule. Austria held certain of the upper prov-

inces and Corsica; the French house of Savoy, some others and the island of Sardinia; while the dual government of King and Pope was an added cause of trouble. The dream of reformers had been a United Italy, under a constitutional government, and after a struggle which lasted for over a quarter of a century, the dream was realized.

One of the men who fought devotedly, but not always wisely in the cause, was a soldier of fortune, Garibaldi by name, who is the popular hero of United Italy; whose patriotism has been the theme of some of the most passionate poetry of the nineteenth century. He was a poor boy, born in 1807, and went to sea when young. He became implicated in a plot to seize the city of Genoa and was condemned to death. Escaping from his prison, he went to Río Grande and fought against Brazil; he was taken prisoner, set at liberty, and eloped with a beautiful Creole, who became his wife. He worked on a ranch, taught navigation, and was a shipping merchant in Montevideo. Returning to Italy, he fought against the Austrians, and was obliged to flee from the French and Austrian troops; was arrested, and ordered out of the country. He came to America, and was for a time a merchant, and a manufacturer of soap and candles on Staten Island. In 1854 he returned to Italy, and from then onward was constantly fighting, receiving a severe wound at Aspromonte. When the French Empire fell in 1870 he placed his sword at the disposal of the Government, but he had little success. He was elected a deputy for the National Assembly of France, and not long after, loving the Republic but hating the priesthood, he resigned somewhat ungraciously. Admiring friends in England bought, and presented to him, the island of Caprera, to which he retired on account of his great suffering from rheumatic pains, and where he died in 1882. Anita, his wife, accompanied him until he was driven to the Adri-

atic in 1849, where she died, and was buried in the sand of the seashore.

Though brave and patriotic to a degree, his hatred of the Church often helped to ruin the cause of which he was the self-constituted champion; furthermore, he was a simple-minded man, easily imposed upon, and, often became a tool of others. He saw his dream fulfilled, it is true, but he had no part in its actual realization. His labors had been useful in bringing it about, but his rash spirit would have been useless as a safe guide in any work of construction, which involved the principles of give and take.

Robert E. Lee.

GRADUALLY, as the clouds of war have rolled away, the character of the man, Robert E. Lee, the second greatest general of the Civil War, has come to light, and although he was the champion of a lost cause, his fame and the honor in which his memory is held are as high as those of any who took part in that Titanic struggle. To write his biography is to tell the story of the war between the States, and this could not be attempted here, but we may try to give some idea of what manner of man he was.

He was born in Virginia in 1807, where his ancestors had settled two hundred and fifty years before. His father was the famous "Light Horse Harry" of the War of the Revolution, and at the age of eighteen Robert went to West Point, where he graduated with honor, and later he became superintendent of that institution. He served under General Winfield Scott in the war with Mexico. When the War of Secession broke out he sent in his resignation after much painful mental struggle and was made Commander-in-Chief of all the armies of the Confederacy. When the war was over he returned to his beloved Virginia, and was elected president of Washington College in that State;

he discharged his duties there with the same high sense of honor which had characterized him all his life. He died in 1870 from a paralytic stroke.

Robert E. Lee was a Christian gentleman, as well as a great general. By his early association he acquired ease of manner, and a quick perception of propriety; friends and foes alike acknowledge the purity of his motives, the virtue of his private life, his earnest Christianity, and the unrepining loyalty with which he accepted the ruin of the cause for which he fought. He was thoroughly unselfish, swayed only by the principle he had been taught to believe, namely, that his allegiance to his native State was higher than that which he owed to the Union. An English writer says: "Though hampered by lack of materials, and by political necessities, his strategy was always daring, and he never hesitated to take the gravest risks. He was as energetic in attack as he was constant in defense, and he had a marvelous personal influence over his men. His influence dominated the whole of the struggle, and his surpassing ability was never more conspicuously shown than when the cause was most hopeless."

Galileo Galilei.

IN that wonderful century in which Shakespeare, Milton, and Cervantes lived and wrote, the great Italian scientific discoverer, Galileo, also flourished, and by his careful observation and profound reasoning gave to the world new knowledge that has been of incalculable practical benefit to mankind; which the world of Galileo's day was not prepared to receive, which the Church came to believe was heretical and dangerous, and therefore to be prohibited. His trial and condemnation caused him to be regarded as a martyr to the cause of truth.

He was born in Pisa in 1564, and early developed

artistic tastes. He went to the university to study medicine, but the science of mathematics attracted him more strongly. In 1583, while watching the oscillations of a great bronze lamp in the cathedral, he was led to the discovery that the pendulum moves over equal spaces in equal times, and this led to its use as a measurer of time; his plans for the first pendulum clock were carried out by his son in 1649. He then took up the study of the center of gravity in solids, and became Professor of Mathematics in the University of Padua. Princes, dukes, and nobles attended his lectures, and he often spoke to audiences of from one to two thousand.

A Dutchman in 1608 had made a rude instrument, which made distant objects appear near, and Galileo studied and thought out the principle of its action, finally making the first telescope, which enabled him to discover the mountains of the moon, to see the discs of the planets; revealed to him the four satellites of Jupiter, and the spots on the sun; by the observation of these latter he found that the sun revolves on its own axis once in twenty-eight days. With the telescope he also discovered the rings and satellites of Saturn and the crescent form of Venus. The interest in all this was intense, and cardinals and prelates hastened to do him honor. The prejudices of the age, however, were all arrayed against him, and when he maintained that the Scriptures were not meant to teach natural philosophy the strong arm of the Inquisition reached out for him and he was forced to renounce his opinions and pledge himself not to teach them. For a while he continued his studies in peace, but in 1632, when he published his great work, *The System of the World,* the storm broke out afresh, and again the Inquisition seized him, made him sign a paper denying all he had taught, and sentenced him to do penance and to prison. The prison sentence was remitted, and he was allowed a restricted liberty for

the rest of his life. In 1637 he became totally blind. He died in 1642.

Frances Elizabeth Willard.

THE name of Frances Elizabeth Willard stands high on the roll of women who have devoted themselves to the cause of Temperance. She was educated for the profession of teaching, and was president of the Ladies' College at Evanston, Illinois, for some years; when it became the Women's College of the Northwestern University she became its Dean and professor of Æsthetics.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union was started in the early seventies, and while it was yet in its infancy Miss Willard was chosen president of the Chicago Branch in 1874. Later she became the corresponding secretary of the national organization. She was a speaker of unusual power and eloquence, and by her personal magnetism created a strong influence wherever she went. In 1876 the cause of woman's suffrage first found in her a powerful ally as lecturer and organizer. In 1879 she was elected president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and was elected to the same position every succeeding year until she died in 1898. The World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union chose her for its president in 1887, and she carried the banner of Temperance into England, Europe, Asia, and Africa.

Philanthropist, reformer, and educator, Miss Willard was an accomplished editor as well. She edited the *Chicago Post and Mail* in 1878, was assistant editor of *Our Day,* and for many years hers was the hand that guided the *Union Signal,* which was the organ of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Daniel Boone.

THE heroism of Daniel Boone as an explorer, settler, and defender of the soil he had won, partakes so largely of the spirit of chivalry and romance that he occupies a much larger space in history than he otherwise would.

Daniel Boone was born in Berks County, Pennsylvania, in 1734, and while he was a boy his parents moved to North Carolina, where they settled on the banks of the Yadkin. At that time the country beyond the Blue Ridge was entirely unknown to white people. No one had dared to explore it. About 1750 the first white person ventured to penetrate this great wilderness. About twenty years after this, when Boone was approaching the prime of life, he, with a few companions, started on a long hunt through this territory. They were gone about three years. In this time Boone made himself familiar with the wilderness. In 1773 he took his family, and several others, and attempted to make a settlement on the Kain-tuck-ee River. The Indians opposed them and forced them to retire. Boone and his family dwelt on the Clinch River until 1775. In that year they moved onward, and built a fort at Boonesborough, which is in the present county of Madison in Kentucky. During the following few years several other settlers joined them. Boone's wife and daughters were the first white women ever seen on the banks of the Kentucky River.

The Indians did not like this invasion of their country, and one day, when he was engaged in making salt at the Blue Licks on the Licking River, some Shawnee warriors from the Ohio country captured him, and carried him away. The Indians became very much attached to their captive, and he was adopted into a family as a son. A ransom of five hundred dollars was offered for him, but the Indians refused it. Five months after his capture he discovered that a

large body of Indians were preparing to march against Boonesborough, and he managed to escape. They attacked the fort three times, but were repulsed. These events occurred in the year 1778.

During Boone's captivity his wife and children had returned to her father's house on the Yadkin. Boone joined them there in 1779, and stayed for several months. In 1780 he returned to Kentucky with his family, and assisted General Clark in his operations against the Indians in the Illinois country. From that time until 1798 he lived first in Kentucky, and then in western Virginia. Less than twenty years from the time when he built his fort at Boonesborough he saw the State of Kentucky admitted to the Union, with the same rights as the original thirteen States.

With Kentucky's admission to the Union new land laws went into effect. Boone was probably ignorant of these, and he neglected to comply with them. Consequently he lost title to the land which he had discovered and subdued. He was so indignant at what he considered ingratitude that he shouldered his rifle, left Kentucky forever, and with some followers plunged into the forests of the present Missouri. This little band settled upon the banks of the Little Osage in 1799. The following year he and his companions explored the head waters of the Arkansas.

A long time afterwards, when he was almost eighty years of age, he went on a hunt along the Great Osage, where he trapped beavers. Shortly after his return from this expedition, he sent a memorial to the Legislature of Kentucky, in which he set forth that he owned not an acre of land on the face of the earth, had no place of his own where he might lay his head, and asked a confirmation of title to lands given him in Louisiana by the Spanish governor before that territory was ceded to the United States. Congress secured two thousand acres to him, and his last years were made comparatively happy.

The brave old pioneer died in Missouri on September 26, 1820, at the age of eighty-six. His remains now lie beside those of his wife in a cemetery at Frankfort, Kentucky.

Jacques Cartier.

GOLD lured the Spaniards to South America and Mexico, but it was a much humbler bait which attracted the Frenchmen to North America. In Catholic countries there are so many days on which meat may not and fish may be eaten that fish is an article of very great importance. The codfish that abounded in the American waters proved a valuable addition to the French market. As early as 1525, only thirty-three years after the discovery of America, the French had a considerable fleet of fishing-vessels on the banks of Newfoundland.

At this time Francis I was King of France, and he was jealous of the Kings of Portugal and Spain. "The Kings of Spain and Portugal," said he, "are taking possession of the New World without giving me a share. I would like to see the article in Adam's last will which gives them America." In the spring of 1534 he caused to be made ready at St. Malo, a port in the northern part of France, two ships of sixty tons each. The command of the expedition was given to Jacques Cartier, a native of St. Malo. Cartier was forty years of age, and a sailor of great experience and some renown. He had probably visited the fishing-banks before this. In the vessels were one hundred and twenty-two sailors and adventurers.

The expedition sailed on April 20, 1534. Favorable gales wafted Cartier so swiftly on his course that in twenty days he descried Newfoundland. He had come too soon, and was compelled to await the melting of the ice. After some delay he sailed northward, entered the Straits of Belle Isle, and touched at many points

along the coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In Labrador, and again on the coast of the Gulf, he landed, and formally took possession of the land in the name of the King of France. He continued his course through the Gulf, until he could see land on both sides. Then as summer was drawing to a close he turned back without suspecting the existence of a river. On the voyage home good fortune continued to attend him, and he reached St. Malo after a sail of thirty days.

In the following spring, but later this time in order that he might avoid the ice, Cartier started on a second expedition. He had three ships, and these were soon separated by storms of unusual violence. They met in the Straits of Belle Isle, after seven weeks of buffeting the billows. Cartier entered the St. Lawrence, sailed by the rugged banks of the Saguenay River, passed the lofty projection upon which Quebec now stands, and leaving his ships, pushed his way in a small boat with three companions, until the mountain on the island, named by him Mount Royal, came into sight. He climbed the mountain, and as he looked out upon the majestic stream and the beautiful country he predicted that the island would one day be the site of a great city. Montreal, a contraction of Mount Royal, is the name of the city which has fulfilled his dream.

It was October 3, 1535, when Cartier landed at Montreal, and the lateness of the season prevented his further exploration. After three days' stay he descended the river, and hastened to a harbor near the mouth of the St. Lawrence, where he had determined to spend the winter months. But his men were unused to such a severe climate, and the sufferings of that winter were terrible. Many of the men died from scurvy, and scarcely one was free of that dread disease. Cartier learned that the Indians, who were suffering from scurvy, were cured by drinking the sap of a certain tree, supposed to be a kind of spruce. This

medicine proved of great benefit to the company, and all the living were soon restored to health.

When the spring came their numbers had been so reduced that Cartier abandoned the smallest of his ships, and returned to France with the two others. The abandoned vessel was actually found, imbedded in the mud, in 1848, three hundred and twelve years after.

Four years later, 1540, Cartier accompanied another expedition, the object of which was to establish a colony. The enterprise was a failure and Cartier returned to St. Malo. Of the remainder of his life nothing definite is known. There is a tradition that he lived on an estate, which still bears his name, at Limoilon, near St. Malo, and that he died there about 1555, childless.

Robert Fulton.

ROBERT FULTON is often called the inventor of the steamboat, although others before him, especially John Fitch, had conceived the idea of propelling a boat by steam. It was his good fortune, however, to make the first practical steamboat. He was born in Little Britain, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1765. He was the son of an Irish tailor, who had come to this country in early life, prospered in business, and had retired to a large and productive farm in Lancaster County. In school Robert was a dull and troublesome boy. One day he had the impudence to tell his teacher that his head was so full of notions of his own that he had no room in it for the contents of dusty books! Out of school, however, he exhibited intelligence and talent. From early childhood he drew well, and as he grew older he showed a remarkable aptitude for mechanics. During the Revolution there was a gun-shop at Lancaster, and Fulton haunted the place. He often assisted the men by drawing plans of gun-

stocks and by suggesting methods of repairing broken muskets.

In the summer of 1779 he foreshadowed the greatest of his future achievements, when he equipped with paddle-wheels an old flatboat used by the boys of the neighborhood for fishing. This was not a new invention, but it was original with him. At seventeen, his father having died, Fulton established himself in Philadelphia as a miniature-painter. On his twenty-first birthday he returned home with the money in his pocket to make his mother independent for the remainder of her life. Having attended to this duty he sailed for England to study painting with Benjamin West, the son of an old friend of his father. In England Fulton was treated most kindly by the great painter, and lived at his house as one of his family for many years. Fulton did not make a great artist. His mind was mechanical; he loved to invent, to contrive, and to construct. He met the Duke of Bridgewater, the founder of the canal system of England, and James Watt, the maker of the first steam-engine. He invented a flax-spinning and a rope-making machine, which he patented in England. Gradually he withdrew from art and at length adopted the profession of civil engineer. In 1797 he entered the home of Joel Barlow in Paris, and there for seven years studied the natural sciences and modern languages. There he became acquainted with the wealthy Robert R. Livingston. Livingston soon fired Fulton's ambition by talking of the immense advantages to be derived from the navigation of the internal waters of the United States by means of steam, and Fulton set to work to perfect a boat. His childhood experience with the paddles on the fishing-boat prepossessed his mind in favor of paddle-wheels for his steamboat. In 1803 the first steamboat of Livingston and Fulton was launched on the Seine in France, and made her initial trip in July. The result was encouraging, but not brilliant.

The boat moved slowly along the tranquil Seine; but the quick eye of Fulton detected many deficiencies. He saw that he would have to have a far better constructed boat if the experiment was to be a success. As Mr. Livingston was coming to America it was determined that the next trial should be made in American waters.

In September, 1807, the famous *Clermont,* one hundred and sixty tons, was completed. Monday, September 10th, was the day appointed for the grand trial trip to Albany. A great crowd assembled along the banks of the Hudson to watch the progress of "Fulton's Folly." Very few people had any faith in the success of the venture. But the boat started at one o'clock, and with only a single stop to shorten the paddles, kept on her course till she reached Livingston's estate, one hundred and ten miles from New York, at one o'clock on Tuesday. Here she remained until Wednesday morning, when she continued on her voyage to Albany, where she arrived at five in the afternoon. Her running time was thirty-two hours. On her return trip to New York she made the distance in thirty hours, or at the rate of five miles an hour. The *Clermont* was immediately put upon the river as a packet boat, and run with great profit to her owners. On the one hundredth anniversary of this event a great celebration took place in New York. A magnificent water pageant, showing the development of the steamboat in the past one hundred years, was witnessed by thousands.

Fulton devoted the remainder of his life to the improvement of the steamboat. He lived to see the value of his labors universally recognized. He also acquired a considerable fortune, being able when he died on February 24, 1815, to leave his wife an income of nine thousand dollars a year, and additional incomes for each of his four children until they should reach the age of twenty-one.

Christopher Columbus.

TO Christopher Columbus belongs the glory of the discovery of America. Although Sebastian Cabot discovered Newfoundland and Labrador in 1497, and Columbus did not touch the American continent until fourteen months later, it was his faith and courage that first paved the way for future voyages across the Atlantic. From his study of the globes and charts, which the science of his day had constructed, he was convinced of the possibility of reaching India by sailing to the west. And when he had succeeded he was rewarded with neglect and chains.

Columbus was born in Genoa, Italy, about 1436. His father was a wool-comber by trade, but was determined that his son should hold a better position in life; accordingly he gave him as good an education as he possibly could. The boy's studies were all such as would fit him for the nautical profession, toward which he early showed an inclination. He studied geometry, geography, and astronomy, and at the age of fourteen he went to sea. Until he reached manhood his voyages were confined to the Mediterranean. In 1467 he went to Iceland. After this voyage he gave up the sea and used his time in making maps and charts. As early as 1474 he conceived the idea of reaching India by a westward course. But he made two mistakes in his calculations; he judged from travelers' narratives, and put too great an extension on the east of Asia; then he reckoned the extent of a degree much below its actual size, thus underestimating the size of the earth.

He first offered his project to John II, King of Portugal, who while refusing to have anything to do with him, sent out an expedition to try the route Columbus had mapped out. The latter, disgusted at such duplicity, repaired to the court of Spain, accompanied by his son Diego, a lad of eleven years. Ferdinand and Isabella were the rulers of Spain at this time. They

referred the project to a council of monks, who returned an unfavorable report. Still Columbus persevered, and for seven weary years he was kept in suspense. During this time he sent his brother, Bartholomew, to England to present his case to the King of that country. On his way back to ask Columbus to visit the English court, Bartholomew was captured by pirates. In February, 1492, Columbus, despairing of assistance from Spain, started for France. He was overtaken by some of his friends, who had obtained from Isabella a definite promise to aid him in his project.

On Friday, August 2, 1492, the expedition sailed from Salte, near Palos. It consisted of three small caravels and a hundred and twenty men. The voyage proved to be longer than anyone, even Columbus, had anticipated. The crew began to murmur, and on October 10th broke into open mutiny. But at ten o'clock on the next night moving lights were seen in the distance, and at 2 A. M. on October 12th land was seen. This island was named San Salvador by the grateful Columbus. He traded with the natives, who regarded the strange white men as gods. From then until the first of the year he sailed about, discovering several more islands. These he believed to be part of the outlying portions of Asia, and owing to this mistake he called the inhabitants Indians. On January 4, 1493, he sailed for home, and arrived at Palos on March 15th. Everywhere he was received with the greatest honors.

On September 25, 1493, he sailed from Cadiz on his second expedition. This time he had a much larger fleet, and discovered the Windward Islands, Jamaica, and Porto Rico, and founded a colony in Haiti. He returned to Spain June 11, 1496, leaving his brother as governor of the colony. Again he was received with favor at home.

Columbus sailed on a third expedition May 20,

1498. He discovered Trinidad, the mouth of the Orinoco, the coast of Paria, and the Margarita and Cubagua Islands. He found the colony in Haiti in a most disorganized condition, and attempted to restore order. Dissatisfied persons sent complaints to Spain about him, and the King sent out a new commissioner to succeed Columbus, and to send him home in chains. When the prisoner arrived in Spain, there was such a general burst of indignation that Ferdinand, in order to calm the excited populace, was obliged to deny all complicity in the action. However, Columbus was never reinstated, although there was not the shadow of proof against him.

On May 9, 1502, he set out on his fourth voyage, and returned to Spain on November 7, 1504. The object of this expedition was to search for a passage from the Caribbean Sea westward. He visited Central America, Jamaica, and Santo Domingo. Famine and despair caused a series of mutinies, and when he reached Spain he was broken in health. He was detained at Seville until the spring of 1505 with gout. While he was here Queen Isabella, who had always stood his friend, died. He lingered a year longer in pain, and poverty, and neglect, until death came to him at Valladolid on May 20, 1506.

Daniel Defoe.

DANIEL DEFOE, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, was the son of James Foe, a London butcher. Very little is known of his early life. He was born probably in the year 1661, and was trained for the ministry. About the year 1708 he changed his name, as a matter of taste, from Foe to Defoe. In 1685 he gave up the idea of being a dissenting minister, and entered upon a business career. He failed, and absconded from his creditors, but afterwards returned

and paid up all claims against him, although he was not legally obliged to do so. Under William III he was an accountant, but lost his appointment. Then he became a tilemaker, and again failed in business. In the meantime he had married, and had a large family, but had practically nothing with which to support them.

In 1703 he wrote a treatise entitled *The Shortest Way with Dissenters.* This was in ridicule of the High Church, and caused his arrest and imprisonment for nearly two years. He was also heavily fined, and placed in the pillory, and had his ears cut off. While in prison he continued to write, and his writings, in the form of pamphlets, became famous, though they brought him little money. His wife and children were saved from starvation during his imprisonment only by the charity of friends.

He was released in 1704. While he was in prison he had started a newspaper, issued at first once, then twice, and finally three times a week. He continued to publish the *Review,* as it was called, until 1713. During this time he wrote about eighty works. From 1715 he devoted himself assiduously to the production of fiction. *Robinson Crusoe* appeared in 1719. From 1715 to his death in 1731 about a hundred and seventy works came from his pen. Although his writings did not save him from want, they won for him a name which will descend to the remotest generation.

Defoe had a simple, pure, clear, and idiomatic style. He was an advanced reformer; as early as 1698 he advocated the founding of insurance companies, savings banks for the poor, and higher education for women. He stood alone among the literary men of his day. To them he was an object of ridicule, and they criticized him harshly when they should have honored him and recognized him as the peer of the highest, and superior to all the rest.

Cyrus West Field.

ON January 8, 1815, General Pakenham was killed, and his troops defeated, at the battle of New Orleans. His death, and all the other bloodshed, was entirely unnecessary, as the Treaty of Ghent had been signed two weeks before. But neither the Americans nor the British at New Orleans had heard of the treaty. There was no telegraph then to flash the news from continent to continent, and from city to city. All this is changed now. When the good Queen Victoria was ill the whole world knew the progress of her disease, and when she died her most distant subject knew it almost as soon as the people of London. To Samuel F. B. Morse we owe the invention of the telegraph, but we are indebted for the submarine telegraph to the business ability and the perseverance of Cyrus West Field.

He was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, February 20, 1819, and came from a family in which were many men and women of exceptional ability. His own parents were in moderate circumstances, but he received all the education that it was possible for him to acquire at the public schools and the academy of Stockbridge. He was fond of books, but at the same time he was a husky lad and enjoyed outdoor sports and adventures.

When he was fifteen years of age it was necessary that he should start to earn his own living. An older brother secured him a position in New York with the prosperous dry-goods house of A. T. Stewart & Co., now John Wanamaker's. The business did not appeal to young Field, but, nevertheless, he remained with Mr. Stewart about six years, winning the confidence and respect of his employer and of other men. In 1840 he started in business for himself, manufacturing and selling paper. At that time the paper business was in its infancy. The demand for paper was destined to in-

crease, and so were all the machinery and appliances of manufacture, and the sources of supply of varied materials. Mr. Field kept apace with the demands of the business, and at the end of thirty-six years he had a sufficient fortune to retire. He determined to travel and see the world.

Six months were spent among the rivers and mountains of South America. When he returned his brother, Matthew D. Field, presented to him a scheme for building a telegraph line across Newfoundland, to meet the news from incoming vessels, and bring it to New York at the saving of much time. As Cyrus W. Field studied the proposition the possibilities of a trans-Atlantic submarine cable grew upon him. He communicated with S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, and with Lieutenant M. F. Maury of the navy, an authority on the tides and the currents, the deeps and the shoals of the ocean. From both he received replies that were very encouraging to the development of his plans. One by one he gathered the recruits, who were to be his associates in the undertaking. They were all keen business men. The first was his brother, David Dudley Field, one of the most successful lawyers of his day. The next man was Mr. Field's next-door neighbor, Mr. Peter Cooper. The scheme met with his prompt and hearty support. Mr. Moses Taylor, one of the leading capitalists of the city, was the next recruit. He listened for one whole hour without saying a word, and then gave his consent to joining the enterprise, and furthermore, brought in his friend, Mr. Marshall O. Roberts. The fifth man to join the group was Mr. Chandler White, a retired merchant of great wealth. About a year later, 1855, Mr. Wilson G. Hunt, a merchant, joined them. The company was organized under the name of the New York, Newfoundland & London Telegraph Company. The first thing accomplished by the company was the building of land lines across the Island of Cape Breton. Then after

great difficulties, and the failure of the first attempt, a cable was laid across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and New York could be reached by telegraph from the most easterly part of America.

The next step was to obtain British coöperation. For this purpose Mr. Field, accompanied by his family, went to England, where he met with much encouragement from scientific men and constructors. Finally, in November, 1857, he received recognition from the British government in the form of a contract, which provided that the company should lay the cable, and that a subsidy of fourteen thousand pounds sterling per annum should be paid from the date of the completed laying, and that the governments of Great Britain and of the United States should have equal rights in the line. A new company was organized, called the Atlantic Cable Company. Three-quarters of the capital of the new company was subscribed in England, Field reserving the other quarter for his American associates. Mr. Field then returned to America, and went to Washington to obtain the recognition from his own government that he had obtained from England. On March 3, 1857, President Pierce signed the Cable Bill.

Now all their past difficulties sank into insignificance before their present failures and accidents. After two complete failures a submarine cable was finally laid between Newfoundland and the coast of Ireland, and the first message was sent by Queen Victoria to President Buchanan. Everywhere flags went up, cannon thundered, and church-bells were rung. New York City was illuminated, and there was a great torch-light procession of firemen and a public reception to Mr. Field.

But on the 1st of the following September the cable ceased to work. The reaction from the great enthusiasm brought about by success was terrible. People bitterly accused Mr. Field of engineering a

fraud This was worse to him than all his previous failures. His fortune had disappeared, but as men grew calmer they paid tribute to his sterling character.

In 1865 he obtained the services of the *Great Eastern,* and on July 23d he began again the laying of a submarine cable. When but two or three more days would have completed the work the cable was lost. In the following year the *Great Eastern* again steamed out to sea with a new cable, and this time there was no failure to record. When the task was completed the *Great Eastern* grappled for, and recovered, the cable lost the year before.

Honors were heaped upon Mr. Field both at home and abroad. It had been a long struggle. He had had nearly thirteen years of anxious toil, and oftentimes his heart had been ready to sink.

In 1869 he represented the New York Chamber of Commerce at the formal opening of the Suez Canal. In 1874 he visited Iceland, and in 1880 and 1881 he made a trip around the world. These travels gratified his early desire for travel. Wherever he went he was received as one of his country's most distinguished citizens.

On December 2, 1890, Mr. and Mrs. Field celebrated their golden wedding, and during the next year Mrs. Field died. Other bereavements followed, and on July 12, 1892, he, too, passed away. To the very end his mind was clear and busy with varied undertakings.

John C. Calhoun.

THE career of John C. Calhoun is one of the most remarkable and the most worthy of study by anyone who would understand the position of parties in the United States in the years which preceded the War between the States and the conditions which led to it.

The great orator, Daniel Webster, thus describes

his character: "He had the basis, the indisputable basis, of all high character, unspotted integrity and honor unimpeached. If he had aspirations, they were high, honorable, and noble; nothing grovelling, low, or meanly selfish came near his head or his heart. . . . He seemed to have no recreation but the pleasure of conversation with his friends. Out of the chambers of Congress he was either devoting himself to the acquisition of knowledge pertaining to the immediate subject of the duty before him, or else he was indulging in those social interviews in which he so much delighted. . . . One great power of his character in general was his conversational talent; and, along with confidence in his integrity and reverence for his talents, it largely contributed to make him so endeared an object as he was to the people of his State."

John Caldwell Calhoun's father, Patrick Calhoun, had been brought to America in 1733, when but six years old. During the Revolution he was an active Whig. His son John was born on March 18, 1782. When he was nineteen he began to prepare for college, and in 1802 entered Yale College, whence he graduated with the highest distinction, and afterward practiced law in South Carolina. In 1811 he was elected to Congress and advocated the war of 1812 with Great Britain for outrages on American seamen. The war led to financial difficulties and later a bank was chartered. Calhoun advocated protection for domestic manufactures and national appropriations for internal improvements.

Calhoun was elected to the Vice-Presidency under President Monroe by a large majority in 1828, and when Jackson became President, Calhoun was again chosen. When Calhoun found that his State was against the President, who favored free trade, he began to call to the aid of his section the theory of the sovereignty of the States, claiming that any State which found a national law oppressive might prevent its ex-

ecution within her own borders. This new theory was called "nullification," and was published by the legislature of South Carolina, though not formally adopted. It was expounded in the Senate of the United States by Robert Y. Hayne, and replied to by Daniel Webster in his famous oration. When in 1831 Hayne resigned from the Senate to become Governor of South Carolina, Calhoun resigned the Vice-Presidency and was elected as Hayne's successor in the Senate.

When an attempt was made to put in effect Calhoun's doctrine of nullification so far as the tariff was concerned, President Jackson issued a proclamation calling on the people of South Carolina to revoke their action, and declaring his determination to sustain the laws of the United States by force if necessary. Calhoun defended the policy of nullification in an elaborate speech on February 15, 1833, and as his devotion to his State had become a passion which dominated every action of his life and every thought on public affairs, when Van Buren gave up the employment of State banks and established the independent treasury system, Calhoun ceased to act with the Whigs, and in one of his speeches he made the vindication of his public life.

Anti-slavery societies began to be formed in the North, and tried to circulate their documents in the South. President Van Buren suggested, in a message to Congress, a law to prohibit the use of the mails to circulate documents tending to excite slaves to insurrection. Calhoun took occasion again to set forth his views of the sovereignty of the States, and held that the several States and not the United States should determine what might be circulated in the mails. He also maintained slavery to be essential to the peace, prosperity, and political influence of the Southern States, and denied that Congress had power to legislate on slavery in any way whatever. Clay, in his usual compromising spirit, substituted resolutions which ac-

complished the purpose, without giving offence in words. These were passed, Calhoun voting for them, though thinking them inadequate.

When Calhoun's term in the Senate came to an end in 1843 he declined a reëlection, but he took the office of Secretary of State in Tyler's cabinet in 1844. The chief object was to accomplish the annexation of Texas, and this Calhoun effected, although it almost inevitably involved war with Mexico. War with Great Britain over the Oregon boundary had been threatened and Calhoun exerted himself to effect a compromise, which was accepted. He also opposed the war with Mexico as unnecessary and unjust, although he himself had effected the annexation of Texas.

His health was now failing, and in March, 1850, an elaborate written speech was read for him by Senator Mason. It called for an amendment of the Constitution to restore the equilibrium between the free and the slaveholding States. On March 13 Calhoun spoke for the last time in the Senate. He died at Washington on March 31, 1850, and both Clay and Webster delivered tributes to his memory in the Senate.

Jefferson Davis.

IT was inevitable that a man at the head of the affairs of a part of a nation engaged in civil war—a war to the death—should be virtually a military autocrat, for he had to take charge of and administer the affairs of a nation in arms. Though he has thoughtlessly been blamed for this it should not be forgotten that Jefferson Davis did much to inspire hope and courage into the whole of his people and was one of the last to despair of the ultimate success of his cause.

It will be impossible to describe the rise and fall of the Southern Confederacy, but the stories of the men

concerned in it which have been told in this volume will have shown what a splendid type it called to the front. Among these was Jefferson Davis, a great American statesman and the President of the Confederate States —that is, the States which seceded from the North.

He was born in Kentucky, June 3, 1808. He graduated from West Point in 1828, and saw active service in the Black Hawk War of 1831-32. He left the army in 1835, and after eloping with the daughter of Colonel Zachary Taylor, settled near Vicksburg as a planter. In 1845 he was elected to Congress; in the next year he became colonel of volunteers in the Mexican War, and fought at Monterey. His bravery and skill were signally displayed at Buena Vista, where he was wounded. He was then United States Senator from 1847 until 1851, when he was defeated as candidate for Governor of Mississippi. He was appointed Secretary of War by President Franklin Pierce in 1853, serving the whole term. He promoted surveys of the Western territories with a view to the construction of a railroad to the Pacific coast.

Davis entered the Senate in 1857. The question of slavery extension and of State rights were rising to white heat. Davis was a stalwart defender of State rights. He earnestly opposed the "popular sovereignty" proposed by S. A. Douglas. He held that secession was justifiable as a remedy for the grievances of the South. The South Carolina ordinance of secession was adopted on December 20, 1860, and was soon followed by the withdrawal of other States. Davis delivered his farewell speech in the Senate on January 24, 1861. A convention of six seceding States (South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Florida) was held in Montgomery, Alabama, early in February. A provisional constitution was adopted, and the Presidency conferred upon Jefferson Davis, with Alexander H. Stephens as Vice-President. Davis would have preferred the command of the army; but it

was considered best that he should serve as President. Davis was inaugurated on February 18, 1861.

The new Constitution was almost identical with the Federal Constitution of 1789, although the preamble recognized the doctrine of State rights. Strong efforts were made to induce Virginia and other border States to enter the Confederacy. Pressure was applied in the article which empowered the new Congress to prohibit the introduction of slaves from States which held aloof from the Confederacy.

When the war broke out Davis closed his first message to the Confederate Congress with the famous words, "All we ask is to be let alone." The Confederate capital was removed to Richmond, and Virginia became the chief seat of war. For two years the South hoped for success; but the disasters of Gettysburg and Vicksburg in July, 1863, caused many to lose heart. Davis still had confidence in the armies under Lee and Johnston, and when the latter failed to arrest the advance of Sherman he was removed. His successors were unable to retrieve their losses, or prevent Sherman from marching through Georgia to the sea. Grant was steadily massing his troops around Richmond. Petersburg became the key to the capital. After a stubborn and heroic defence it was evacuated in April, and a week later Lee surrendered to Grant.

Davis was imprisoned in Fortress Monroe, and suffered needless severity for several months. This treatment was undoubtedly due to the resentment felt for the assassination of Lincoln, a tragedy in which Davis had no part and which he honestly and heartily deplored. He was, in 1866, indicted for high treason. Horace Greeley volunteered to become his bondsman, the case never came to trial and the ex-President of the Confederacy was included in the general amnesty of 1868.

Thereafter he lived in seclusion upon a small estate, Beauvoir, Mississippi, the gift of a lady. He died at

New Orleans, December 6, 1889, after devoting his closing years to the writing of the history of the movement of which he was the titular head. This was called *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government* (1881). He was a man of the highest personal integrity, a sincere Christian, thoroughly impressed with the correctness of the political and constitutional views he held and the righteousness of the "Lost Cause," and in his book he declared his adherence to the principle of State sovereignty and his belief in its final triumph.

"Stonewall" Jackson.

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON, better known as "Stonewall" Jackson, was born at Clarksburg, Western Virginia, on January 21, 1824. His family, which was Scotch-Irish, had settled in Virginia as early as 1784. At a very early age he was left an orphan, but was cared for by a near relative until he was invited to live with his uncle, Cummins Jackson, in Lewis County. Here he received the merest rudiments of an education, and he discharged the office of constable and collector, in order to raise the fees for a higher course of instruction. He obtained letters of recommendation for West Point, but so eager was he to secure his appointment that he set out for Washington to present his letters and support his cause in person, and traveled a great part of the way on foot. Dusty and travel-stained, he made his way to his patron's house, and without changing his dress was introduced by him to the War Department. The secretary was pleased with the lad and he was at once made a cadet.

His course at West Point was by no means brilliant; he was plodding and laborious, and learned thoroughly what he did learn. As a youth he was shy

and awkward, rather disposed to silence and solitude, embarrassed in conversation and indifferent to every kind of amusement. His eccentricities were a subject of frequent comment among his companions, who afterwards found that these very peculiarities were in some measure characteristic of original genius.

As a lieutenant he served in the Mexican War of 1846-47, winning the rank of Captain and Major. He resigned from the army in 1852 and was professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Artillery Tactics at the Lexington Military Institute in Virginia. When the war broke out he threw in his lot with his State, though he was not in favor of secession, and he became brigadier-general in the Confederate service. In the first battle of Bull Run he helped to change the fortune of the day, and greatly aided in baffling the progress of the troops sent to join McClellan. He joined Lee near Richmond, did good service in the Shenandoah Valley once more, and with General Longstreet won the second battle of Bull Run. He captured Harper's Ferry and rejoined Lee in time to take part in the battle of Antietam. He commanded the Confederate's right at Fredericksburg and was mortally wounded by his own men while making a reconnaissance at Chancellorsville in 1863.

On the field of Manasses Jackson turned the flank and broke the center of the National troops, and converted certain defeat into a substantial victory for the Confederates. It was on this occasion that he received the name of "Stonewall." General Bernard Bee, in rallying his Georgia troops, at the crisis of the battle called out to them: "See Jackson and his Virginians standing like a stonewall." General Bee was shot down a few minutes after giving this name, which afterwards became an appellation of honor to Jackson and his brigade.

Stonewall Jackson was tall, with an angular and muscular frame. He had a high forehead, sharp nose,

deep-set eyes, and dark, rusty beard. He was far from handsome, and in his movements, walking or riding, always ungraceful and awkward. He rode boldly, but without ease. He was subject to dyspepsia and ate but little. It is characteristic of him that he believed himself to be fond of liquor, yet he never indulged his taste for it. He never joked, though he often smiled when in company. He was always polite in manner, but not disposed to talk. He kept his plans entirely to himself, never volunteered an opinion to his superior, never asked advice from a subordinate. After returning from Mexico he became a member of the Episcopalian Church, but having married a daughter of the Rev. George Junkin, president of Washington College at Lexington, he became a Presbyterian and was made an elder in that denomination. His religious profession was sincere but not ostentatious, but he has often been compared to one of the English leaders under Cromwell.

He was one of the ablest of the Confederate officers and one of the greatest corps commanders on either side during the war. For quickness of movement particularly he was unexcelled. He was a stern warrior, a stranger to all weak sentimentalism, and did not hesitate at the harsh necessities of war—but his soldiers testified in every way their devotion to him. He has left to his beloved Virginia and to his great nation an inspiring example of unfailing devotion to duty practised alike in the din of battle and in the calmer peace of every-day life.

Edgar Allan Poe.

THE wayward child and inimitable genius of American literature, Edgar Allan Poe, was born in Boston of a Southern strolling actor and an English wife of the same profession. His life begins and ends in

obscurity and includes several years about which little is known. He is said to have been born in 1809, 1810, and 1811. He was the second of three children. The father and mother died when they were young, and Edgar was adopted by Mrs. John Allan, the wife of a wealthy tobacco merchant of Richmond. Mr. Allan gave Edgar his own family name and, being without children, educated him as his own son. Edgar was a precocious child, and early learned to declaim poetry, to dance, to ride, to draw, etc. As a child he attended school at Richmond, and in 1815 was taken by his adopted parents on a long visit to England. At the Manor House school at Stoke Newington, near London, he remained until 1820, receiving the usual education of an English boy and visiting the Allans in London at intervals. It has been pointed out that presumably Poe obtained during this period his knowledge of old-world customs and edifices afterward used so effectively in his tales, for Stoke Newington was historic ground.

On his return he continued his elementary studies in French and Latin at the school of Joseph H. Clarke, a Dublin University graduate, in Richmond. He was not considered a diligent student, but was noted for his ability to write verse both in English and Latin. As the son of theatrical parents, he was generally neglected by his aristocratic schoolmates. The death of the mother of one of them, who had shown him attention and whom he loved devotedly, cast a shadow on his life and is thought to have deepened the melancholy side of his character. He entered the University of Virginia in February, 1826, but incurred heavy gambling debts, which Mr. Allan would not pay, and he removed him from the university in December of the same year and set him at work in his own office. Early in 1827 Poe parted from Mr. Allan, and in the summer of that year published his first volume, *Tamerlane and Other Poems*, at Boston. In May, 1828, having been

reduced to extreme financial stringency, he enlisted as a private in the United States Army under the name of Edgar A. Perry. He was made sergeant-major for merit on January 1, 1829, and becoming reconciled with Mr. Allan, whose wife had just died, Mr. Allan procured Poe's discharge from the army in April. At the end of the year he published at Baltimore his second volume, *Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems* (1829). Mr. Allan meanwhile had applied for a cadet's appointment at West Point, which Poe received, entering the Military Academy on July 1, 1830. He stood well in some studies, but becoming discontented, purposely took a course which resulted in his being dismissed on March 6, 1831. Mr. Allan, who had previously declined to countenance his resignation and who had remarried, was permanently estranged by this act.

Poe published his poems in 1831 and for the next two years no one knew how he supported himself. In 1833 *A Manuscript Found in a Bottle* appeared, and this led to his employment on *The Southern Literary Messenger,* for which he wrote much. He removed to Baltimore, and in 1835 or 1836 married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, who died in 1847. He loved her devotedly and her sweet and gentle nature was the one control over his restless genius. During all these years he was full of literary activity, was engaged by N. P. Willis, and published his famous poem, "The Raven." He removed to New York in 1845. After his wife's death he struggled on, fighting against illness and weakness. During this period he wrote "Eureka," "The Bells," and "Ulalume." Later on he went to Baltimore, where he was taken ill and died.

Poe's poetry is among the most musical and imaginative in the language. His stories have for sixty years served as models for French writers; and of all our creative authors Poe has greatest claim to be considered cosmopolitan. His best work in verse and fiction rises into the loftiest realm of art, and is inde-

pendent of any associations of time or place. Poe made Rufus Wilmot Griswold his literary executor, and Griswold carried out his duties faithfully to the extent of his ability, save in the bitterness of the "Memoir" published in his edition of Poe's Works (3 vols., 1850; 4 vols., 1856). By the later biographers and critics of Poe his rightful place in the literary firmament has been assigned.

Alexander H. Stephens.

OF all the soldiers on the side of the South during the Civil War, A. H. Stephens was most in the confidence of the North, enjoying the confidence and respect of both sides, and he was the most earnest in his frequent but useless efforts to end the struggle. Loyal Southerner as he was, he took a most prominent and honorable part in the legislation for the restoration and reconstruction of the Union when once the war was over.

Alexander Hamilton Stephens was born near Crawfordsville, Georgia, on February 11, 1812. He was descended from an Englishman who came to America in 1746, served as captain in the Revolutionary Army, and afterwards settled in Georgia. He was sent to Franklin College by friends. He graduated in 1832 with the first honor, and having determined to study law, he earned money by teaching to repay his college expenses. Admitted to the bar he quickly won a good position.

In 1836 he was elected to the State legislature and secured appropriations for railroads and for the Mason Female College, the first college for the classical education of women. In 1843 he was elected to Congress, became a leader of the Southern Whigs, and advocated the annexation of Texas by Congressional action. He supported Henry Clay for the presidency in 1844, and

opposed the policy of President Polk in regard to the Mexican War. In 1848, in consequence of a political dispute, he recklessly engaged in a personal encounter with Judge Cone at a hotel in Atlanta and was severely cut in the right hand. He assisted in securing the election of Zachary Taylor as President in 1848. When secession was advocated in the South in 1850 Stephens set himself in opposition and drew up the "Georgia platform," which declared "the American Union secondary in importance only to the rights and principles it was designed to perpetuate." In 1852 General Winfield Scott refused to endorse this platform, and Stephens withdrew his support.

He constantly opposed secession for years, but when the State Convention adopted the ordinance of secession Stephens at once yielded obedience, declaring slavery to be the cornerstone of the new government, and his declaration to that effect caused him immediately to be chosen Vice-President of the Provisional Government of the Confederate States.

When the Confederacy was overthrown Stephens was arrested at his home, Liberty Hall. He was confined for six months in Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, but in October, 1865, was released on parole, and at once set to work to heal the breaches caused by the great national struggle. He prepared a history, *The War Between the States* (2 vols., 1867-70), and a *School History of the United States* (1871). He was elected to the House of Representatives in 1874, and continued to serve till 1882, although he was severely crippled by rheumatism, had to use crutches, and later to be moved in a wheel-chair. When he resigned the people of Georgia had confidence in him, and elected him Governor by 60,000 majority. His last public speech was made at Savannah on February 12, 1883, in the Georgia sesqui-centennial celebration.

Slender and boyish-looking in person, Stephens' voice was shrill and piping. He suffered from chronic

illness and weighed barely a hundred pounds. He was always bold in expressing his opinions, and often took views which aroused antagonism from both extremes. He was generally on friendly terms with his political opponents, and ready to acknowledge their merits. He died at Atlanta, Georgia, March 4, 1883.

Leo Tolstoy.

THE story of Leo Tolstoy, the great Russian novelist and social reformer, is one which must be studied in its entirety when one is mature and has had some experience of life. He wrote three books called *Childhood, Boyhood,* and *Youth,* which give a more or less accurate description of his own experiences and analyze and describe in minute detail the feelings of the individual in these three stages of existence; they show the development of the boy's thoughts, with a sort of background of men and events, and their sincerity gives them a great charm.

Tolstoy was born in 1828 and died in 1910, and during his long life had more experiences than fall to the lot of most men. He lost his mother when he was barely three years old and his father three years later. He was plain and very sensitive about his looks, and suffered keenly from want of notice and affection. He would hide from his playmates and spend hours in lonely brooding. One day it suddenly dawned upon him that as death was sure to come the only way to be happy was to enjoy the present and take no care for the future, so he threw aside his books and gave up his duties, passing his time in eating sweetmeats and reading fairy-tales; but this mood soon passed. He spent much time in hunting and shooting, and found the schoolroom a tedious place, although his memory of it was treasured ever afterwards. He then went to reside with an aunt, and lived amid scenes of social

gaiety, pleasure, and frivolity. He went to the university, but his revolutionary spirit and unconventional ideas convinced him that he was wasting time in such a hotbed of orthodox conventionalities. When he became acquainted with the state of the peasantry he was thrown into a state of gloom, which endured for some time; he then entered the army, went through the Crimean War, after which his writings began to attract notice.

The war over, he identified himself with the people and the cause of progress, and devoted himself to educational reform, writing on these subjects from time to time as he felt himself impelled. In 1862 he married, and subsequently had thirteen children, living on his farm, on which he did much of the manual labor himself. Always writing, he now renounced the conditions of living in his own class and lived the life of a peasant, identifying himself with a sect called the Doukhobors, which afterwards emigrated in a body to America.

Tolstoy was always seeking the truth and how to do good by his life and by his pen. His methods often defeated his purpose and brought pain and trouble upon himself and those he would have sheltered and protected, while he shocked many by unnecessary plain speaking; but he certainly made men and women think more seriously and more deeply than before, and it is yet too early to judge of the result of his somewhat desultory work.

Jacob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

THE above is the full name of the great German musical composer known to the world as Mendelssohn, who lived through the first half of the nineteenth century. His father founded the banking business in Berlin, which is still well known. The relation between father and son may be summed up in a quotation

from a letter written to Schubring, December 6, 1835: "I do not know whether you are aware that, especially for some years past, my father was so good to me, so thoroughly my friend, that I was devoted to him with my whole soul, and during my long absences scarcely ever passed an hour without thinking of him."

Mendelssohn appeared in public as a pianist before he was seven years old, and when he was seventeen had composed the well-known music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." In 1829 he made his first appearance in England, but he spent the most of his life in Leipsic, making frequent visits to England, where he and his music were immensely popular. The works of Mendelssohn, symphonies, overtures, concertos, sonatas, Fantasia in F Minor—songs without words for piano—his octets, quintets, quartos, trios, etc., are all looked upon as standard. His oratorios, "Elijah" and "St. Paul," are almost as well loved as those of Handel, and his songs are favorites the world over. His music is all pure melody, full of cheerfulness, calm content, quiet solace, and pure enjoyment, reflecting, one might say, the life of happiness which he enjoyed. His life is a singular example of genius, growing and blossoming on fertile soil in a favorable climate. Goethe wrote of Mendelssohn that he was born upon a lucky day. The name Felix was a felicitous definition of his bright, sunny nature and disposition. He was brought up and educated at home and freely mixed with his elders in the social gatherings at his father's house. As a child he was remarkable for personal beauty, and that, with his wonderful talents, attracted the notice of all who came in contact with him. One writes of his "pretty brown curls," and another describes him as a beautiful boy, with decidedly Jewish features, slender and supple, with long wavy black locks flowing down his back. If Felix had had to rough it at a public school his disposition would have been hardened to a certain extent and he might not have been so easily offended

and "out of sorts" as happened at times. It is certain that as a boy he was very decided in his opinion and in his expression of it. Whether he was treated with undue deference on account of his social position, or whatever the cause, he was a caustic critic of art and artists; "over-ripe and almost dogmatic" were his utterances, though he grew out of much of that in after life.

As a young man Felix was on the best of terms with himself. The world and he were very good friends, and his social position secured for him advantages denied to most young musicians at the outset of their careers. He had, too, the pride of the artist, and once related how, on a visit to Goethe at Weimar, he was summoned to play before the Grand Duchess and the Court circle. On his arrival at the Belvidere, with Madame Goethe, he was asked his name by an official, and while the lady passed on Felix was shown into a small waiting-room where cloaks and wrappings were deposited. There he was told to wait until summoned to the Court presence. He chafed and fumed for half an hour, then seized his hat and rushed out. The servants tried to stop him; he must not go; there will be much displeasure, and so forth; but the youth was off, straight across the fields, to Goethe's house, and the assembly had to go without their pianist.

When he first visited London, in 1829, Felix was received into society and made much of in every direction; and the young man of twenty possessed qualities of person and mind that were calculated to attract and fascinate. It was at this age that he was described as "of middle height, slender frame, and of uncommon muscular power, a capital gymnast, swimmer, walker, rider, and dancer; the leading feature of his outward and inner nature was extraordinary sensitiveness. Excitement stimulated him to the verge of frenzy, from which he was restored by his sound, death-like sleep. His brain had from childhood been taxed excessively

by the university course, study of modern languages, drawing, and much else, and to these was added the study of music in its profoundest sense. . . . His manners were most pleasing. His features, of the Oriental type, were handsome; large, expressive dark eyes, with drooping lids and a peculiar veiled glance through the lashes; this, however, sometimes flashed distrust or anger, sometimes happy dreaming and expectancy. . . . An extreme mobility about his mouth betrayed every emotion that passed within."

So young, handsome, and wealthy, it was small wonder that he found the world at his feet. He enjoyed society, and was not insensible to the charms of the gentler sex. He was always falling in love, as his letters show, but no breath of scandal bedimmed the shining brightness of his character, and he was one to be loved. He had his faults, though the glamor of his personality hid them from his friends. One has said: "To his friends he was frankly devoted; it was indeed felicity to be beloved by Felix. At the same time it must be confessed that his affection was exclusive to the utmost; he loved only in the measure as he was loved. This was the solitary dark speck in his sunny disposition. He was the spoiled child of fortune, unused to hardship or opposition; it remains a marvel that egotism did not prevail more than it did over his inborn nobleness and straightforwardness. The atmosphere of love and appreciation in which he had been nurtured was a condition of life to him."

In his later years the abundant wavy black hair thinned, and with partial baldness came traces of gray; his sensitiveness brought back much of the old irritability, and he became agitated by the most trifling circumstances. Perhaps no man revealed himself so much as Felix did in his correspondence. He might be said, literally, to wear his heart on his sleeve; his varying moods, his petulant outbursts, his playful and tender expressions are so many indications of his character.

He was no philosopher, pondering on the deep or the obscure, but a bright, healthy participator in the practical things of life. In his domestic relations his character was seen at its best. He was a good son, an affectionate brother, a loving husband and father.

Joseph Haydn.

HAYDN has been called the "master of melody" and the "creator of symphony." He was born near Vienna in 1732 and lived until 1809. He was the son of a wheelwright, who was also the sexton of the parish church. At eight years of age Joseph joined the choir of the cathedral in Vienna, where he remained until he was seventeen and where he made many useful friends and composed his first string quartet.

He is famous for his twelve great symphonies, his sonatas, his masses and his church music generally, but the crowning work of all is his "Creation."

The personal appearance of Haydn was not prepossessing; his face was deeply pitted with smallpox, and the nose, large and aquiline, was disfigured by a polypus which he had inherited from his mother. In complexion he was so dark as to have earned in some quarters the familiar nickname of "The Moor." His underlip was thick and hanging, his jaw massive. "The mouth and chin are Philistine," wrote Lavater, "but there is something out of the common in the eyes and the nose." The eyes were dark gray. They are described as "beaming with benevolence," and he used to say himself: "Anyone can see by the look of me that I am a good-natured fellow."

In stature he was rather under the middle height, with legs disproportionately short, a defect rendered more noticeable by the style of his dress, which he refused to change with the changes of fashion. Another writer says: "His features were regular, his expres-

sion animated, yet at the same time temperate, gentle, and attractive. His face wore a stern look when in repose, but in conversation it was smiling and cheerful. I never heard him laugh out loud. His build was substantial, but deficient in muscle." From these testimonials we get the impression of a rather unusual combination of the attractive and repulsive, the intellectual and the vulgar. What Lavater described as the "lofty and good" brow was partly concealed by a wig, with side curls and a pig-tail, which he wore to the last. In London he was something of a "lion," but it is doubtful if he enjoyed the conventional diversions of society. Yet he liked the company of ladies, especially when they were personally attractive. Of children he was passionately fond, a fact which lends additional melancholy to his own unhappy and childless home life.

He was not highly educated, and he does not seem to have taken much interest in anything outside his profession. Mr. Russell Lowell remarks that a letter which is not mainly about the writer loses its prime flavor. Haydn's letters are seldom "mainly about the writer." They help us very little in seeking to get at what Newman called "the inside of things," though some embody valuable suggestions. He habitually spoke in the broad dialect of his native place. He knew Italian well and French a little, and he had enough Latin to enable him to set the Church services to music. Of English he was almost entirely ignorant until he went to London in 1791, when we hear of him walking in the country lanes with an English grammar in hand.

Of his generosity and his kindness to fellow artists there are many proofs. In 1800 he speaks of himself as having "willingly endeavored all my life to assist everyone," and the words were no empty boast. No man was, in fact, more ready to perform a good deed. He had many needy relations always looking to him for aid, and their claims were seldom refused. A brother artist in distress was sure of help, and talented young

men found him a valuable friend, giving advice or his gold, as the case might require. That he was sometimes imposed upon goes without saying. He has been charged with avarice, but the charge is wholly unfounded. He was simply careful in money matters, and that, to a large extent, because of the demands that were constantly being made upon him. In commercial concerns he was certainly sharp and shrewd, and attempts to take advantage of him always aroused his indignation. He was himself upright and honest in all his dealings, and he never forgot a kindness. He was absolutely without malice, and there are several instances of his repaying a slight with a generous deed or a thoughtful action. He carried his kindness and gentleness even into "the troubled region of artistic life," and made friends where other men would have made foes.

The world has seen many an instance of genius without industry, as of industry without genius. In Haydn the two were happily wedded. He was always an early riser, and long after his student days were over he worked steadily from sixteen to eighteen hours a day. He lived strictly by a self-imposed routine, and he was so little addicted to what Sir Walter Scott called "bed-gown-and-slipper tricks" that he never sat down to work or received a visitor until he was fully dressed. There are no incredible tales of dashing off scores in the twinkling of an eye. That he produced so much must be attributed to his habit of devoting all his leisure to composition. He was not a rapid worker, for he never put down anything till he was "quite sure it was the right thing"—a habit of mind indicated by his neat and uniform handwriting—and he says himself: "I never was a quick writer, and always composed with care and deliberation." "That alone," he added, "is the way to compose work that will last, and a real connoisseur can see at a glance whether a score has been written in undue haste or not." He is quoted as saying

that "genius is always prolific." However the saying may be interpreted, there does not seem to have been about him anything of what has been called the irregular dishabille of composers, "the natural result of the habit of genius of watching for an inspiration and encouraging it to take possession of the whole being when it comes."

His practice was to sketch out his ideas roughly in the morning and elaborate them in the afternoon, taking pains to preserve unity in idea and form. "That is where so many young composers fail," he said in reference to the latter point. "They string together a number of fragments; they break off almost as soon as they have begun, and so at the end the listener carries off no definite impression." The importance of melody he specially emphasized. "It is the air which is the charm of music, and it is that which is most difficult to produce. The invention of a fine melody is the work of genius." In another place he says: "In vocal composition, the art of producing beautiful melody may now almost be considered as lost; and when a composer is so fortunate as to throw forth a passage that is really melodious he is sure, if he be not sensible of its excellence, to overwhelm and destroy it by the fulness and superfluity of his instrumental parts."

Sir Christopher Wren.

IN the far-off days when the Romans invaded Britain they erected a temple to Diana, the virgin huntress of the old Greek and Roman mythology, on the hill on the north bank of the river Thames, which rises in the center of the city of London. This remained for nearly seven hundred years afterwards, when a monastery to Saint Paul was erected in its place, which after standing for over three hundred years was destroyed by fire. It was replaced by a vast Gothic cathedral, which took

two hundred years to build. This was completely burned down in the Great Fire of 1666 when London was nearly wiped out by the flames. A new cathedral was at once planned; the first stone was laid in 1675 and it was completed in 1710. This magnificent building is in the form of a Latin cross; it measures from east to west five hundred feet, from north to south two hundred and eighty feet. It has two handsome towers and an imposing portico at the west end, and the building is crowned by a dome three hundred and seventy feet high and one hundred and forty-five feet in circumference, from the top of which a view can be had over the whole of London. There is a whispering gallery in the dome in which if a person whispers to the wall, another with his ear to the wall opposite, nearly fifty feet away, can hear what is said as if it were loudly spoken by his side.

In this cathedral repose many of England's mighty dead and the monuments there are of world-wide interest. There is one to Dr. Donne, the famous English poet and divine; one to Dr. Samuel Johnson, the famous dictionary-maker and essayist; to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great painter; Sir John Moore, whose burial the poet has described in unforgetable lines; Admiral St. Vincent Rodney; the great Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar; the Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo, and Lord Cornwallis of Yorktown fame. The two great artists of the nineteenth century, Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir John Millais, have monuments here, and last but not least, in this glorious but imperfect string of names there lies buried in the crypt the architect of the great cathedral, Sir Christopher Wren, with the inscription above him, engraved on a stone in Latin, *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice,* "If you seek his monument, look around."

Sir Christopher Wren, the great English architect, was the son of a clergyman. He was born in 1632 and lived until 1723. Educated at Oxford University, he

distinguished himself in mathematics, and the great Sir Isaac Newton spoke highly of his work. He became professor of astronomy at Gresham College in London and at Oxford. But he was destined to become famous not for his astronomical teaching, but for his architectural creations. Just before the Great Fire in London in 1666 King Charles II had asked Wren to prepare a design for the restoration of old St. Paul's. While the plans were under discussion the fire occurred, and the cathedral was completely gutted. Attempts were made to restore it from its ruins, but at last it was decided to build an entirely new cathedral, and Wren was called on to make the plans. Several designs were made and discussed, and thrown aside, and when at last a plan was decided on, Wren, without consulting anyone, modified and improved very considerably from time to time as the work went on; so much so indeed that one would hardly believe that the approved plan could be that of the existing St. Paul's Cathedral. But experts tell us that every departure made from the original plan was for the improvement of the whole edifice.

Not only was Wren an artistic designer of buildings, but he was a scientific engineer and a practical architect as well, and some of the greatest architects tell us that there are many points in the building of St. Paul's Cathedral that are marvels of constructive ingenuity. But Wren's activities did not end with St. Paul's Cathedral. He made plans for the rebuilding of more than fifty burned-out churches and for the laying out of the entire city of London on a new plan, with a series of wide streets starting from a central square. As interests of property owners stood in the way this project had to be abandoned. However, the churches still stand as monuments to his genius. Among them are St. Michael's, Cornhill, St. Brides in Fleet Street, St. Mary-le-Bow of Cheapside (where the famous Bow Bells rung which recalled Dick Whitting-

ton to be thrice Lord Mayor of London), and St. Stephen's, Walbrook. The most remarkable thing about most of Wren's churches is the wonderful grace and invention shown in designing the spires. Many of the church spires in the United States are copied from those of Sir Christopher Wren.

Besides these churches, and among many other buildings, he designed the Custom House, the Royal Exchange, Marlborough House and Buckingham Palace in London; the Sheldonian Theater, the Ashmolean Museum, the Tom Tower of Christ Church, and Queen's College Chapel at Oxford; the Library of Trinity College and Pembroke Chapel at Cambridge.

Sir Christopher Wren lived a long, useful and distinguished life. He was surveyor of the royal works for fifty years, a position which he lost by a disgraceful conspiracy.

Joseph Mallord William Turner.

IN the year 1775 a barber lived in a dark little shop, No. 26 Maiden Lane, London, standing on the left of Hand Court, which lies close to the southwest corner of Covent Garden. The surroundings were not calculated to foster a great genius. The house was dark and small, the windows long and low, the narrow stairs steep and winding, the rooms low-pitched and confined, and the barber lived most of his time in the cellar under his shop. The district round about was theatrical, and these were the days of the great David Garrick. There was also the studio of a society of artists opposite, in what had once been the "Cider Cellar," of which you will read more in some of Thackeray's novels.

There was a gloomy low archway, with an iron gate, and coming out of the sunlight a stranger would have to stand a moment in the dim light before he could see the narrow door to the left which led into the hair-

dresser's shop. There was a window gay with wigs, the name over the door was Turner. Mr. Turner was a cheerful little man, spare and muscular, with small blue eyes, a hook nose, a projecting chin, and a fresh, healthy complexion. He talked fast and always had a smile upon his face. The barber had come to London in early life from South Molton, in Devonshire, and had married a lady named Mallord, or Marshall, who lived in the village of Islington. The barber's wife had pale-blue eyes, an aquiline nose, and a slight fall to her lower lip. Her hair was well frizzed, and she wore a cap with large flappers. On the 23d of April a son was born to this couple to whom was given the name of Joseph Mallord William Turner. This boy became the most famous of all English landscape painters and colorists; he lived to leave a fortune of $700,000, and bequeathed to the nation the bulk of his work, consisting of three hundred and sixty-two pictures and nineteen thousand drawings.

Like most artists he began to draw when very young. When at school he indulged in his taste by stealth, afterwards he studied flower drawing under a master. Then he was sent to school at Margate, making the trip by water. Here he made many friends, and he always retained an affection for the white cliffs and broad sands of this bright little seaside resort. As time went on he earned money by coloring engravings, by touching up amateurs' designs, and by adding skies and backgrounds to architects' designs. He learned to draw from every chance opportunity, in the market-place, among the shipping on the River Thames. He early copied drawings from the old masters and began to paint in oils.

At length, in 1789, he became a student of the Royal Academy and exhibited his first picture in the following year. Once when Sir Joshua Reynolds was lecturing, the floor gave way, causing a severe panic. Sir Joshua alone remained unmoved. When asked

what his thoughts were at that terrible moment he said, "I was thinking that if we all perished the art of England would have been thrown back five hundred years." He little thought that Turner, the young student standing beside him, would have been the greatest loss of all.

When Turner was at Margate he fell in love with the sister of a schoolmaster and they became engaged. When Turner went away he left his sweetheart a picture of himself and promised to write often. But the months followed each other, and no letters came. Turner was working hard in London, or wandering about England, painting its beauties and making a name for himself. The poor girl, made wretched by a stepmother, who, it appears, intercepted all the letters, waited on, with no news from her lover, except the scraps of records in the newspapers describing his pictures. Two years rolled by, and another lover came to press his suit, when, believing herself forsaken, and unable any longer to resist the chance of disengaging herself from her stepmother's persecution, she at last yielded to her suitor's importunities. The day for the marriage was fixed and everything prepared, when within a week of the appointed day Turner suddenly arrived from a distant tour. He had written constantly, and though he had received no replies, his faith had remained unshaken. One can only imagine what these two said to each other; but the lady felt that it was then too late, and Turner, in bitter grief, left her, vowing he would never marry.

The young artist never recovered from his disappointment, and was forever afterwards dwelling on the loss he had sustained. That he loved this lady there can be no doubt. The misery of his whole scathed life and the constant dwelling on these sad words, "The Fallacies of Hope," the title of a long poem he composed, quotations from which he used for many of his pictures, are fully sufficient to prove that. He grad-

ually began to change, and became self-concentrated and reserved, more fond of money, and at the same time his passionate devotion to his art became intensified. He visited Yorkshire in 1797, and this seems to have been one of the turning points of his artistic career, and in 1802 he was elected R. A.

The whole of Turner's work is based upon extraordinary observation ceaselessly acquired, a rare perception of color, and much of what must be called intuitive knowledge for the want of a better word. A sunset on the Rhine taught him more than all the schools. He transcribed direct from nature the sky, the clouds, the earth, and the trees. He revealed "the largeness of things"; he painted sunlight as it was never painted before, and produced wondrous atmospheric effects on his canvas.

Want of sympathy, misunderstanding, loneliness, and bitterness of heart often destroyed his balance, and he died in a miserable lodging with the sun shining on his face. Almost his last words were, "The sun is God."

Many good examples of Turner's art, both in oil and water-color, are in public and private collections in the United States. His "Slave Ship" is in the Boston Museum; "The Grand Canal," one of his numerous Venetian subjects, is in the Metropolitan Museum, New York; "Norham Castle" and "The Fountain of Indolence" are in a private collection in the same city, and "A Scene on the French Coast" and "Staffa" are at the Lenox Library, New York.

Ludwig von Beethoven.

"TO measure Beethoven's influence is like measuring Shakespeare's," says one of his biographers, and truly it is as colossal and as difficult to define—every school of modern music claims to have

been affected by it. "And it is as certain as anything in the history of art that there never will be a time when Beethoven's work does not occupy the central place in a sound musical mind," says the same writer.

Beethoven, like so many of the flowers of musical genius, blossomed early. He was the grandson and the son of musicians; his father was a tenor singer at one of the minor courts in Bonn, Germany, where Ludwig was born in 1770. The father was of a rough and violent temper, made worse by his passion for drink; and this, and the dire poverty in which the family lived, made the boy's life a very unhappy one. At the age of ten years he composed and published a set of variations on a march by Dressler; in 1787 he visited Vienna and took a few lessons from Mozart, who was astonished at his genius. He returned to Bonn and supported his family for five years, succeeding his father, who had become incapable of performing his duties. His life henceforth, though outwardly uneventful, was the most pathetic of tragedies. "Beneath a mass of distressing grotesque and sordid detail," says one, "there was a nobility of character, and an unswerving devotion to the highest moral ideas throughout every distress and temptation to which a passionate and totally impractical temper and the growing shadow of a terrible misfortune could oppose a man. But in his works he grappled with fate and in a great measure conquered it." His sonatas won for him honor and fame; they belong to the highest order of musical composition, and whether in range, depth and truth of thought, perfect sense of beauty or absolute conscientiousness of execution, Beethoven is, says Donald F. Tovey, "the greatest musician, perhaps the greatest artist, that ever lived." Vast power, intense passion, and infinite tenderness are shown in all his compositions, and they abound both in the sweetest of melody and the grandest and most complicated harmony.

When he was about forty years old he was attacked

with deafness, which became total and lasted through life. He gradually became morbidly irritable and full of hopeless melancholy, and at last ended in dropsy, delirium, and death. His disorder was evidently inherited, and aggravated by lack of care and good food in his childhood. He died in Vienna in 1827 and was unmarried. Among the most celebrated of his works are the opera of "Fidelio," the oratorio of the "Mount of Olives," the cantata "Adelaide," the Heroic and the Pastoral Symphonies, the Concerto in C Minor, the Sonata "Pathétique" and the Sonata with Funeral March.

George Frederick Handel.

THE work of no composer of music in classical form has had a wider appeal to English-speaking people than that of G. F. Handel. He was born in Germany in 1685 and died in England in 1759. George Frederick, as a child, liked toys that made a noise, and his friends gave him small drums and trumpets, whistles, horns, etc. He early discovered what music could be got from a Jew's harp, and also from a flute, and with the aid of his playmates he organized an orchestra in which all these instruments were played. His father laughed at first, and thought it only a childish freak, but when he discovered that his boy was in earnest and that music was as the breath of life to him, he set his face sternly against it and declared "he would have no more of such jingling." He forbade all practising of music of any kind, and declared that henceforth "all houses in which music is practised must be avoided." He was an old man, and perhaps disliked noise of any kind; over and above this, he believed that music was not a profitable study for an embryo lawyer.

This prohibition was the only cloud between father

and son, for the child was obedient and applied himself fairly well to his tasks; but without music he could not live, and it is extremely probable that his mother or aunt aided and abetted him in evading his father's commands. Someone, at all events, must have helped him, for he managed to get hold of an old clavichord, an instrument which we who have our pianos should be inclined to despise, but which was of untold value to the boy.

A clavichord is a sort of keyboard instrument not unlike those which we sometimes see played at the corners of the streets. It was not quite dumb, though its sounds were so muffled that they were scarcely audible except to the performer, and its sounds were often called "Mouse-music." Some stood on legs like the old spinets, and others could be placed on a table; and it was probably a small clavichord of this latter kind that George Frederick Handel carried up to a garret into which his father was not likely to penetrate.

The love of music conquered sleep when he became the happy owner of this precious instrument; and when the rest of the family were wrapped in slumber he used to steal to his garret and practise what he knew or had heard and improvise new melodies for himself. He was one of the few whose inborn genius can find its own way to a great extent without the aid of lessons, and these stolen practisings were of inestimable value. It was scarcely possible to prevent any inhabitant of Halle from occasionally hearing good music, for two or three times a week it was then, as now, the custom to play or sing chorales on the tower of one of the churches. These were seasons of delight to George Frederick, as he stood and listened, retaining the melodies and reproducing them on his clavichord as soon as he had the opportunity. Thus the flame was kept alight and fed from time to time with music that probably gave the tone and color to future masterpieces.

In 1703 he became a violinist in the opera-house at

Hamburg. Here he produced four operas, and then went on a journey to Italy to study the best models of classical composition to be found there. He stayed in Italy for three years and produced three more operas under the influence of the Italian school.

It may be well here, and in view of what is to follow, to explain what is meant by *opera*. Opera is a drama, the expression of which is mostly by means of music, wholly or mostly sung, consisting of recitatives, arias, choruses, duets, trios, etc., with orchestral accompaniments, scenery, action, and appropriate costume. Modern opera came into existence about three hundred years ago. The Italians were the leaders, the French came next, and then the Germans. Handel, though he has several operas to his credit, is not considered among the great composers of operatic music. His fame rests upon his oratorios. An *oratorio,* like an opera, is a drama generally founded on some scriptural theme interpreted by music in recitatives, arias, choruses, duets, trios, etc., with orchestral accompaniment, but unlike opera, it is presented without action, scenery or costume.

After his visit to Italy Handel became musical director to the Elector of Hanover in Germany, who afterwards became George I, of England, and one of the few good things that the Georges did for England was the bringing of Handel to London. Here he produced two new operas, but the signs of his future greatness and popularity with English-speaking people appeared when, to celebrate the peace of Utrecht, he composed a "Te Deum" and a "Jubilate," set to English words, which were performed in St. Paul's Cathedral in 1773. This led to his being made director of the music in the private chapel of the Duke of Chandos, where he composed, among other things, the famous "Harmonious Blacksmith." He left the service of the Duke to direct the affairs of a Royal Academy of Music, but that, and another venture of a similar kind,

collapsed, and afterwards Handel gave his attention solely to oratorio.

In 1739 "Saul" was produced, and in the same year "Israel in Egypt," with its magnificent descriptive chorus-writing. Three years later "The Messiah" was first produced in Dublin. This, the most wonderful and the most popular of his oratorios, was written in twenty-four days. His other oratorios are "Judas Maccabæus," "Joshua," "Solomon," "Theodora," and "Jephthah." He became blind towards the end of his life, and he died just before Easter Day. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a striking and impressive portrait monument was erected to his memory.

Handel was a large and powerful man, both in person and character. His temper was liable to sudden outbursts, but he had a deep religious sense. As a composer he is seen at his best in the choruses of his oratorios. No one has ever better understood how to get great effects by simple means. His style is direct and vigorous, dramatically powerful, and occasionally, as in some of his oratorio airs, marked by deep emotional feeling. His works have always been more popular in England and America than elsewhere. The Handel Triennial Festival at the Crystal Palace has long been a recognized institution. Representative selections from his works are sung by picked choirs, the singers and orchestra numbering over five thousand. There is no more impressive function than when the mass of the audience rises to the first strains of the "Hallelujah Chorus" of "The Messiah," remaining standing until it is finished, as has been the custom in England ever since it was first given.

Albert Dürer.

THE name of Albert Dürer stands high among those who gave to the arts of engraving on metal and on wood, draughtsmanship, and painting the high position they attained in Europe before and at the time of the discovery of the art of printing and book manufacture. His father was a goldsmith and taught his son the business and afterwards apprenticed him to a celebrated painter. Albert painted many pictures, chiefly religious in character, and designed and engraved many illustrations on copper and on wood which are among the most highly prized treasures of the art-lover. Dürer lived from 1471 to 1528, and to him we owe the foundation of the art of book illustration as we know it today.

The original printed illustrated book, made before movable types were introduced, had each page, pictures and text, engraved on a single block of wood. Some of them had the picture printed and the matter written in afterwards; both these classes of books were known as "Block-Books."

Prior to John Gutenberg's use of movable types for printing, the whole population of Europe may be considered to have been in a state of intellectual childhood, a few learned ecclesiastics alone excepted. For some years before Gutenberg's time, how many it is difficult to say, the art of printing "Block-Books" had been known and practised. These Block-Books may be looked upon as the origin of our books of today, and especially of books for children. In rough and rudimentary form they presented pictorially the great truths of Christianity in a manner which appealed directly to the masses of uninstructed grown-up people, who could neither read nor write and who were in intelligence and culture less advanced than the young people of today. Indeed, it would not be difficult to maintain that the desire to benefit the rising generation

was the chief motive that brought about the art of printing. For the examples that have been preserved clearly show how impressions of roughly engraved pictorial views of the sacred story, fables, etc., first were made; later came the combination of an engraved descriptive text with the pictures on the same block; and then almost the first use made of movable types was the printing of "Donaten," "Donatuses" or "Rudiments of Grammar." The necessity for making many manuscript copies of these latter, so as to place them in the hands of each pupil at the revival of learning, which was taking place about this time, was most likely one of the strongest incentives which led to the invention of the printing art.

The following extracts from the late Samuel Sotheby's exhaustive work in three volumes folio on the Block-Books, issued during the fifteenth century in Holland, Flanders, and Germany, are interesting in connection with this subject:

"The revival of art and literature, after a comparative darkness during ten centuries, was the herald of a mechanical power destined for the promulgation of truth in all parts of the world.

"The religious dissensions that spread over all parts of Europe brought forth powers destined to effect a change in the faith, not merely of kings, princes, and nobles, but of man in general, and to create an almost universal thirst for knowledge. At the commencement of the fourteenth century universities began to be established—the spirit of popular education was awakened. The advocates of Christianity adopted the same means of arousing the minds of the unenlightened as are now used by the missionaries in China, Africa, and other parts of the world. One of the earliest methods was by the circulation of engraved images of saints and representations of devotional subjects. These were probably issued as early as the middle of the fourteenth century. Soon after this the

Scriptures were promulgated by means of pictorial representations of many of the histories related in the Bible; such being selected as were most likely to attract the attention of the untutored mind. Hence the works that are bibliographically known as Block-Books, a name expressive of the fact that the subjects of which they are composed were engraved on blocks of wood. The Block-Books, however, cannot be considered as exhibiting the artistic skill either of the Low Countries or of Germany. With the exceptions of the earliest editions of the *Bible Pauperum,* the *Ars Moriendi,* and the *Cantica Canticorum,* they can be regarded as little more than the rude productions of the ordinary wood-engravers of the time, in very much the same way as the coarser engravings in the cheaper class of periodical literature of the present day are to be compared with the better designs that now monthly and weekly appear in the journals of art and literature. This observation is, however, more applicable to the Block-Books of Germany than to those of the Low Countries, because many of the former were issued at a later period, when Germany abounded with artists, and doubtless with men more skilled in the art of wood-engraving than were those by whom the books handed down to us were executed."

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema.

FEW painters have worked more untiringly, with more thoroughness, and with a greater capacity for taking pains than Alma-Tadema, and these are the three things which have made him unrivaled in his day and generation. He was born January 8, 1836, in West Friesland, which is part of Holland in Europe. His father was a musical enthusiast and a man of artistic accomplishment; he was a notary public, an official who in Europe has generally more to do than a notary

public in this country. When Lawrence (or Laurens, as he was christened) was four years old his father died and left the widow with three boys and a little girl.

From his earliest childhood the boy had a fancy for drawing, and he had plenty of rich subjects at hand both for form and color. The women folk of his time wore quaintly brilliant gowns of many hues, towering caps and veils which had been the costume of the country from time immemorial, and he loved to sketch them. But the art of the painter, like that of the actor, was in those days far from being considered an honorable one, and it was decided that the boy should study for the practice of law. First he had to study the Latin and Greek languages, a study which he afterwards admitted influenced his art all through his life. At fifteen he exhibited a portrait of his sister at one of the Dutch art galleries. About this time his health broke down and he had to give up his legal studies, and he returned to his art work. But he could get no start in Holland. So with all the enthusiasm and high purpose which have characterized his career throughout, he went to Antwerp in Belgium and began to work in the academy there. Here his mother and sister joined him and he worked with and learned much from the Baron Leys. His first public triumph came in 1861 when a sensation was caused in the Antwerp Exhibition with the famous picture called "The School for Vengeance," the engraving of which has made the tour of the world. His mother lived long enough to see and rejoice in his success. The story of Alma-Tadema's life henceforward consists almost of a recapitulation of the pictures he painted. He married in 1863, and afterwards visited Italy and made the acquaintance of George Ebers, the famous novelist, some of whose works were inspired by him and some of Tadema's work was inspired by Ebers.

The story of Alma-Tadema's meeting with "Prince" Gambart, the picture-dealer whose smile or

frown meant so much to the young artists of the time, reads almost like a romance. Gambart was the Napoleon of the Continental art world. To secure his favor, or even his notice, painters would take the utmost pains and make the greatest sacrifices. He controlled the market. There was only one Gambart, and he made his power felt.

It was by this remarkable man that Alma-Tadema was taken up. Although it cannot be said that their introduction was absolutely unpremeditated, neither did the "advance"—if it might be so termed—come actually from Alma-Tadema himself. It may be imagined that countless were the efforts made by young and, for the most part, unrecognized artists to approach the astute Gambart. In the case of Alma-Tadema the introduction was brought about in the following manner:

Gambart was at one time bound for the house of Dyckmans-Dyckmans, a highly successful painter. A loyal and good friend of Alma-Tadema's, Victor Lagye by name, contrived to give Gambart's coachman a wrong address, with the result that the "Prince" in his equipage drew up at the studio of Alma-Tadema instead of at that of Dyckmans. In the doorway stood the young painter, palpitating with excitement. Gambart now perceived his error. But being of a sporting turn of mind he entered the studio. He stood for some minutes in front of the easel whereon was displayed Alma-Tadema's latest effort.

"Is the picture on the easel painted for anybody?" he inquired.

"Yes," replied Alma-Tadema.

"Has the purchaser seen it yet?"

"No."

"Then it is mine!"

And it duly became his. Nor did the matter end here. On his return to Antwerp after the delivery of the first picture the great dealer commissioned no fewer

than twenty-four pictures from Alma-Tadema's brush. Having discovered a genius, his aim, of course, was to bind that genius to him by ropes of gold. He forthwith arranged on a frankly commercial basis to pay his new "find" for his work upon a progressive scale, raising the price with each successive picture delivered.

Six years after they were married Alma-Tadema's wife died, leaving two little girls, Laurence and Anna, both of whom have displayed remarkable talent. Shortly after this he went to London, and in 1871 married his pupil, Miss Laura Theresa Epps, who has since become a celebrated painter herself. Here he made himself a beautiful home, which was wrecked by an explosion on board a barge on the Regents Canal, and he then removed to the house in Hampstead, which is one of the wonder homes of the world from the artistic and the decorative point of view.

In 1873 Alma-Tadema gave to the world the great picture which must stand for all time as the supreme test of his genius, "The Death of the First Born," a wonderful conception of the last plague of Egypt. The beautiful dead first-born lies in the lap of the king (who, finding the doctor's advice of no avail, has gone to the temple to pray the gods for help), but with head resting against the mother's knees. A bandage surrounds the dead child's brow; his arm hangs down limp and motionless. Pharaoh sits as one petrified, but the mother in her passionate grief presses her cheek to the boy's pulseless heart. The baffled physician crouches by the side of the stricken monarch. At Pharaoh's feet the priests have flung themselves in a circle around him, to pray for the first-born's recovery. Behind them the music and chanters join in chorus to induce the gods to yield; and through the doorway one sees Moses and Aaron, awaiting the tyrant's final decision. The canvas is a low one, conveying a remarkable effect of the presumed height of the apartment. It is in every way an epoch-making picture.

Ebers said that was "the most touching painting ever created by an artist's genius," and another famous critic wrote, "This picture produces the impression of a divine hymn."

It is well known to be the one inspiration of his whereby Alma-Tadema is content to be judged. The painting is a prized possession, and it will always remain the cherished property of his descendants. It was commenced in 1857, was finished and exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1874, also in Paris, Brussels, and Berlin. At Paris it won the Gold Medal. Professor Ebers, approaching it from the standpoint of the Egyptologist as well as of the artist, found it altogether faultless in exactness of detail as of treatment.

Another of his pictures, called Sappho, a beautiful picture of some festal dances, called forth the remark from a little child, "I feel when I look at that picture I should like to wear clothes like that, I am so hot in these," and well she might say so, for the picture is full of the glory of cool-looking, cool-tinted robes, worn by the side of "quiet sands and seas." Almost everyone has seen, or will see, at some time his wonderful picture, "A Reading from Homer." It seems scarcely conceivable that he should have painted it in two months; while this was the time occupied in the actual painting of this five-figure subject, eight months were employed in the studies for it and in work upon another picture which the master intended to call "Plato," which he ultimately abandoned. "A Reading from Homer" is a large canvas. One is struck by the compelling beauty of expression in the faces both of the reader and his audience. Entranced and spellbound, they recline, listening to the musical words of the bard, interpreted, we cannot doubt, by a voice worthy of the occasion. All the faces are transfigured as they listen to the enchanting strain. The reader is laurel-wreathed, the lady is not less suitably daffodil-crowned. The numerous accessories forming the setting to an idyllic theme are

none the less effective because inevitable in this particular environment.

A friend once asked Alma-Tadema, "What is your favorite recreation?" "Painting," replied the artist. A favorite axiom of his is, "Nothing is to be done except by close application." He has always preached that there is no royal road to success; and he himself is a shining example of the battle that may be won by pluck and determination, and hard work. Friendless and unaided as he was when first he launched out upon the stormy sea of an art career, the place to which he ultimately attained may well be defined as unique.

Hiram Powers.

THE sculptors of America have been "fit though few," and it is curious that many of them have received but scant attention at the hands of biographers. An example of this is Hiram Powers, of whom no special biography exists. He has a place in Duyckink's *National Portrait Gallery of Eminent Authors,* and there is an article about him by T. A. Trollope in *Lippincott's Magazine* for February, 1875, and this is about all that is available, save brief notices in the encyclopedias. From these we learn that he was the son of a farmer, born at Woodstock, Vermont, in 1805, and it would appear that he lived in an atmosphere little conducive to the cultivation of art. When he was fourteen years old his father went West to Ohio, locating about six miles from Cincinnati, where the boy attended school for a year or so. He left school to take charge of the reading-room in the chief hotel in the town, but he had to leave that "because his shoes and his clothes were fast leaving him," and he found clerking in a general store a more remunerative occupation. His employer invested some money in a clock and organ factory, and the enterprising lad, seeing some

scope for his ingenuity and his talent, set himself to learn the construction of these instruments. In a short time he had so well mastered their mechanism that he became the chief mechanic in the factory. What can a boy not do if he has the will and the power of application?

About this time he made the acquaintance of a German sculptor, who taught him to model in clay, and he afterwards was employed for seven years making wax figures for the Cincinnati Museum and fitting them with machinery. By means of them he gave a representation of the infernal regions to illustrate some of the scenes in Dante's "Inferno," and made a great success. He frequented the studio of Mr. Eckstein and developed a passion for the art of sculpture, and after thoroughly studying the art of modeling and casting, he went to Washington about 1835, made the busts of several distinguished persons, and there his gifts awakened general attention. Two years later he was enabled to go to Italy and settled in Florence, where he remained until his death, earning his way by making busts of living people, although his heart was in the creation of ideal statuary. In 1839 he produced a statue of "Eve" which excited the warm admiration of the best critics, and four years later his famous "Greek Slave" astonished the world and gave him a leading place among the sculptors of his day. Six copies of it in marble were made, and numerous casts of it were sold. Of his "Fisher Boy," produced in 1846, three copies were ordered, and among his other famous works are "Il Penseroso," "Proserpine," "California," "America" (modeled for the great exhibition of 1851 in England), a bust of Washington for the State of Louisiana, a bust of Calhoun for South Carolina, of Daniel Webster for Boston, as well as busts of John Q. Adams, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, and other distinguished Americans. He died in 1873.

Rosa Bonheur.

THAT a woman can do work as good, as strong, and as virile as any man can do is shown by the paintings of Rosa Bonheur, the world-famous French animal painter, who was born in Bordeaux in 1822. She was of Jewish origin, and it is said that she was known as Rosa Mazeltov, a Hebrew word meaning "Good Luck," which in French is "Bonheur." She had three brothers and sisters, all artists and all painters and sculptors of animals.

At first she was put to learn the trade of dressmaking, which was extremely distasteful to her, but when her father saw her very remarkable talent for art he permitted her to leave the work of making dresses for that of making pictures, and being himself an artist of ability he directed her studies. Her first two pictures, "Kids and Sheep" and "Two Rabbits," were exhibited in 1841 and at once marked her as an animal painter of high order. In 1848 she received a medal from the Paris Salon. In 1849 her "Nivernais Ploughing" was bought by the French Government for $600 and placed in the Luxembourg collection. In 1855 her picture "Haymaking in Auvergne" was in the Universal Exposition in Paris. In the same year she sent the famous "Horse Fair" to the French Exhibition in London, where it was the center of attraction. It may now be seen in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, to which it was given by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

She now stood at the head of all the animal painters, especially in her power of representing them in action. She had a stable next to her studio so that she might study them near at hand, and she collected many fine specimens. She attended all the horse markets and horse fairs, and generally wore masculine clothes, which suited well her strong but animated and attractive face. She painted animals as they really are; as they live in the country; their anatomy was always

faultlessly correct, their action real and lifelike, and her drawing virile and true, with no trace of femininity. In 1892 she sold for $60,000 the largest animal picture ever painted, called "Horses Threshing Corn." It contains ten horses as large as life. In 1896, on her seventy-fourth birthday, she finished a painting representing the famous combat between two stallions to which Lord Godolphen invited his friends in 1734. She died at Fontainebleau in France in 1899. She was decorated with the Legion of Honor and afterwards became an officer of that order; was a member of the Institution of Antwerp; held the Leopold Cross from the King of the Belgians and the Cross of the Order of Isabella of Spain. She lived very quietly in her country house, and for some years gave free lessons in drawing to young girls at her school of design in Paris.

Charles Francis Gounod.

IT is said that the composition of the opera of "Faust" has conferred upon Gounod a heritage of lasting fame, but there are countless thousands who have never heard and who never will hear that work for whom his songs are an unfailing inheritance of joy. There is no lover whose heart had not been saddened by the haunting strains of the music of Byron's

> "Maid of Athens, ere we part,
> Give, oh give me back my heart,"

or who has not felt the longing expressed in

> "Oh that we two were Maying
> Over the fragrant leas."

And no churchgoer ever fails to be moved by his lovely "There is a green hill far away," or his wonderful "Ave Maria," to mention only a few of his songs for church and home that are familiar wherever music is

loved and appreciated and understood. Gounod was born in Paris in 1818 and was the son of F. L. Gounod, a gifted painter. He entered the Paris Conservatoire of Music in 1836 and received the Grand Prize of Rome in 1839. While in Rome he devoted much time to the study of sacred music, and a requiem by him was given in Vienna in 1843. Though his mind ran strongly to sacred music, he made two or three efforts in opera, until at last his wonderful masterpiece of "Faust" was produced at the Lyric Theater in Paris in 1859. In 1863 it was given in London, where it had an enormous success, and it has never lost its popularity. After this came the opera of "Philemon and Baucis" and "The Queen of Sheba," and after some other minor flights he scored another success, second only to that of "Faust," in his "Romeo and Juliet," which appeared in 1867.

When the Franco-Prussian War broke out Gounod found refuge in London, and there he wrote most of his songs and much of the sacred music and masses with which his name is so closely associated, particularly "The Redemption" and the "Mors et Vita." When Gounod died at St. Cloud, France, in 1893, he was a member of the Institute and a Commander of the Legion of Honor. His influence both on the French and English music of his day was immense; while it was thoroughly individual it did not break away violently from established methods, and it certainly has found a universal response in the souls of the people.

Benjamin West.

THE historical and portrait painter, Benjamin West, is claimed both as an English and an American artist. He was born in 1738 at Springfield, Pa., of an old English Quaker family. Many stories are told of him. One is that his inclination for art mani-

fested itself at the age of seven when, sitting by the cradle of his sister's child, he was so charmed with the beauty of its face while smiling in its dreams that he obtained pencil and paper and drew a faithful portrait. He had to pursue his studies under great difficulties; it is said that once when he could procure no paint-brush he pulled the hairs out of the cat's tail wherewith to make one, a thoughtless and cruel thing to do, but it showed his intense determination. With such perseverance he overcame all obstacles and at the age of eighteen settled as a portrait painter at Philadelphia. After two years he removed to New York City, where he met with considerable success. In 1760 he was enabled to go to Italy, where he studied for three years, gaining some reputation and admission to the principal Italian academies.

When he went to London about 1763 and settled there as a historical painter, he was speedily successful. He painted for King George III a picture entitled "Regulus Departing from Rome," and he remained under his special patronage for forty years, becoming historical painter to the King in spite of his belonging to the country which was disputing the King's authority. Commissions now flowed in from all quarters. He was one of the earliest members of the Royal Academy, which he helped to plan. His work was mainly devoted to large pictures on historical and religious subjects, in the style of the old masters, as he conceived it, and he worked on them with more care and taste than with freedom, breadth, or genius.

On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds he became president of the Royal Academy, an office which he held for twenty-eight years. In 1802 he visited Paris to see the objects of art which had been stolen by the French from nearly every capital in Europe. As president of the Royal Academy he was not always on a bed of roses, but when he resigned in 1804 the members induced him to recall his resignation. A replica of one

THE DEATH OF WOLFE.—After the painting by the American artist, Benjamin West.

of his great canvases, "Christ Healing the Sick," is in the Pennsylvania Hospital. The original was exhibited in London to crowds and was bought by the British Institution for $16,500. All of his works were on a grand scale, but they did not sell readily, for few people had room for them. The success they had during his lifetime has not endured, for they are now considered formal and tame. His "Death of General Wolfe" is notable because he introduced contemporary costumes instead of the conventional classical drapery in which English artists depicted their characters, no matter at what epoch they were supposed to have lived, and his "Battle of La Hogue" is considered to be the most important among his historical paintings.

John Flaxman.

THERE are few boys and girls old enough to read the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* who are not familiar with the bold and effective illustrations, usually in two or three flat colors, with strong and clear outlines which were made for them from John Flaxman's designs. In the same vein he illustrated *Hesiod, The Pilgrim's Progress,* and other books.

But John Flaxman was a sculptor, rather than a book illustrator, and his friezes and his work in relief are famous throughout the world of art, though curiously enough, he was never quite as successful when working in the round.

He was born in York, England, in 1755. His father was a moulder and setter of casts in Covent Garden, London. John began early to model and make drawings from his father's stock and soon began to steep himself in classic art and literature.

Many of his father's customers were attracted to the industrious lad and encouraged him with books, advice, and orders; among these were the painters Romney, Blake, and Stothard, who became his closest

friends. He won a medal from the Society of Arts at the age of twelve and a second prize at fifteen, and in 1770 the silver medal of the Royal Academy. These successes had made him over-vain, and it was well that he received a set-back about this time, for when he had made sure of the gold medal of the Royal Academy it was given to another. But instead of harming him this defeat did him good and cured him of his conceit and self-sufficiency, and he became more diligent in the practise of his art. But this had been little productive of money, and when he was in his twentieth year he became associated as designer with the famous makers of Wedgewood ware, a peculiar kind of English pottery, made by Josiah Wedgewood, in which artistic design and treatment were joined to mechanical excellence. For twelve years Flaxman worked with the Wedgewoods and his designs on this ware are highly prized by connoisseurs.

He now began the most important part of his life-work, the sculpturing of monuments for the dead; one of his earliest was that of the boy Chatterton in St. Mary Redcliff's Church, Bristol. His monuments were nearly always in bas-relief and they show his work at its best; examples are scattered through many of the churches of England, and they are always pathetic and effective, the design and composition are simple and rhythmical, full of innocence and domestic sentiment.

When he was twenty-seven years old he married a woman who was a perfect helpmate for him, learned in literature and in art, and she accompanied him on a seven-years wandering in Europe, remaining in Rome for a great part of the time, where he did some important work. It was at about this time that he did the wonderful illustrations to which reference has been made.

When he returned to England he settled down to quiet work, making statues, etc., lecturing on sculpture in the Royal Academy, and writing much on art

and archæology. His devoted wife died in 1820, and six years later he followed her. As Dr. Sidney Calvin has said, "Among a few associates he left a memory singularly dear, having been in companionship genial and sweet-tempered beyond most men, full of modesty and playfulness, and withal of a homely dignity, a true friend and a kind master, a pure and blameless spirit."

Edwin A. Abbey.

THIS most successful illustrator, and one of the most renowned painters of America, was born in Philadelphia in 1852 and died in England in 1911. He studied in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and when he was nineteen years old entered the art department of the famous New York publishing house of Harper and Brothers, working in company with Howard Pyle, C. S. Reinhart, Joseph Pennell and Alfred Parsons as an illustrator of the various publications of that well-known house.

When, in 1878, he was sent to England to obtain material for illustrating the poems of Robert Herrick, the artistic side of English scenery, of English history, and of English life penetrated his soul, and he ultimately became closely identified with the art life of England. The illustrations he made for the poems of Herrick are classic; the artist caught the dainty, refined, and subtly humorous flavor of the author's verse, and his illustrations are infused with its witty vivacity. They immediately won for him a high place among those who possess the faculty of expressing in line what poets say in song, and the public gave them a hearty reception. Not less was the world delighted by the illustrations he made for Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," "A Book of Old Songs," and some of Shakespeare's works. He was as successful with water-colors and pastels as with pen and ink, and was

elected to the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colors in 1883. In 1890 his work as a painter in oils was seen for the first time when he exhibited "A May Moon" at the Royal Academy. In 1896 his famous picture, "Richard, Duke of Gloucester," was exhibited, and he was in that year made associate of the Royal Academy, becoming a Royal Academician in 1898.

The large frescoes illustrating "The Quest of the Holy Grail," the story of which is told in the sketch of King Arthur, which he executed for the Boston Public Library, are probably the most ambitious, as they are the most successful of his works. They occupied him for several years, and it is a marvel not only of brilliant conception and execution, but of archæological knowledge; every detail of costume and equipment being painted after long and careful research. In 1901 he painted, at the request of King Edward VII, a picture of the coronation, which is full of portraits, the figures being grouped with rare skill. Every honor that a painter could desire was showered upon Edwin A. Abbey. He was a member of the National Academy of Design of New York; honorary member of the Royal Bavarian Society; of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts of Paris; of the American Water-Color Society, and many other art associations. He held first-class gold medals from the International Art Exhibitions at Vienna and Philadelphia; from two Paris exhibitions, and from that of Berlin in 1903; while France, in recognition of his genius and industry, made him a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Abbey's great and signal success was due to thoroughness in his work; not until he had completely steeped himself in the English atmosphere did he attempt to interpret the poems of that intensely English poet, Robert Herrick. And so with all his work, a painstaking and earnest desire for truth enabled him to paint pictures that must live.

Inigo Jones.

"SEEST thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." The truth of this oft-quoted proverb of Solomon has many times been proved, but never more strikingly than in the case of the poor cloth-worker's son, Inigo Jones, who was born in London in 1573 and became one of the most famous of English architects and the confidant and counselor of kings and queens, earning the title of the "English Palladio"—after one of the most famous of Italian sculptors. The work of Palladio is the admiration of all visitors to Venice, and his *Treatise on Architecture,* written nearly four hundred years ago, is still quoted as an authority.

Inigo Jones was apprenticed to a joiner, but his talent for drawing attracted the attention of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, who was so impressed with the idea that it should not be lost to the world that he sent him to study landscape painting in Italy. But his taste lay in the direction of architecture, and the work of Palladio attracted and inspired him. In Venice he acquired such a reputation that he was invited by King Christian IV to Denmark, where he designed the two royal palaces of Rosenborg and Fredericksborg. He went with Queen Anne of Denmark to the Court of King James I of England, and was not only appointed architect to the Queen and Prince Henry, but was employed in designing and directing the court *masques,* as the plays of that period were called. He visited Italy again in 1612, and on his return was made Surveyor-General of the royal buildings and was engaged to design the new palace at Whitehall. Afterwards he was appointed one of the commissioners for the repair of St. Paul's, and began the work in 1633, which was never finished, for the fire of 1666 gutted it entirely (see the story of Sir Christopher Wren). When Charles I came to the throne Inigo Jones occupied the

same position as under his predecessor, but enemies began to arise and he soon proved the value of the advice of the Psalmist, "Put not thy trust in princes, nor in the sons of men in whom there is no help," for he was a Roman Catholic and a supporter of royalty, and after the Civil War, in which he suffered heavy losses, he was, under the man Cromwell, forced to pay heavy fines as a courtier and a malignant, and died in poverty in London in 1652. Among his best-known works are the Banqueting House at Whitehall, Ashburnham House, the piazza of Covent Garden, Shaftesbury House in London, and Heriot's Hospital in Edinburgh.

David Garrick.

WHEN David Garrick, the most famous English actor and theatrical manager of the eighteenth century, was suddenly called away from the scene of his triumphs and his failures, Dr. Johnson said that his death "eclipsed the gaiety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure." He was descended from a French family and his father was Captain Peter Garrick. He was educated partly in the grammar school in Lichfield, paid a visit to his uncle, a wine merchant in Lisbon, and for a while was at school to Dr. Johnson. When the school was closed Dr. Johnson and his pupil went together to London. After some time spent in study, Garrick and his brother started in business as wine merchants with $5,000 left them by the Lisbon uncle. Garrick quickly spent half his fortune without making a profit, and he began to try his hand at dramatic criticism and dramatic authorship and acting. He played in several minor parts for a year or so, and in 1741 gained his first great success in the character of "Richard III," and afterwards as "King Lear." From this time his fortune was made, and in a few years he had become joint proprietor of Drury Lane

Theater, where he had such success that it was said that, "if he could not make bricks without straw, he could do more; make actors and actresses without genius." It would be beside our purpose to tell the story of his various theatrical enterprises. "His French descent and his education," says one biographer, "may have contributed to give him the vivacity and versatility which distinguished him as an actor; and nature had given him an eye, if not a stature, to command and a mimetic power of wonderful variety." The list of his characters in tragedy, comedy, and farce is large, and would be extraordinary in a modern actor of high rank; it includes not less than seventeen Shakespearean parts.

He did good service for the theater and signally advanced the popularity of Shakespeare's plays, of which not less than twenty-four were produced at Drury Lane Theater under his management. He purified the stage of much of its grossness and introduced a relative correctness of costume and decoration before unknown, while to the student of English dramatic literature he rendered an important service by bequeathing his then unrivaled collection of plays to the British Museum. In person he was a little below middle height, and in later years he inclined to stoutness. His extraordinary liveliness and his power of transforming himself at will are attested by many anecdotes and descriptions, and the piercing power of his eye was his most impressive feature. Dr. Johnson spoke warmly of the elegance and sprightliness of his conversation, as well as of his liberality and kindness of heart; indeed, he must have been one of the most amiable of men. He died on January 20, 1779, and was buried with great pomp and ceremony in Westminster Abbey, all the rank and talent of London attending the funeral. His literary talent was considerable; besides his plays he wrote epigrams, prologues and epilogues, a few dramatic interludes, and made many judicious alterations of old plays which

evinced his knowledge of stage effect and his appreciation of lively dialogue; he cannot, however, be said to have added one new or original character to the drama, but the uplift he gave to it has had an effect which is felt to this day.

APPENDIX

Containing a Selected List of Books for Supplementary Reading, arranged according to the contents of each volume of THE FOUNDATION LIBRARY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, and intended to afford the young a handy list of reliable works for further reading.

VOLUME I.—THE FIRST YEARS OF CHILDHOOD.

A carefully selected list of books for supplementary reading.

ABBOTT, E. H.....*On the Training of Parents*
ALLEN, MRS. M. W.....*Making the Best of Your Children*
ANDREWS, JANE....(1) *The Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children;* (2) *Each and All*
ARNOLD, MRS. G. W.....*A Mother's List of Books for Children*
BACON, DOLORES M.....*Songs Every Child Should Know*
BAILEY, CAROLINE S.....*Firelight Stories*
BEARD, L., AND BEARD, A. B..(1) *Indoor and Outdoor Handcraft and Recreation for Girls;* (2) *Little Folks' Handy Book;* (3) *Things Worth Doing and How to Do Them*
BEEBE, K.....*Home Occupations for Children*
BELL, FLORENCE.....*Fairy Tale Plays and How to Act Them*
BIRDSALL, K. N. (Ed.).....*Young People's Book Shelf* (20 vols.)
BIRNEY, A. M. ("MRS. T. W. BIRNEY").....*Childhood*
BRYANT, S. C.....*How to Tell Stories to Children*
BUNYAN, JOHN.....*The Pilgrim's Progress*
BURT, MARY E.....*Poems Every Child Should Know*
CAMPBELL, H. Y.....*Practical Motherhood*
COE, F. E.....*The First Book of Stories for the Story-Teller*
COOLIDGE, E. L.....*The Mother's Manual*
COOPER, E. H.....*The Twentieth Century Child*
COTTON, A. C.....*The Care of Children*
DAVIS, E. P.....*Mother and Child*
DEKOVEN, R.....*Songs of Childhood*
EWALD, C.....*My Little Boy*
DICKINSON, G. A.....*Your Boy: His Nature and Nurture*
FIELD, WALTER TAYLOR.....*Finger Posts to Children's Reading*
FIELDS, EUGENE.....*Love Songs of Childhood*
FISKE, J.....*The Meaning of Infancy*
FROEBEL, FRIEDRICH..(1) *Mother Play and Nursery Songs;* (2) *Mother Songs, Games and Stories*
GILMAN, MRS. C. P. S.....*Concerning Children*
HARRISON, E.....*Misunderstood Children: Sketches Taken from Life*
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL.....*A Wonder Book*
HOFER, MARIE R.....*Children's Singing Games*
HOWARD, W. L..*Start Your Child Right: Confidential Advice to Parents and Teachers*
JENKS, HARRIET, AND RUST, MABEL.....*Song Echoes from Child Land*
JOHNSON, FANNY L., AND COLBY, JENNIE M.....*Educational Gymnastic Plays*
KERLEY, C. G..*Short Talks with Young Mothers on the Management of Infants and Young Children*
KERR, LE G.....*The Care and Training of Children*
KEY, ELLEN.....*The Century of the Child*
KIPLING, RUDYARD.....*Just So Stories*
KRAUS-BOELTE, MARIA, AND KRAUS, JOHN.....*The Kindergarten Guide*
KRIEGE, MATILDA H. BULOW.....*The Child: Its Nature and Relations*
LA FONTAINE.....*Fables*
LANG, ANDREW.....*The Blue Fairy Book*

Volume I.—Books for Supplementary Reading.

LINDSAY, MAUD.....*Mother Stories*
LOUNSBERRY, ALICE.....*The Wildflower Book*
LUCAS, E. V., AND LUCAS, E..*What Shall We Do Now? A Book of Suggestions for Children's Games and Employments*
LYMAN, E.....*Story Telling: What to Tell and How to Tell It*
MABIE, HAMILTON W.....*Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know*
MANGOLD, G. B.....*Child Problems*
MARENHOLTZER, B. VON.....*Child and Child Nature*
NEIDLINGER, W. H.....*Small Songs for Small Singers*
NEVIN, E.....*Sketch Book (Songs)*
NEWMAN, C. S.....*The Kindergarten in the Home*
OPPENHEIM, N.....*The Development of the Child*
PEABODY, ELIZ. P., AND MANN, MARY.....*After Kindergarten—What?*
POULLSON, EMILIE..(1) *In the Child's World;* (2) *Finger Plays for Nursery and Kindergarten;* (3) *Love and Law in Child Training;* (4) *Father and Baby Plays;* (5) *Child Stories and Rhymes for Little People of Nursery and Kindergarten*
RALSTON, MRS. V.....*When Mother Lets Us Sew*
RICHARDS, LAURA E.....*Five-Minute Stories*
SAGE, ELIZ., AND COOLEY, ANNA M.....*Occupations for Little Fingers*
SMITH, ELEANOR.....*Songs for Little Children*
SMITH, NORA A.....*The Children of the Future*
STEVENSON, R. L....(1) *Stevenson's Song Book;* (2) *Child's Garden of Verses;* (3) *The Bible for Young People*
TRUMBULL, H. C.....*Hints on Child-Training*
WALKER, MARGARET C.....*Lady Hollyhock and Her Friends*
WASHBURNE, MRS. M. F.....*Study of Child Life*
WAYNE, K. H.....*Building Your Boy, How to Do It, How Not to Do It*
WELSH, CHARLES.....*Stories Children Love*
WHEELER, M.....*The Baby: His Care and Training*
WHITE, MARY (MRS. TALBOT).....*The Child's Rainy-Day Book*
WHITTIER, JOHN G. (Editor).....*Child Life*
WIGGIN, KATE D. S..(1) *Children's Rights: A Book of Nursery Logic;* (2) *The Fairy Ring;* (3) *Tales of Wonder*
WIGGIN, K. D., AND SMITH, N. A..(1) *The Republic of Childhood;* (2) *The Story Hour:* (3) *The Posy Ring*
WINTERBURN, FLORENCE.....*Nursery Ethics*
WYCHE, RICHARD THOMAS...*Some Great Stories and How to Tell Them*
YALE, L. M., AND POLLAK, G.....*The Century Book for Mothers*

VOLUME II.—THE STORY OF THE NATIONS.

A carefully selected list of books for supplementary reading.

ABBOTT, EVELYN.....*Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens*
ARMSTRONG, EDWARD.....*Lorenzo de' Medici*
BAIN, R. NISBET... *Charles XII and the Collapse of the Swedish Empire*
BATES, K. L., AND COMAN, K. (Compilers)..*English History Told by English Poets*
BEAZLEY, C. R..*Prince Henry (the Navigator) of Portugal and the Age of Discovery in Europe*
BELLOC, HILAIRE.....*Paris*
BONNER, JOHN.....*Child's History of France*
BOYESEN, HJALMAR H..(1) *Story of Norway;* (2) *Boyhood in Norway*
BRADLEY, ARTHUR G....*Owen Glendower, the National Hero of Wales*
BROOKS, E. S..(1) *Century Book for Young Americans;* (2) *Century Book of the American Revolution*
BROOKS, NOAH..*Abraham Lincoln and the Downfall of American Slavery*
CABLE, GEORGE W.....*Old Creole Days*
CHURCH, ALFRED J..(1) *Pictures from Greek Life;* (2) *Stories from Roman Life and History;* (3) *Roman Life in the Days of Cicero*
CHURCH, WILLIAM CONANT..*Ulysses S. Grant and the Period of National Preservation and Reconstruction*
CLARK, H. BUTLER.....*The Cid Campeador, and the Waning of the Crescent in the West*
CREASY, SIR EDWARD.....*Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*
DAVIS, H. W. C.....*Charlemagne (Charles the Great), the Hero of Two Nations*
DICKENS, CHARLES.....*A Child's History of England*
DUNLOP, ROBERT....*Daniel O'Connell and the Revival of National Life in Ireland*
EDGAR, PELHAM..*The Struggle for a Continent (ed. from the writings of Francis Parkman)*
EGGLESTON, EDWARD..(1) *First Book in American History;* (2) *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans*
FARMER, LYDIA H.....*French Revolution*
FIRTH, CHARLES.....*Oliver Cromwell and the Rule of the Puritans*
FIRTH, J. B...(1) *Augustus Cæsar and the Organization of the Empire of Rome;* (2) *Constantine the Great;* (3) *The Reorganization of the Empire and the Triumph of the Church*
FOWLER, A. E.....*Patriotic Stories of America*
FOWLER, W. WARDE....*Julius Cæsar and the Foundation of the Roman Empire*
FOX-BOURNE, H. R.....*Sir Philip Sidney, Type of Chivalry in the Elizabethan Age*
GARDNER, ALICE....*Julian the Philosopher and the Last Struggle of Paganism against Christianity*
GREEN, WALFORD DAVIS..*William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, or the Growth and Division of the British Empire*
GRIFFIS, WILLIAM ELLIOTT.....*Japan in History*
HARRISON, JAMES A...*George Washington: Patriot, Soldier, Statesman, First President of the United States*
HASSALL, ARTHUR..*Louis XIV and the Zenith of the French Monarchy*

Volume II.—Books for Supplementary Reading.

HAY, JOHN.....*Castilian Days*
HEADLAM, J. W..*Bismarck and the New German Empire: How It Arose and What It Displaced*
HENDERSON, E. F.....*Blücher*
HIGGINSON, T. W.....*Young Folks' History of the United States*
HODGKIN, THOMAS....*Theodoric the Goth, the Barbarian Champion of Civilization*
HOLDEN, E. S...*Our Country's Flag and the Flags of Foreign Countries*
JENKS, EDWARD....*Edward Plantagenet (Edward I), the English Justinian; or, the Making of the Common Law*
JEWETT, SARAH ORNE.....*Story of the Normans*
JOHNSON, ROSSITER..(1) *Story of the United States Constitution;* (2) *The War of Secession;* (3) *The War of* 1812
JOHNSTON, KEITH.....*Africa*
JOYCE, P. W.....*Child's History of Iceland*
KINGSFORD, CHARLES L.....*Henry V, the English Hero King*
LANE-POOLE, STANLEY.....*Saladin and the Fall of the Kingdom of Jerusalem*
LANG, ANDREW.....*Tales of Troy and Greece*
LODGE AND ROOSEVELT.....*Hero Tales from American History*
LUMMIS, CHARLES F.....*Spanish Pioneers*
MACNUTT, F. A.....*Hernando Cortez*
MARSHMAN.....*History of India*
MAXWELL, SIR HERBERT.....*Robert the Bruce and the Struggle for Scottish Independence*
MORRIS, W. O'CONNOR, M.P..(1) *Napoleon: Warrior and Ruler; and the Military Supremacy of Revolutionary France;* (2) *Wellington: Soldier and Statesman, and the Revival of the Military Power of England*
OLIPHANT, MRS. M. O. W..... *Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of Orleans*
PEARY, R. E.....*Snowland Folk*
PERKINS, JAMES BRECK..*Richelieu and the Growth of the French Power*
PRATT, MARA L.....*American History Stories*
PUTNAM, RUTH..(1) *Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy;* (2) *William the Silent* (1533-1584), *Prince of Orange, Count of Nassau, in the Revolt of the Netherlands*
RAGOZIN, ZENAIDE A.....*Story of Media, Babylon and Persia*
REDDAWAY, W. F.....*Frederick the Great and the Rise of Prussia*
ROGERS, JAMES E. T.....*Story of Holland*
ROOSEVELT, THEODORE.....*Stories of the Great West*
RUSSELL, W. CLARK.....*Nelson and the Naval Supremacy of England*
SADLIER, AGNES.....*History of Ireland*
SHAW, EDWARD RICHARD...*Big People and Little People of Other Lands*
STANTON, F. M....*William the Conqueror and the Rule of the Normans*
STRACHAN-DAVIDSON, J. L....*Cicero and the Fall of the Roman Empire*
TROLLOPE, A.....*Australia and New Zealand*
WHEELER, BENJAMIN IDE..*Alexander the Great and the Merging of the East and West in Universal History*
WHITE, HENRY A.....*Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy*
WILLERT, P. F.....*Henry of Navarre and the Huguenots in France*
WILLIAMS, S. WELLS.....*The Middle Kingdom (China)*
WRIGHT, H. C..(1) *Children's Stories of American Progress;* (2) *Children's Stories of American History*

VOLUME III.—THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE WORLD.

A carefully selected list of books for supplementary reading.

ALLEN, W. H. ..... *Civics and Health*
AUSTIN, OSCAR PHELPS .... (1) *Uncle Sam's Secrets;* (2) *Uncle Sam's Soldiers*
BAILEY, E. A. ..... *Among the Lawmakers*
BOWKER, R. R. ..... *Economics for the People*
BOYNTON, F. D. ..... *School Civics*
BRYCE ..... *The American Commonwealth*
CLEVELAND, FREDERICK A. ..... *First Lessons in Finance*
DAVIS, R. L. ..... *How We Are Governed*
DOLE, CHARLES FLETCHER ..... (1) *The American Citizen;* (2) *Young Citizens*
DRAPER, A. S. ..... *American Education*
DUNN, A. W. ..... *The Community and the Citizen*
EGERTON, H. E. ..... *Origin and Growth of the English Colonies*
ELLWOOD, CHARLES A. ..... *Sociology and Modern Social Problems*
FAIRLIE, JOHN A. ..... *Municipal Administration*
FOREMAN, E. A. ..... *Growth of the English Constitution*
FORMAN, S. E. ..... *Essentials in Civil Government*
GEORGE, N. L. ..... *France in the Twentieth Century*
GEORGE, W. R. ..... *The Junior Republic: Its History and Ideals*
GIBBONS ..... *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*
GILBERT, C. ..... *Constitutional Antiquities*
GOODNOW, J. ..... *City Government in the United States*
HADLEY, A. T. ..... *Education of the American Citizen*
HALE, EDWARD EVERETT ..... *The Man Without a Country*
HILL, MABEL ..... *Lessons for Junior Citizens*
HOSIE, C. DE F. ..... *How the People Rule*
HUGHES, R. E. ..... *The Making of Citizens: A Study in Comparative Education*
KAYE, PERCY LEWIS ..... *Readings in Civil Government*
KELLER, A. G. ..... *Colonization*
KELLOGG, L. B., AND TAYLOR, A. R. . *The Government of the State and Nation*
KENYON, F. G. ..... *The Constitution*
LEAKY, W. E. H. ..... *Democracy and Liberty*
LOWELL, A. L. ..... *The English Constitution*
MACY, JESSE ..... *Our Government*
MAHAN, A. T. ..... *Interest of America in Sea Power*
MILL, J. S. ..... (1) *On Liberty;* (2) *On Representative Government*
MORRIS, H. C. ..... *History of Colonization*
MORAN, THOMAS FRANCIS .... *The Theory and Practice of the English Government*
NORDHOFF, C. ..... *Politics for Young Americans*
ROWE, L. S. ..... *Problems of City Government*
SEARS, JOSEPH HAMBLEN ..... *The Governments of the World Today*
SHAW, JUDSON WADE ..... *Uncle Sam and His Children*
WILCOX, DELOS F. ..... *The Study of City Government*
WILLARD, CHARLES DWIGHT ..... *City Government for Young People*

VOLUME IV.—THE WONDERFUL UNIVERSE.

A carefully selected list of books for supplementary reading.

BOOKS ON GENERAL ASTRONOMY

BALL, SIR ROBERT S.....(1) *Story of the Heavens;* (2) *Star-Land*
CHAMBERS, GEORGE F.....*The Story of the Comets*
CHAMPLIN, JOHN D.....*Astronomy*
CLERK, AGNES M.....*The System of the Stars*
FLAMMARION, C.....*The World before the Creation*
GIBERNE, AGNES.....(1) *Sun, Moon and Stars;* (2) *Astronomy for Beginners*
GORE, J. ELLARD.....*The Visible Universe*
GUILLEMIN, A.....*Wonders of the Moon*
HOLDEN, EDWARD S..(1) *The Earth and Sky;* (2) *The Family of the Sun*
JACOBY, HAROLD.....*Practical Talks by an Astronomer*
LANGLEY, S. P.....*The New Astronomy*
MILTON, C. E.....*The Children's Book of Stars*
NASMYTH, JAMES, AND CARPENTER, JAMES.....*The Moon*
NEWCOMB, SIMON.....*The Stars*
TODD, DAVID P.....*Stars and Telescopes*

BOOKS TELLING HOW TO STUDY THE SKY

BALL, SIR ROBERT S.....*A Popular Guide to the Heavens*
OLCOTT, W. M..(1) *A Field-Book of the Stars;* (2) *In Star-Land with a Three-Inch Telescope*
SERVISS, GARRETT P.....(1) *Astronomy with an Opera Glass;* (2) *Pleasures of the Telescope*
WEBB, REV. T. W.....*Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes*

BOOKS ON THE HISTORY OF ASTRONOMY

BALL, SIR ROBERT S.....*Great Astronomers*
CLERK, AGNES M.....*A Popular History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century*
GRANT, ROBERT.....*A History of Physical Astronomy*

BOOKS ON GEOLOGY AND THE EARTH

BICKERTON, A. W.....*The Romance of the Earth*
CHAMBERLIN, THOMAS C., AND SALISBURY, R. D.....*Geology*
FAIRBANKS, H. W.....*Stories of Rocks and Minerals*
HARRINGTON, MARK W.....*About the Weather*
HEILPRIN, ANGELO.....*The Earth and Its Story*
HERRICK, S. B.....*The Earth in Past Ages*
LUCAS, FREDERIC A.....*Animals of the Past*
OSBORN, HENRY FAIRFIELD.....*The Age of Mammals*
SCOTT, W. B.....*An Introduction to Geology*
WINCHELL, ALEXANDER.....*Walks and Talks in the Geological Field*

VOLUME V.—THE WORLD OF NATURE.

A carefully selected list of books for supplementary reading.

BAILEY, LIBERTY HYDE.....*First Lessons with Plants*
BAKER, SIR SAMUEL WHITE.....*Wild Beasts and Their Ways*
BASKETT AND DITTMARS.....*Story of the Amphibians and Reptiles*
BASKETT, JAMES N....(1) *Story of the Fishes;* (2) *Story of the Birds*
BAYLISS, CLARA KEAN.....*In Brook and Bayou*
BEARD, JAMES CARTER.....*Curious Homes and Their Tenants*
BEEBE, WILLIAM.....*The Bird*
BOSTOCK, FRANK C.....*The Training of Wild Animals*
BURBANK, LUTHER.....*The Training of the Human Plant*
BURROUGHS, JOHN.....*Birds and Bees, Sharp Eyes, and Other Papers*
CHAPMAN, FRANK MICHLER..(1) *Bird-Life: A Guide to the Study of Our Common Birds*
COMSTOCK, JOHN HENRY.....*Insect Life*
COMSTOCK, J. H., AND COMSTOCK, MRS. ANNA (BOTSFORD)..(1) *Manual for the Study of Insects;* (2) *How to Know the Butterflies*
CORNISH, CHARLES JOHN....*Animals at Work and Play; Their Activities and Emotions*
CRAGIN, BELLE S..*Our Insect Friends and Foes; How to Collect, Preserve and Study Them*
DANA, MRS. WILLIAM STARR (afterward MRS. PARSONS)..*How to Know the Wild Flowers*
GIBSON, WILLIAM HAMILTON.....*Blossom Hosts and Insect Guests*
GRAY, ELISHA.....*Nature's Miracles: Familiar Talks on Science*
HARRIS, J. C.....*Little Mr. Thimblefinger*
HOLLAND, WILLIAM JACOB..(1) *Butterfly Book: A Popular Guide to a Knowledge of the Butterflies of North America;* (2) *Moth Book: A Popular Guide to a Knowledge of Moths of North America*
HORNADAY, WILLIAM TEMPLE..*American Natural History: A Foundation of Useful Knowledge of the Higher Animals of North America*
HOWARD, LELAND OSSIAN.....*Insect Book*
INGERSOLL, ERNEST....(1) *Wild Neighbors;* (2) *The Book of the Ocean*
JORDAN, DAVID STARR, AND EVERMANN, B. W..*American Food and Game Fish*
KIPLING, RUDYARD.....*The Jungle Book*
LANG, ANDREW.....*The Animal Story Book*
LOUNSBERRY, ALICE....(1) *Guide to the Trees;* (2) *Guide to the Wild Flowers*
MATTHEWS, F. SCHUYLER..(1) *Familiar Features of the Roadside;* (2) *Familiar Trees and Their Leaves*
MILES, A. H.....*Natural History of the World*
MONTEITH, JOHN, AND MONTEITH, CAROLINE..*Some Useful Animals and What They Do for Us*
ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D.....(1) *The Kindred of the Wild;* (2) *The Watchers of the Trails*
ROGERS, J. E.....*Trees that Every Child Should Know*
SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON.....*Wild Animals I Have Known*
WOOD, JOHN GEORGE.....*Popular Natural History*
WRIGHT, M. O.....*Four-Footed Americans and Their Kin*

VOLUME VI.—THE WORLD'S LITERATURE.

A carefully selected list of books for supplementary reading.

ANDERSEN, HANS C.....*Wonder Stories Told to Children*
ARNOLD, MATTHEW.....*Essays in Criticism*
BALDWIN, JAMES.....*The Book-Lover*
BATTA, ANNE C. LYNCH...*Handbook of Universal Literature* (last ed.)
BETHAM-EDWARDS, MISS....*French Men, Women, and Books* (a series of nineteenth century studies)
BRANDES, GEORG.....*Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature*
BROOKES, STOPFORD.....*English Literature*
BRYANT, WILLIAM C.....*Library of Poetry and Song*
BUCKLAND, ANNA..*The Story of English Literature* (*Cassell's Modern School Studies*)
BURROUGHS, JOHN.....*Birds and Bees*
BURT, MARY E.....*Literary Landmarks*
CABOT, J. E.....*Memoir of Emerson*
CERVANTES.....*Don Quixote*
CHURCH, ALFRED J.....*Greek Story and Song*
CLOUSTON, W. A.....*Flowers from a Persian Garden*
CONWAY, MONCURE D.....*The Sacred Anthology*
CURTIS, GEORGE W.....*Prue and I*
DICKENS, CHARLES.....*Child's History of England*
FIELDS, EUGENE.....*Poems of Childhood*
FIELDS, JAMES T..... .....*Yesterdays with Authors*
GILES, HERBERT A..*A History of Chinese Literature* (in *Short History of the Literature of the World*)
GOETHE, J. W. VON.....*Faust* (Bayard Taylor's trans.)
GOSSE, EDMUND.*Modern English Literature* (in *Literatures of the World*)
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL....(1) *Tanglewood Tales;* (2) *Wonder Book*
HEINE, HEINRICH.....*Wit, Wisdom and Pathos* (Snodgrass)
HUART, CLEMENT I..*A History of Arabic Literature* (in *Literatures of the World*)
INGELOW, JEAN.....*Stories Told to a Child*
JOHNSON, ROSSITER..... .....*Little Classics*
KINGSLEY, CHARLES.....*The Heroes*
KIPLING, RUDYARD.....*Just So Stories*
KUHNS, OSCAR.....*The Great Poets of Italy*
LABOULAYE, EDOUARD.....*Fairy Tales* (Mary Booth)
LAMB, CHARLES AND MARY.....*Tales from Shakespeare*
LANIER, SIDNEY.....*The Boy's Froissart*
LESSING, G. E.....*Nathan the Wise* (Frothingham)
MABIE, H. W.....*Short Studies in Literature*
MATTHEWS, BRANDER.....*Introduction to American Literature*
MCCARTHY, JUSTIN.....*History of Our Own Times*
MOORE, ROBERT WEBBER..*History of German Literature* (an elementary work for those who desire to inform themselves in regard to great men and the important works of German Literature)
PALMER, BERTHA..*Stories from the Classic Literature of Many Nations*
PUTNAM, GEORGE H.....*Books and Their Makers*
RICHARDSON, ABBY SAGE.....*Stories from Old English Poetry*
SCUDDER, H. E.....*Book of Folk Stories*
WHIPPLE, E. P.....*Literature and Life*
WOODBERRY, GEORGE E.....*Life of Edgar Allan Poe*
WRIGHT, JOHN HENRY.....*Masterpieces of Greek Literature*

VOLUME VII.—THE WORLD OF ART AND BEAUTY.

A carefully selected list of books for supplementary reading.

ANDERSON, W. J., AND SPIERS, R. P....*The Architecture of Greece and Rome*
BALTZELL, W. J.....*A Complete History of Music*
BATE, PERCY.....*English Pre-Raphaelite Painters*
BELL, MRS. N. R. E..(1) *An Elementary History of Art;* (2) *Representative Painters of the Nineteenth Century*
BERENSON, B.....(1) *Venetian Painters of the Renaissance;* (2) *The Florentine Painters of the Renaissance*
BLOMFIELD, R..*A Short History of Renaissance Architecture in England*
BOLTON, SARAH KNOWLES.....*Famous European Artists*
CARTWRIGHT, JULIA.....*The Painters of Florence*
CHALLONER, ROBERT.....*History of the Science and Art of Music*
CHANCELLOR, E. B.....(1) *Lives of British Sculptors;* (2) *Lives of British Architects*
CLARKE, I. E.....*Art and Industrial Education*
CLEMENT, C.....*Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael*
COFFIN, C. H..(1) *The Story of American Painting;* (2) *The Story of Spanish Painting;* (3) *The Story of Dutch Painting;* (4) *American Masters of Sculpture*
COTTON, W.....*Sir Joshua Reynolds and His Works*
COUTTS, H. T.....*Manual of Bookbinding*
COX, KENYON.....*Old Masters and New*
CRANE, WALTER.....*The Bases of Design*
CROWEST, F. J.....*The Story of the Art of Music*
CROWNINGSHIELD, F.....*Mural Painting*
CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN.....*British Artists*
DALLIN, COLONNA M.....*Sketches of Great Painters*
DAVIES AND HUNT.....*Stories of English Artists*
DAY, LEWIS.....*Windows: A Book about Stained and Painted Glass*
DOWNES, W. H.....*Twelve Great Artists*
EASTLAKE, LADY E. R.....*Five Great Painters*
FERGUSON, JAMES.....*A History of Architecture in All Countries*
FREEMAN, L. J.....*Italian Sculpture of the Renaissance*
GRIMM, H.....*Life of Raphael*
HARRISON, J. E.....*Greek Art*
HENDERSON, W. J.....*The Story of Music*
HIND, C. M.....*A Short History of Engraving*
ISHAM.....*American Painting*
JACKSON, F. H.....*Mural Painting*
JACKSON, MRS. F. NEVILL.....*Toys of Other Days*
JAMES, T. J.....*The Flemish, Dutch and German Schools of Painting*
KEYSOR, JENNIE ELLIS.....*Great Artists*
KINGSLEY, R. G.....*A History of French Art*
LA FARGE, JOHN....*Great Masters: Michelangelo, Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez, Dürer, Hokusai*
LELAND, C. G.....*Useful Arts and Handicrafts*
LOWRIE, W.....*Christian Art*
LÜBKE, W.....*History of Art*
MABIE, H. W.....*Lectures on Art and Nature*

Volume VII.—Books for Supplementary Reading.

MACH, EDMUND VON..(1) *A Handbook of Greek and Roman Sculpture;* (2) *Greek Sculpture*
MARKS, M.....*Home Arts and Crafts*
MATHEWS, W. S. B.....*A Popular History of the Art of Music*
MITCHELL, L. M.....*History of Ancient Sculpture*
MOORE, C. H.....*Characteristics of Renaissance Architecture*
MORSE, F. C.....*Furniture of the Olden Time*
MÜNTZ, E.....*Raphael: His Life, Work and Times*
MUTHER, RICHARD.....*History of Modern Painting*
PATTISON, J. W.....*Painters Since Leonardo*
PEARCE, W. B.....*Practical Bookbinding*
PHYTHIAN, J. E.....*Fifty Years of Modern Painting*
POLLEN, J. P.....*Ancient and Modern Furniture*
RAYMOND, GEORGE L.....*Proportion and Harmony*
RADCLIFFE, A. G.....*Schools and Masters of Sculpture*
ROBINSON, C. M.....*Modern Civic Art*
ROWLANDS, WALTER.....*Among the Great Masters*
RUSKIN, JOHN..(1) *Art of England;* (2) *Modern Painters;* (3) *Stones of Venice*
SANDBY, W.....*History of the Royal Academy*
SANDFORD, F. G.....*Art Crafts for Beginners*
SCOTT, W. B.....*Murillo and the Spanish School of Painting*
SHEDD, JULIA A.....*Famous Sculptors and Sculptures*
SHORT, G. H.....*A History of Sculpture*
STEARNS, F. P.....*Four Great Venetians*
STEPHENS, F. G.....*Flemish and French Paintings*
STIMSON, JOHN WARD.....*The Gate Beautiful*
STRANAHAN, C. H.....*History of French Painting*
STRANGE, E. F.....*Japanese Illustration*
STURGIS, RUSSELL...(1) *The Appreciation of Sculpture;* (2) *European Architecture;* (3) *The Appreciation of Pictures*
SWEETSER, M. F.....*Artist Biographies*
TAFT, LORADO.....*History of American Sculpture*
TARBELL, F. B.....*History of Greek Art*
TRIGGS, O. L..*Chapters in the History of the Arts and Crafts Movement*
TURPIN, EDNA H. L.....*Famous Painters*
VAN DYKE, J. C.....*The Dutch and Flemish Masters*
VASARI.....*Lives of the Painters*
WAAGEN, G. F.....*Treasures of Art in Great Britain*
WATERS, MRS. C. CLEMENT..*Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Engravers and Their Works*
WILEY, EDWIN.....*The Old and the New Renaissance*
YOUNG, FILSON.....*The Mastersingers*

VOLUME VIII.—THE PHYSICAL LIFE.

A carefully selected list of books for supplementary reading.

ALLEN, WILLIAM H. ..... *Civics and Health*
BRYCE, ALEXANDER ..... *The Laws of Life and Health*
CAMPBELL, H. Y ..... *Practical Motherhood*
FISHER, L. . *The Health Care of the Baby: A Handbook for Mothers and Nurses*
FOREL, AUGUST ..... *Nervous and Mental Hygiene*
FORSYTH, D ..... *Children in Health and Disease*
GORST, SIR J. E. . *The Children of the Nation: How Their Health and Vigor Should be Promoted by the State*
GOURAUD, DR. F. X ..... *What Shall We Eat?* (trans. by Francis J. Rebman)
HALL, G. STANLEY ..... *Youth: Its Education, Regimen and Hygiene*
HOGAN, LOUISE E ..... *How to Feed the Children*
HUTCHINSON, ROBERT ..... *Food and the Principles of Dietetics*
JEWETT, FRANCES GULICK . . *Gulick Hygiene Series* (edited by Luther Halsey Gulick)
KERLEY, C. G. . *Short Talks with Young Mothers on the Management of Infants and Young Children*
KERR, LE G ..... *The Care and Training of Children*
MAXWELL, ANNE CAROLINE, AND POPE, AMY ELIZABETH ..... *Practical Nursing*
MCISAACS, ISABELLA ..... *The Elements of Hygiene*
OPPENHEIM, N. . (1) *The Development of the Child;* (2) *The Care of the Child in Health*
RICHARDS, ELLEN H. . (1) *The Cost of Living;* (2) *The Cost of Shelter;* (3) *The Cost of Food;* (4) *The Cost of Cleanness*
RITCHIE, JOHN W. . . (1) *Human Physiology;* (2) *Primer of Sanitation*
RITCHIE, JOHN W., AND CALDWELL, J. S ..... *Primer of Hygiene*
SADLER, WILLIAM S ..... *Science of Living, or The Art of Keeping Well*
SHERMAN, HENRY C ..... *Chemistry of Food and Nutrition*
SNYDER, HARRY ..... *Human Foods and their Nutritive Value*
UFFELMANN, J. A ..... *Manual of the Domestic Hygiene of the Child*
WALKER, EMMA E., M.D. . *Beauty and Health, in Every Woman's Library* (Vol. I)
WARNER, F. . *The Nervous System of the Child, Its Growth and Health in Education*
WHEELER, M ..... *The Baby: His Care and Training*
WILEY, HENRY W ..... *Foods and Their Adulteration*
WINSLOW, KENELIN (editor) . . . . *The Home Medical Library* (*Review of Reviews*, Vol. VI)
YOUNG, D. H ..... *First Aid to the Child: A Guide to the Feeding and Treatment of Infants in Health and Disease*

VOLUME IX.—THE MORAL LIFE.

A carefully selected list of books for supplementary reading.

ADDAMS, JANE.....*The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets*
ADLER, FELIX.....*Moral Instruction of Children*
ALLEN, MRS. ANNIE W.....*Home, School and Vacation: A Book of Suggestions*
BRAY, REGINALD ARTHUR.....*The Town Child*
BRIGGS, F. H.....*Boys as They Are Made and How to Remake Them*
CHAMBERLAIN, ALEXANDER FRANCIS..*The Child: A Study in the Evolution of Man*
CRAMPTON, C. WARD, HALL, WINFIELD S., AND OTHERS .*Applied Ideals in Work with Boys*
DAWSON, GEORGE E.....*The Child and His Religion*
DICKINSON, G. A.....*Your Boy: His Nature and Nurture*
ELLIS, F. H.....*Character Forming in School*
FORBUSH, WILLIAM BYRON.....*The Boy Problem*
FOSTER, E. C.....*The Boy and the Church*
FOWLER, NATHANIEL CLARK, JR....*The Boy: How to Help Him Succeed*
GIBB, S. J.....*The Problem of Boy Work*
GUNCKEL, J. E....*Boyville: A History of Fifteen Years' Work among Newsboys*
HALL, GRANVILLE STANLEY..(1) *Adolescence: Its Psychology and Its Relation to Physiology, Anthropology, Sociology, Sex, Crime, Religion and Education;* (2) *Youth: Its Education, Regimen and Hygiene*
HALL, WINFIELD S.....*From Youth to Manhood*
JENKS, JEREMIAH W.....*Life Questions for High School Boys*
JOHNSON, GEORGE ELLSWORTH.....*Education by Plays and Games*
JOHNSON, JOHN HEMSLEY, JR.....*Rudimentary Society among Boys*
KEY, ELLEN.....*The Century of the Child*
LODGE, SIR OLIVER J....*Parent and Child: A Treatise on the Moral and Religious Education of Children*
MANGOLD, G. B.....*Child Problems*
MERRILL, L.....*Winning the Boys*
MOON, E. L.....*The Contents of the Boy*
MUMFORD, E. E. R.....*The Dawn of Character: A Study of Child Life*
MURRAY, W. C....*From One to Twenty-One: Studies in Mind Growth*
OPPENHEIM, NATHAN.....*The Development of the Child*
RICHMOND, ENNIS....*Through Boyhood to Manhood: A Plea for Ideals*
RIDDELL, NEWTON N..*Child Culture According to the Laws of Physiological Psychology and Mental Suggestion*
ST. JOHN, EDWARD PORTER....*Stories and Story-Telling in Moral and Religious Education*
SISSON, EDWARD O..*The Essentials of Character: A Practical Study of the Aim of Moral Education*
STELZLE, CHARLES.....*Boys of the Street: How to Win Them*
TANNER, AMY ELIZA.....*The Child: His Thinking, Feeling and Doing*
WAGNER, CHARLES..*Youth* (trans. from the French by Ernest Redwood)
WAYNE, KENNETH H.....*Building Your Boy*
WILLIAMSON, DAVID.....*From Boyhood to Manhood*
WYCHE, RICHARD THOMAS..*Some Great Stories and How to Tell Them*

VOLUME X.—DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS.

A carefully selected list of books for supplementary reading.

BAKER, RAY STANNARD.....*The Boys' Book of Inventions*
BLACK, ALEXANDER.....*Photography, Indoors and Out*
BONNEY, G. E.....*Induction Coils*
CAILLARD, EMMA MARIE.....*Electricity, the Science of the Nineteenth Century*
CHAMBERLAIN, J. E.....*How We Are Clothed*
DOUBLEDAY, RUSSELL.....*Stories of Inventors*
GREENE, HOMER.....*Coal and Coal Mines*
HALE, E.....*Stories of Discovery*
HALL, A. N..*The Boy Craftsman: Practical and Profitable Ideas for a Boy's Leisure Hours*
HERBERT, PHILIP G.....*Inventors*
HOLDER, CHARLES FREDERICK.....*The Ivory King*
HOPKINS, GEORGE M.....*Experimental Science*
HOUSTON, EDWIN JAMES, AND KENNELLY, A. E..(1) *Electric Arc Lighting;* (2) *Electric Incandescent Lighting;* (3) *Electricity Made Easy, by Simple Language and Copious Illustration*
JACKSON, DUGALD CALEB, AND JACKSON, J. P....*Elementary Book on Electricity and Magnetism and Their Applications*
JACOBS, JOSEPH.....*The Story of Geographical Discovery*
JENKS, TUDOR..(1) *Electricity for Young People;* (2) *Boys' Book of Explorations*
KNOX, THOMAS W.....*Robert Fulton*
LANE, M. A. L. (ed.)..(1) *Triumphs of Science: Interesting Accounts of the Engineering and Other Material Achievements of Modern Science;* (2) *Industries of Today*
LUKIN, J..(1) *Amongst Machines;* (2) *The Boy Engineers;* (3) *The Young Mechanic*
MACOMBER, H. E.....*Stories of Great Inventors*
MARTIN, E. A.....*The Story of a Piece of Coal*
MEADOWCROFT, WILLIAM HENRY.....*A. B. C. of Electricity*
OBER, FREDERICK A.....*Crusoe's Island*
OSTWALD, WILHELM.....*Conversations on Chemistry*
PEARSON, EMILY C.....*Gutenberg, or the Art of Printing*
SLOANE, THOMAS O'CONOR....(1) *Electric Toy-Making for Amateurs, including Batteries, Magnets, Motors, Miscellaneous Toys and Dynamo Construction;* (2) *Electricity Simplified;* (3) *How to Become a Successful Electrician*
SMILES, SAMUEL.....*Life of George Stephenson*
ST. JOHN, THOMAS MATTHEW.....*Real Electric Toy-Making for Boys*
STORY, ALFRED T.....*The Story of Photography*
TOWLE, GEORGE M.....*Heroes and Martyrs of Invention*
TREVERT, EDWARD.....*Experimental Electricity*
WARMAN, C.....*The Story of the Railroads*
WILLIAMS, ARCHIBALD.....*The Romance of Modern Inventions*

VOLUME XI.—THE WORLD OF STORY.

A carefully selected list of books for supplementary reading.

ABBOTT, JOHN S. C. ..... *Christopher Columbus*
ANDERSEN, H. C. ..... *Wonder Stories Told for Children*
BALDWIN, J. . . (1) *Old Greek Stories;* (2) *Fifty Famous Stories Retold*
BESANT, SIR WALTER ..... *The Story of King Alfred*
BOLTON, SARA K. ..... *Girls Who Became Famous*
BRADY, CYRUS TOWNSEND . . (1) *Commodore Paul Jones;* (2) *Revolutionary Fights and Fighters*
BROOKS, ELDRIDGE STREET ..... *General Ulysses Simpson Grant*
BURTON, ALMA HOLMES ..... *Marquis de Lafayette*
CHURCH, ALFRED J. . . . (1) *Stories of Charlemagne;* (2) *Story of the Iliad;* (3) *Stories of the Old World*
COOPER, J. F. ..... *Lives of Distinguished Naval Officers*
COX, G. W. . (1) *Tales of Ancient Greece;* (2) *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages*
COX, KENYON ..... *Old Masters and New*
DOUBLEDAY, R. ..... *Stories of Inventors*
EASTLAKE, LADY R. ..... *Five Great Painters*
FOA, MME. EUGENIE ..... *Napoleon I*
FORBES, ARCHIBALD ..... *Life of Chinese Gordon*
GRIMM, J. J., AND W. K. ..... *Household Fairy Tales*
GROVE, SIR GEORGE ..... *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*
HAPGOOD, NORMAN V. ..... *Abraham Lincoln*
HART, A. B. ..... *American History Told by Contemporaries*
HOWE, M. A. DE WOLF ..... *The Beacon Biographies*
IRVING, WASHINGTON ..... *Life of Washington*
KENYON, E. C. ..... *Life of Thomas A. Edison*
KNOX, THOMAS W. ..... *Robert Fulton*
LA FARGE, JOHN ..... *The Great Masters*
LANG, ANDREW ..... *Story of Joan of Arc*
LANIER, SIDNEY ..... *Boy's King Arthur*
LODGE, H. C., AND ROOSEVELT, THEODORE . . . . *Hero Tales from American History*
LONGFELLOW, H. W. ..... *Tales of a Wayside Inn*
MABIE AND STEVENS ..... *Heroines Every Child Should Know*
MABIE, H. W. ..... *Norse Stories Retold from the Eddas*
MORRIS, C. ..... *Historical Tales*
MOWRY, W. A., AND A. M. ..... *American Heroes and Heroism*
O'SHEA, M. V. ..... *Old World Wonder Stories*
RIIS, JOSEPH ..... *The Making of an American*
SCOTT, SIR WALTER ..... *Tales of a Grandfather*
SCUDDER, HORACE E. . (1) *The Children's Book;* (2) *George Washington*
SEELYE, ELIZ. EGGLESTON ..... *The Story of Columbus*
SEYMOUR, C. C. B. ..... *Stories of Self-made Men*
SHEDD, JULIA A. ..... *Famous Sculptors and Painters*
SMITH, HELENA A. ..... *One Hundred Famous Americans*
SOUTHEY, ROBERT ..... *Life of Nelson*
STODDARD, W. O. ..... *The Boy Lincoln*
TARBELL, IDA M. ..... *Life of Abraham Lincoln*
THWAITES, REUBEN GOLD ..... *Daniel Boone*
TROWBRIDGE, JOHN ..... *Life of Samuel F. B. Morse*
TWAIN, MARK ..... *Joan of Arc*
VASARI ..... *Lives of the Painters*

OCT 26 1911

Milton Paradise
HISTORY OF UNITED STATES

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

OCT 26 1911

ATION LIBRARY
UNG PEOPLE

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 019 892 060 5